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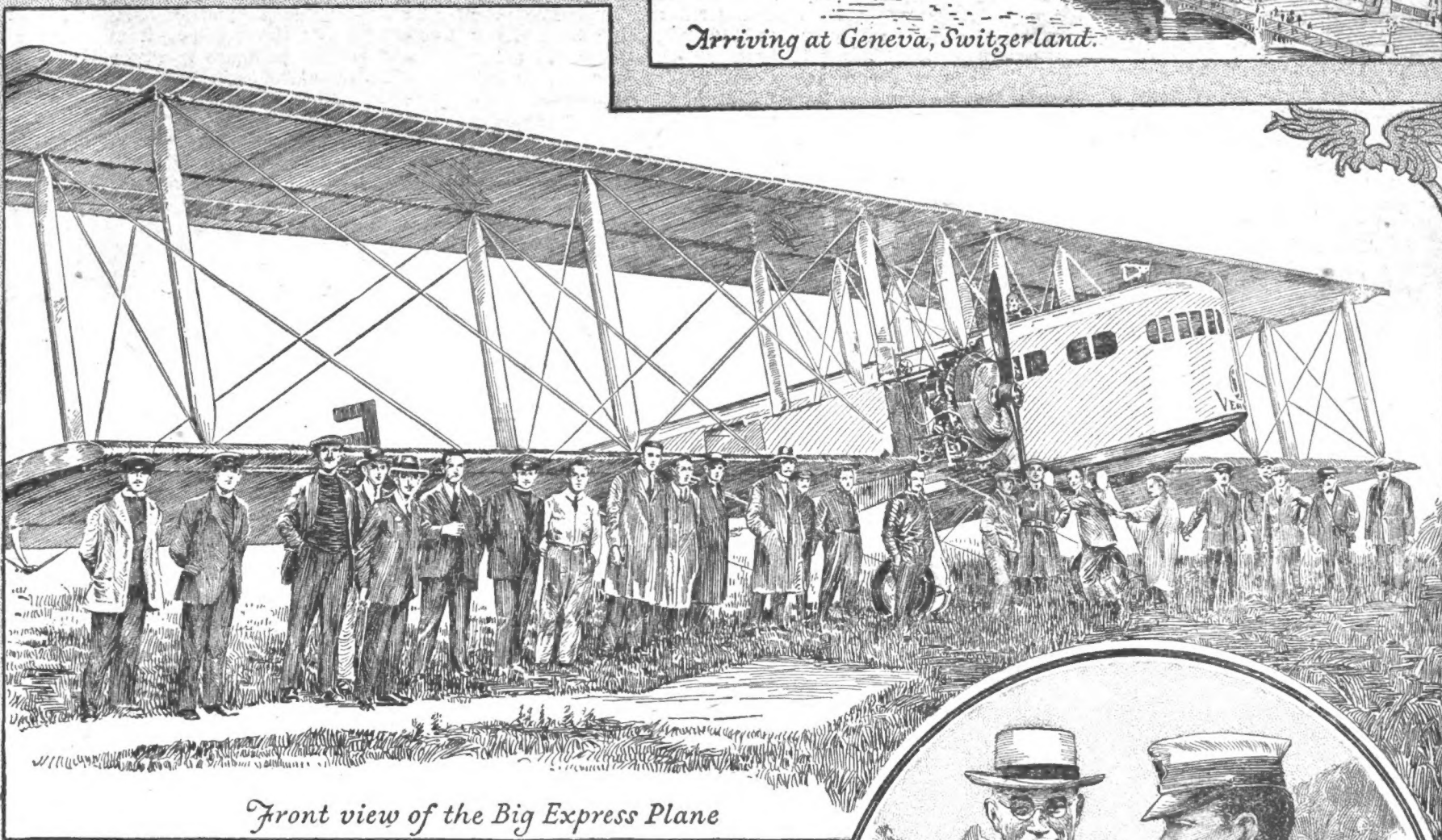
NOVEMBER
1922



Side view of the Big Express Plane that took Mr. Gannett from London to Geneva.



Arriving at Geneva, Switzerland.



Front view of the Big Express Plane



Arrived in Lausanne, Switzerland.



Lieut. W. F. Reed, Jr., Pilot of U.S. Navy Balloon in Geneva International Race and Mr. Gannett.

See "Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe by Airplane" on page 20

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EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The Come-Back of the "Unspeakable" Turk Is a Blot on Christian Civilization.

ACCUSTOMED, as we have become, to tidings of the frequently recurring massacres and other atrocities inflicted on the Christian subjects of the Sultan by the Turkish government or through official connivance, instigation or permissive indifference, the American people were inexpressibly shocked by the massacre and other frightful cruelties to which a hundred thousand or more Christian residents and refugees were subjected when the city of Smyrna was burned and sacked after its recent capture by the Turkish army under Kemal Pasha. But the apparently authentic announcement, following closely on the heels of this tragedy, to the effect that Great Britain, France and Italy, now in possession of Constantinople, have consented to permit the Turks to resume control of their former European domain has called forth a storm of indignant protest throughout the United States.

The pestiferous blight of Turkish misgovernment throughout the present shrunken remnant of the once extensive and powerful Ottoman Empire is too distressingly notorious to require detailed specification or admit of argument, and history records that the same misguided tyranny, with like malign effects, has been characteristic of Turkish rule in each of the many lands over which at one time or another during the past six and a quarter centuries the half-civilized Turk has held sway.

From the year 1300 to the present day Turkey, otherwise known as the Ottoman Empire, has played an important part in Old-World affairs, chiefly as an ever active disturber of the peace of Europe and Asia, and for a while, threatening even to blot out Christian civilization. The country of which we are speaking is called Turkey because it was conquered by the Turkomans or Turks (a branch of the fierce and warlike Tartar race) and is still ruled by their descendants who style themselves Ottoman Turks in honor of Othman the founder and first sultan of Turkey. His name also appears in the same modified form in the designation "Ottoman" Empire.

Othman began his career in Tartary, in central Asia, as chieftain of a band of Turkoman freebooters who, like General Villa and his Mexican bandits, subsisted by pillaging adjacent communities. This licentious method of procuring the necessities and luxuries of life held a strong fascination for the Tartar gentry by whom it was highly approved as honorable and genteel. Accordingly the success that attended Othman's leadership in this line of enterprise attracted a large following of bold and reckless adventurers so that he was soon able to muster a formidable cavalry force matchless in horsemanship and fighting qualities. This brigand army he led farther afield on raiding expeditions into the rich countries to the west in Asia Minor.

In return for their military service in war against the Mongols, the Sultan of Iconium, in Asia Minor (himself a Seljuk Turk), granted Othman and his followers land on which to settle in his dominions, but in so doing nursed a viper, for on the death of that monarch in 1298 Othman, with the support of his horde of marauders, forcibly usurped the regal power and made himself sultan in place of the rightful heir to the throne. Thus began the national existence of the Ottoman Turks, and the dominion, thus acquired at the start, was so expanded by successive wars of conquest during the next three centuries that at the peak of its greatness the Ottoman Empire extended from the confines of India westward across Asia and into Europe to the shores of the Adriatic Sea, and included the present "Balkan" countries, parts of Austria, Hungary and Poland, the larger part of southern Russia, Arabia, Egypt, and most of the countries that border the north coast of Africa.

In 1355 the Turks first invaded Europe, and for more than two hundred years thereafter they

were the greatest military power in the world. So successful and cruel were they in extending their conquests that with good reason it was feared that the civilization of Europe would be overwhelmed in the bloody conflict and that Christianity would be forced to succumb to the degrading religion of Mohammed which these fanatical and semi-barbarous conquerors were propagating by the sword and by other means more cruel than death.

In 1453 (only 39 years before the discovery of America by Columbus) the Turks captured Constantinople, the imperial city which Constantine the Great, who promulgated Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, had made his capital. For more than a thousand years it had stood as the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire and the stronghold of the Eastern Christian Church which had a membership of millions of devoted followers in Asia and eastern Europe. This was a severe blow to Christian civilization, for Constantinople thenceforth became the capital of the Ottoman Empire, and the magnificent Cathedral of Saint Sophia, until then the seat of authority of the Eastern Christians, was converted into a Mohammedan mosque presided over by the chief caliph of Islam. The Ottoman Empire attained its largest territorial expansion and greatest power during the reign of Soloman II, the Magnificent (1519 to 1566), who waged many successful wars of conquest; he conquered half of Hungary, invaded Austria and threatened to subjugate Germany, but was checked before the walls of Vienna in 1529. After his death the Turkish power began to wane, although for another century it continued a standing menace to Christendom, for as lately as 1683 Vienna was again besieged by the Turks.

Causes of the Decline of the Turkish Empire

Once knowing the characteristic faults and failings of the Turks it is plain to be seen why, although those of the present generation are as valiant warriors as their conquering ancestors, their dominions have diminished and their power has declined. Military prowess alone may be sufficient to acquire power over a country, but to perpetuate his power the conqueror must be gifted with ability to govern wisely and to develop the resources of the land and promote the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Turk is, and always has been, almost wholly devoid of these sustaining qualities. Mentally he is the same now as were his fierce, rude Turkoman forefathers who, as wandering tribesmen, inhabited the barren wastes of Turkestan before they erupted in quest of plunder into the more fertile countries of western Asia. In the same region where they originated are found today people of the same race living in the same primitive, nomadic way. The Turkoman's knowledge of government was limited to that of the tribal form; he had little knowledge of agriculture, none of finance, and as to industries and commerce—these did not exist in his native land, and, in countries where they thrived, interested him only as productive sources of plunder.

When, as conqueror, the Turk became ruler, with the cupidity of a freebooter he robbed his subjects by extortionate taxation which impoverished his dominions and, conjoined with other forms of oppression, discouraged enterprise and banished prosperity. In his ignorance and bigotry, the latter of which closes his mind to the acquisition of wisdom and makes him a hopeless case, he cannot appreciate the enormous evils of his misrule, for he has not yet learned the first principles of government, finance, economics, industry or commerce. In all these respects, and in his social ideals and regulations he is thousands of years behind the times, and since coming in contact with the advancing civilization of Europe he has retrogressed instead of progressing. When Turkey proved thus unfit to hold her own in competition with the rising Christian nations, under Nature's

inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, her ultimate doom was sealed and has been in process of execution through the past two and a half centuries. The process would have been much more rapid and less painful, and the hoped-for consummation much nearer, if certain Christian Powers had not aided the Turks in holding Christian peoples in subjection.

Turkish Atrocities and Christian Animosities

Because of their lack of business ability the Turks, except those holding government jobs, are for the most part poorly paid laborers, as there is but little industrial development in the country while business and the lucrative professions are mostly in the hands of native or foreign Christians and Jews, the Christians being chiefly Greek and Armenian subjects of the Sultan. This condition is conducive to envy and race hatred on the part of the Turks. Add to this the fanatical belief prevalent among the Turks that the earth and the good things thereof are the rightful heritage of the faithful followers of Mohammed, and you have the principal cause of the persecution of Christians and Jews in Turkey. With the government setting the example of oppressing Christians, and corrupt officials practicing extortion on them, it is not surprising that the race hatred and covetousness of the Turkish populace is demonstrated in frequent outbreaks of mob violence to their persons, forcible violation of their homes and wholesale looting of their property. Naturally the Christian subjects of the Sultan can have neither love nor respect for a government that thus abuses them. The Turks, of course, regard such sentiments as disloyalty, and this, coupled with the irritating protests and even intervention by foreign governments in the interest of better treatment of the Christian subjects of Turkey, has caused some of the most atrocious outrages that Christians have suffered at the hands of the Turkish government.

Previous to the World War by far the greater part of the Christian peoples at one time included within the Ottoman Empire had been liberated from the Turkish yoke, either by winning their independence, as did Greece, Serbia and the other Balkan kingdoms, or by being annexed to adjacent Christian countries, and the only reason why the rest of them had not been rescued was that certain of the great Christian Powers, in their greed and jealousy of each other, could not agree on how the remains of the Ottoman Empire should be divided and apportioned among themselves. So they backed the Turk in holding what he had, which besides his Asiatic dominions included Constantinople and a considerable surrounding territory, in Europe, of immense commercial and strategic importance because it commanded the passage from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.

One of the most important results of the World War was the eradication of Turkish power from Europe, for the victorious Allies gave Thrace to Greece and put the remainder of European Turkey, including Constantinople, under control of a British-French-Italian joint international commission, also established foreign mandates for the protection of the Christian peoples in Asiatic Turkey. This arrangement promised well until the recent crushing victory of the Turks, in battle with the Greeks before Smyrna, emboldened the former to march on Constantinople and demand the return of their late European domain. But in this crisis, as of old, the Turk wins through the disagreement of the Christian Powers. France and Italy favored the Turkish demands, the former through envy of England's commercial position, the latter because jealous of recent Greek territorial expansion in European Turkey. England favored a firm stand, but yielded rather than risk starting another world war by fighting Turkey backed by France and Italy. And so the "unspeakable" Turk comes back to resume his trouble-making career in Europe.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Stella Rosevelt

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LAWYER'S REBUKE.

HERE was something strangely familiar about that slight, graceful form and in those lustrous eyes—in that golden-crowned head, and the now happy, smiling lips.

"Miss Gladstone, I am very glad to meet you," she began, as she cordially put out her hand to her; then turning abruptly, and speaking with a slightly startled accent, she added:

"Archie, surely I have met her before?"

"Yes," he answered, his face glowing; "I see that you have recognized her."

"Star," and the tender inflection on that name told his mother everything, "she has seen the picture that I painted when I was in America, and she has now discovered who the original is."

"Yes, my dear," Lady Sherbrooke added, while she studied the beautiful, flushed face; "I do recognize your countenance, and I am quite proud of my son's achievements as an artist. You are an American, I believe. I am very happy to welcome you to England."

Star's heart beat rapidly at this cordial almost tender greeting, and wondered if she were indeed the same girl who, feeling so wretched and forlorn, had entered that room only two hours before.

"No, mother; Miss Gladstone is not an American," Archie explained. "She is an English lassie, and we met on shipboard while crossing the Atlantic; but more of that story anon," he said, significantly. "Now, will you entertain her for a few moments while I go and find Vivien?"

"With pleasure," Lady Sherbrooke responded, her heart bounding to hear those clear, joyous tones ringing through her son's voice—sounds which she had not heard before since his first return from America.

After finding his sister and taking her back to Star and his mother, Lord Carrol sought Mr. Rosevelt and had a long talk with him, explaining to him, as he had to his dear one, the unfortunate circumstances which had conspired to separate them, and learning in return something of their life during the past fourteen or fifteen months.

After this he rejoined the trio of ladies—those three beautiful women whom he loved above everything else in the world.

"The story that you were going to tell me, Archie, but did not, as you were called away to London, is told. I read it in your face to-night, and in that of the beautiful girl to whom you have introduced me. My boy, I think now that you will be your own dear self once more."

Lady Sherbrooke whispered, as he came and stood by her side, and his eyes, in reply, told her more than his lips could have done; but he added, in a low, intense tone:

"She is charming; I have no fault to find with her personally. But her family?" she questioned, cautiously.

"It is all right, also, mother mine. I will tell you all about it, tomorrow."

In a distant corner of the room Mrs. Richards and Josephine sat and viewed this meeting, bitterest envy rankling in their hearts.

"I hate her—I hate them both! and I wish I were dead!" Josephine cried, passionately.

When Mr. Rosevelt, Lord Carrol and his party were about retiring, they encountered the Richards in the great hall.

The young lord bowed coldly, and would have passed on, but Josephine, in a sudden fit of desperation, laid her hand upon his arm, saying, in low, fierce tones:

"I give you joy of your chambermaid bride! But beware! You will not feel quite so jovial when all London rings with the fact that the proud Lord Carrol has married a common house servant!"

"Miss Richards," he returned, haughtily, "even such a statement of facts could not injure me. I am a pure woman whom I have chosen for my wife, but allow me to say that if you are so ill-disposed as to publish anything of the kind, you will find, to your sorrow, that the shafts from your venomous tongue will only serve to poison still further your own life."

"We shall see," she sneered.

"You will find," he went on, as if he had not heard her, "that Miss Gladstone is so far above you, both morally and socially, that it does not lie in your power to do her the slightest injury."

"We shall see, my lord!" the maddest girl repeated, vindictively; but, without giving her time to say any more, his lordship passed on to Star's side, and drawing her hand within his arm, led her away to her carriage.

The day came at last which was to decide Mrs. Richards' claim to the Thornton estates, and, according to appointment, she repaired to the office of Compton & Bailey, in the highest spirits, dressed in the most magnificent style, and accompanied by Josephine, clad with equal richness, and her husband.

"Well, Mr. Compton, my probation is ended at last," she said, gaily, to that gentleman, as she entered, and greeted him with her most gracious manner.

"Ahem! I suppose we may say that it is," he returned, in a strangely embarrassed way.

"Well, then, I presume there is no need of further delay, and we can take possession of the late Sir Charles' property as soon as we choose," she remarked, too deeply engaged with thoughts regarding her own brilliant future to notice his manner.

"Ahem!" the lawyer repeated, an uneasy expression on his face; "I did expect that I could tell you today everything was all right and you could go down to Halowell Park as soon as you liked; but—"

"But what?" Mrs. Richards demanded, with some show of impatience. "It appears to me that you are somewhat mysterious this morning, when heretofore you have acknowledged my relationship to Sir Charles Thornton to be proved beyond a doubt."

"Yes, madam, you have clearly proved, it cannot be contested, that you were a relative of the late baronet's; but—I am sorry—it will be a great disappointment to you, doubtless, to learn at this late day that another party has put in a claim for the estate, as being the nearest of kin."

The lawyer heaved a sigh of relief when he had stumbled through this piece of ill-news.

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Richards, reeling where she stood.

"There is no nearer relative living," she continued, with pale lips. "You yourself said you were convinced of that."

"And so I was a month ago, madam; but I have been obliged to change my opinion since then."

"What—what has changed it?" she asked, trembling with fear and excitement.

It would be too dreadful now, when the prize was almost within her grasp, to lose it, and to be obliged to return poor and disappointed to America.

"You remember, perhaps," the lawyer, said, avoiding meeting her eyes, for they were wild in their expression, "that I told you that Sir William Thornton—the late Sir Charles' father—had a younger brother, Albert by name."

"Yes, but you said that he left home years ago to go as a missionary to some outlandish

place, where he died," interrupted the anxious woman.

"Where it was supposed he died," said Mr. Compton, with significant emphasis.

"Did he not die?—is he living?—has he returned?" his client gasped.

"No; he died some years ago; but he left a child. That child is living, and has put in a claim for the estate."

"But you told me he had left no issue—"

"It was all supposition, madam, since we could learn nothing to the contrary; but we have recently learned our mistake."

"He shall not have the property; he may be an impostor. I shall contest the point," Mrs. Richards said, with frantic vehemence.

"Elken, do be reasonable," said her husband, sternly.

"Unfortunately, for your peace of mind, madam, it is a point that cannot be contested," returned Mr. Compton; "and if you will give me your attention for a few moments, I will explain it to you."

With a groan, Mrs. Richards sank into a chair, more wretched than she had ever been in her life.

"Your mother," began the lawyer, also seating himself, and motioning Mr. Richards and Josephine to do the same, "was half-sister to the late Sir Charles' mother. That made her half-aunt and you half-cousin to him. That relationship, however, would have been near enough to give you the property had no nearer claimant appeared."

Sir William Thornton, the late Sir Charles' father, and Albert were own brothers; consequently, the child of Albert would be own cousin to the late Sir Charles, and, being a descendant on his father's side, by far the nearest of kin. Have I made it clear to you?"

He glanced at Mr. Richards, who nodded while his wife covered her face and groaned aloud.

"Now," resumed Mr. Compton, "I will tell you, in as few words as I can, the story of this younger brother, Albert Thornton. He was quite a number of years Sir William's junior, and at an early age dissented from the established church and religion of his ancestors, and insisted upon going as a missionary to Africa."

This so enraged his father that he disowned him, charging him never to show his face inside his ancestral home again. Deeply wounded, but still adhering to his convictions of duty, he went to Africa, but was obliged to return to England again in the course of a couple of years, on account of failing health. He did not, however, present himself in the home from which he had been banished, for this neither his pride nor his wounded heart would allow him to do. He therefore settled in a distant county, where he had charge of a small parish at a merely nominal salary, during the remainder of his life. Not long after his return he married a gentle and lovely girl, and one child was born to them, who, recently seeing our advertisement for the nearest

of kin to Sir Charles, has presented a claim for the estate."

"Who is this child?—where is it?—where did it come from at this late day?" questioned Mrs. Richards, who felt as if all the world was slipping away from her.

"Wait one moment and I will introduce you," the lawyer said, as, rising, he gently retired to his inner office.

He returned almost immediately with a lady on his arm. Mrs. Richards started to her feet and uttered a piercing scream the moment her eyes fell upon her.

The lady was Star Gladstone!

"That girl again!" shrieked Mrs. Richards. "You don't mean to tell me that she is the heir to Sir Charles Thornton's property?"

"Yes, madam, this young lady, and no other; but I was not aware that you had the honor of her acquaintance," responded Mr. Compton, with some surprise, as he led Star to a seat.

"But her name is Gladstone."

"Have a little patience and I will explain still further," interrupted the lawyer, who was beginning to be disgusted with one who gave way so to passion.

"Miss Gladstone tells me that she has been known by that name all her life; that until her eighteenth birthday she was not aware that she was entitled to any other. But her father left a package of papers at his death, containing a history of his life, with all the necessary proofs, but charged her not to open it until she was eighteen years of age. In this she related what I have already told you, and also the fact that when he was a child, his father, through the death of a relative, succeeded to the title and estates of the Thorntons of Devonshire, upon condition that he assumed the name. Such things happen often here in England, you know, as in the case of Lord Carrol, whom you are acquainted with. When the elder Mr. Gladstone, or Thornton, died, of course William, his eldest son, succeeded to the baronetcy. Albert, the second son, upon his return and settlement in a parish of Derbyshire, gave his name as Rev. Albert Gladstone, and under this name married a Miss Chudleigh, who was also discarded by her family for wedding a poor dissenting clergyman—one who was deemed far beneath her socially, as no one suspected his connections with the Thorntons. After her death, and when Mr. Gladstone found that he also had not long to live, he said he could not reconcile himself to the thought of giving his orphan daughter to the care of those to whom he had been a stranger so long, although his own blood flowed in their veins; so he arranged to send her to a distant relative of his mother's in America, who agreed to take charge of her and her education for her sake. This last, however, Miss Gladstone has told me, and her residence in that country at the time of the death of the late Sir Charles, and her ignorance regarding her relationship to him, accounts for the fact that we have but just discovered her claim. Everything is as plain as black and white can make it. We have looked up the records, and find they correspond with the papers in her possession, and among which is a certificate of her parents' marriage, and one of her own baptism, together with other important documents; and now, I think, you cannot fail to perceive that Miss Gladstone, being Sir Charles Thornton's own cousin, is the nearest of kin, and we shall therefore be obliged to give her claim the precedence. I regret, madam," the lawyer concluded, in his blandest tones, "that we did not learn of this in season to save you the trouble and expense of such a long journey. However, I trust that you have reaped enjoyment sufficient from the trip to compensate you in a measure for your disappointment."

Mrs. Richards looked blankly from one to another.

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other of the occupants of the room, as if she could not, even yet, comprehend the magnitude of the calamity which had so unexpectedly overtaken her.

"I do not believe one word of it. It is all a piece of fraud to cheat me out of my rights," she cried, at length, while her own blazing eyes threatened to annihilate the beautiful girl, her successful rival, who sat opposite with downcast eyes, and feeling really sorry, in spite of all that she had suffered at Mrs. Richards' hands, for her distress over this terrible defeat.

"Do not allow yourself to become unreasonable over the matter, madam, I pray. There has not been, I assure you, even the suspicion of a fraud," Mr. Compton said, his own eyes beginning to take fire at this assertion. "The papers are all there on my table; everything has been written out in the plainest manner, and copies made of all the records which go to prove what I have told you. You can examine them, if you choose; but there cannot be the slightest doubt regarding Miss Gladstone's claim. She alone inherits everything belonging to the late Sir Charles Thornton."

"Oh, she has been the bane of our lives; she has ruined and upset every plan that we have made since the day when she first set foot in our house—since she came to us like the beggar that she was," sobbed the wretched woman, giving way utterly to her misery.

"Ah! then you are the woman to whom Albert Thornton confided his orphan daughter when he knew that he could not live?" said Mr. Compton, quickly, his keen mind at once grasping certain facts which Star, from a feeling of delicacy, had withheld from him, when, to her surprise, she learned that Mrs. Richards had also come to England to claim the Thornton estates.

"That has nothing to do with the case. She has ruined us, and that is enough to think about for one day. I should imagine," she retorted, angrily, and flushing.

"Elken!" and Mr. Richards spoke very sternly; "you are as unreasonable as a child. Star has been kindly disposed from the first. It is you who have tried to ruin her—who have oppressed and sought to degrade her in a way that is a shame to you and your promises to her dead father. It is a bitter thing to be obliged to condemn my own wife thus publicly, but I cannot calmly listen to your calumnies of her, for, instead of being our ruin, she has been our salvation. Only this fall, when my business was tottering, and my reason with it—when I was upon the verge of bankruptcy—of self-destruction—I confess it with shame and sorrow now—she came to me like a beam of light and saved me from becoming both a bankrupt and a suicide. She gave me, or caused to be given to me, a check for ten thousand dollars, which set me upon my feet again, and we owe all that we are and have to her. To go still farther back, you owe your life to her mother. Josephine was saved from a dreadful death by Star's bravery; and, instead of hating her because unforeseen circumstances have raised her to a high social position, we should rejoice that it is so. Star, my dear girl, you have at least one grateful heart in my family."

He went over to her side and put out his hand to her, though he was so deeply moved that it shook like a leaf, and she took it with streaming eyes, and wholly unable to utter a single word in reply.

But his wife bridled angrily, losing all control over her tongue.

"I wish I had never set eyes on her face; and I wish your hand had been palsied before it ever took that ten thousand dollars from her. She came into our family and stole your heart from me by her arts and sly speeches; she wheedled out of Jacob Rosevelt the fortune that should have been mine; she tricked Josephine out of the man who should have married her—who would have done so but for her; and now she has come to steal the inheritance which ought to have been mine. I hate her, and I curse her from the bottom of my heart!"

"Then you are a thoroughly bad woman, and I am thankful that Sir Charles Thornton's estate is to pass into more worthy hands. Much as I sympathize with and respect your husband, madam, I cannot permit my young client to be insulted in my presence, and I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

Mr. Compton said this very spiritedly, his fine face flushing with indignation, his lips curling with contempt, while he walked to the door of his office and held it open with such an air of stern determination that Mrs. Richards did not dare to disregard this very emphatic invitation to take her departure, and she walked wrathfully, but utterly crushed by her bitter disappointment, from the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"GOD BLESS OUR STAR."

Yes, beautiful Star Gladstone was the heiress to Halowell Park, and all other property belonging to the late Sir Charles Thornton.

Upon reaching home after her trip to California, which had been one of great enjoyment, Star started as proud, she resolved to settle down to a cozy, quiet life for the remainder of the winter, and make Uncle Jacob as comfortable as she possibly could.

She was sitting in her own pretty room one morning, something as Mrs. Richards had sat in hers only a few weeks previous when she had discovered herself to be the heir to Halowell Park, but looking happy and smiling, instead of angry and discontented.

She had brought a pile of music up there to sort and arrange, and as she was looking it over she came upon an old newspaper that had got mixed in with it.

She took it up, as one often does, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns.

It happened to be the very paper which contained the notice of Sir Charles Thornton's death, and the advertisement for the next of kin. Then she went over both paragraphs carefully.

With heightened color she arose, and, going to a drawer in her dressing-case, drew forth that worn portfolio which we have seen before on several occasions.

Opening it, she took out those papers which she had read on the evening of her eighteenth birthday, and which had caused her so much agitation.

One of them contained a history of her father's life, as we have already stated.

After Star had read this paper through, she took up the others and went carefully over them; and these were certificates and records, all of which went to prove the truth of what he had written.

When she had been through them all, she gathered them up, together with the papers in which she had seen the advertisement, and carried them below to Mr. Rosevelt, told him something of her suspicions, and asked him to examine them and see if he thought she would be likely to inherit the Thornton property.

He did look into them carefully, and felt convinced that Star stood next in line to Sir Charles. "Little girl," he said to Star, "there is, I believe, a good deal in this for you, and we must sail for England immediately," and Star felt her heart leap within her.

England was Lord Carrol's home. Then her lips had curled with scorn at her own folly, but she agreed at once to do whatever Mr. Rosevelt advised, and in a week they were again crossing the broad Atlantic.

Upon seeking an interview with Compton & Bailey, and laying their case before them, they were gratified to learn that, although other claims had been filed, Star was the nearest of kin who had yet appeared to them.

The eminent lawyers at once set themselves to work to look up the case, and found all the records to correspond with those in her possession, and finally pronounced her to be the heir to the Thornton property.

Star felt greatly surprised and troubled upon learning that Mrs. Richards was one of the claimants, for she had no desire to contest any question with her, or to appear to triumph over her in any way. She only wished to let her alone—to drop her entirely out of her life.

When the day came round that was to decide the important question for the expectant woman, Mr. Compton insisted, much to Star's annoyance, that it was necessary for her to meet her, and the rights of the true heir to be established in the presence of all parties.

The days, since the meeting and happy reconciliation of Lord Carrol and Star, had been full of joy and contentment.

She did not, however, tell him of her expectations regarding the Thornton property, but when the time appointed to meet Mrs. Richards arrived, she asked him to accompany Mr. Rosevelt and herself to Mr. Compton's office upon a little matter of business.

He, with them, remained in the inner office during the lawyer's interview with his claimants, and, the door being slightly ajar, they could hear all that passed in the other room.

Lord Carrol was greatly astonished at what he heard, but he was even more so when Mr. Compton came in and led Star forth to present her as the heiress to that large estate.

"I am almost afraid to approach you, my lady of Thornton. I begin to fear you may assume some new character at any moment, and so far beyond my reach that I shall lose you entirely," he said, half in jest, half in earnest, when that evening he came to see her in her own room in St. James' Square.

"You know I told you I was glad that you won me when I was a poor, obscure little maid," Star answered, slipping her hand confidently into his.

"I feel perfectly sure of you, and I shall be with you as an equal. I shall not be sorry to have the world say of you that you have chosen wisely," she concluded, while her glowing eyes and smiling lips told that, for his sake, she exulted in her new position and wealth.

"What the world might say of you, under any circumstances, would not trouble me," he answered, gravely. "But, I, too, am glad that I won your heart when you had nothing, if it secures to me your unbounded trust. I do not know either," he continued, smiling, "as I should have had quite as much assurance in approaching Sir Charles' daughter's wealthy heiress, and yet," with a proud uplifting of his handsome head, "while conscious of my own honor and rectitude, I have no need to fear to approach any woman whom I might love."

Star was standing by his chair, and she bent and touched her lips to his forehead as he said this. She was very proud of this grand, true man, who had won her to be his wife simply because he loved her.

But in the midst of her joy she could not help feeling something of sadness and pity for Josephine and her disappointed hopes.

It was no light thing to have loved and lost such a man as this, and she would gladly have comforted her had it been in her power to do so.

"Uncle Jacob," she said, more timidly than she was in the habit of addressing him, the next time she was alone with him, "I shall have so much money, now that I am to be mistress of Halowell Park, and—when Archie takes me," she added, with a burning blush, "that I wish you would make another will, and give your fortune, or a part of it at least, to your nearest of kin."

"You are my nearest of kin," he said briefly. "I know what you mean," she replied, affectionately; "our hearts are surely akin; but I really am very sorry for Mrs. Richards, and Josephine, not to mention poor Mr. Richards, who has had such a hard time of it; and perhaps they would feel more kindly toward me if they thought I did not—"

"I never can use it all," Jacob Rosevelt looked at her with tears in his eyes.

"My darling," he said, with emotion, "I believe you have the heart of a saint, but I cannot alter my will—everything I have belongs to you; but I leave you free to do whatever you choose with it. If you ever find people in need and wish to help them, give them what you like; but I shall never break the seal of my will."

He bent down and touched her forehead with his lips, and then left her; but her heart was filled with a song of praise.

A month, Lord Carrol said, was all the time that he could allow his fair bride-elect to prepare to become Lady Carrol.

"But I have so much to do!" Star objected, with crimson cheeks.

"Then you must increase your forces," he answered, with a fond smile. "I know that it is 'etiquette' to let the lady name the day, but considering all things, I think I ought to have that privilege. Darling, we have been separated so long that I do not feel like living without you a day more than is actually necessary. My mother wants you to come to her in Belgrave Square, and remain as her guest, while she and Vivien will assist about the wonderful trousseau, which they consider indispensable for the occasion under discussion."

It was of no use for Star to make objections, for they were every one overruled, and it was at length decided that Lord Carrol should have his way, and she went to Belgrave Square for the intervening month.

Mr. Meredith was cordially urged to remain in London until after the wedding, and as Grace had been sent for to act as bridesmaid, and a pair of clear gray eyes had earnestly seconded the appeal, he could not refuse.

He bore this "blighting" of all his previous "hopes" with wonderful equanimity, however, and ere the eventful day arrived that was to make Star a bride, he had won a promise from lovely Vivien Sherbrooke that at the end of another year she would become his wife.

Mrs. Richards, with her family, lost no time in returning to America after this crushing disappointment.

They could not remain and face the people to whom they had proudly boasted of their future greatness, nor could they bear to look upon Star's happiness and triumph over them; while, besides all this, they were greatly cramped in purse, after all the extravagant outlay which Mrs. Richards had insisted was necessary for people with their expectations.

Mr. Richards was very much depressed, for, to say nothing of the money which they had spent, he feared the worst from his long absence and neglect of business.

He went to see Star and Jacob Rosevelt before they sailed; he could not leave without bidding them farewell, and assuring them of his gratitude and good will.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

The Forgotten Woman

by Alice L. Whitson



Not until Jim Cody was floundering in the sea did the struggle cease.

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PART I.

THE soft blue waters of a calm sea lapping gently the white sand of Deed's Cove was as a benediction of peace and happiness to the inmates of the squat cabins that dotted the shore.

One fish catch after another furnished the thrills of the settlement, and with the regularity of the rising and receding of the tide were the nets drawn in, mended and cast again.

Simple and kind in the ordinary relations of life, but ignorant and untaught and hard as nails in their orthodox creed were the fisher folks of Deed's Cove; even old Aaron Deed, peace-maker and settler of all disputes, having little tolerance for one who failed to walk uprightly according to their enlightenment.

It was not casting time and all along the white shore men and women worked over their nets with the rapidity and ease that comes from long years of training.

Side by side Jim Cody and Zane Bradley, champion fishermen of Deed's Cove, were straightening their nets. Alike in their stalwart forms and strength were these two men but as different otherwise as day is different from night.

Cody had lived his life among the settlers of Deed's Cove; his word was law, people feared him because of his brutal strength.

Zane Bradley, though physically as strong as Jim, was a man of mystery; he had come to Deed's Cove some five years ago, from whence nobody knew and nobody cared, for his fine, lovable and gentle manners had won for him a place in the hearts of the people that death alone could erase.

Along the shore road walked Jane Stirs whom a false step had placed beyond the fisherfolks' pale of respectability. At her side ran the false step—a little boy of five summers—obviously in love with life, and known in Deed's Cove as Zack; breaking away from his mother's restraining hand and running swiftly, little Zack made for the net-mending crew along the water's edge, pausing at last beside Zane Bradley.

"Seems to know his kin, all right," Jim laughed meaningly, "and—"

But before the sentence was finished the child had moved over, inspected the net of Jim, then walked on towards the next worker.

"Get back—get back!" called the voices of excited women, "you son of satan, get back," until little Zack, frightened at the loud noise, paused in his track.

Suddenly Zane Bradley, rising to his feet, bade the crowd be silent.

"Where is your heart, your manhood and womanhood," he cried, "that you would thus treat a child?"

"Yeh," rang in the voice of Jim Cody, "let a stranger lead you—but remember Zack wasn't born till after Zane Bradley came to the Cove."

The ugly insinuation caused the blood in Zane Bradley's veins to run hot, and springing on the speaker struck him full in the face.

Instantly a fight such as only the fisherfolks of Deed's Cove could appreciate was on, and not until Jim Cody was floundering in the sea did the struggle cease. Brushing the dirt from his sleeves and hands as though he were brushing away some very objectionable matter, Zane, amid the shouts of admiration, took little Zack by the hand and led him back to his mother.

"Thank you, Mr. Zane," said the woman dully. "He belongs to Jim, and I'm hoping that some day his father will find himself as he used to be, and come back and claim his child."

From the doorway of the cabin, different from other cabins of Deed's Cove in respect to comfort within and blooming things without, old Aaron Deeds, gripping the slender hand of a fair young woman, watched the fight.

"So long as women go wrong," he said thoughtfully, "they can expect to be reviled."

"And what about the man, Granther, should he go free?"

The old man looked at the young girl beside him in amazement, then patted her cheek tenderly.

"It's Bible teaching, Mary," he said a bit less sternly. "Like infant damnation without baptism, we don't know why—we just know it's so—that's all."

Mary Deed shook her head disbelievingly as she looked pityingly at the Stairs woman who with her little son was walking towards the sunset along the shore road.

"She must be very lonely and unhappy among these people, Granther," said the girl thoughtfully, "but I cannot believe she is the vile woman the Cove pictures her."

Old Aaron for once in his life seemed to have no answer to the girl's question but went strolling off towards the group on the shore, where Jim Cody in his dripping garments stood explaining to a bunch of sympathizing friends how Zane tripped him into the ocean.

While Mary, as soon as Aaron Deed's back was turned, had made her way into their plentiful pantry, filled a basket with food and taken the narrow path that circled the Cove at the foot of the hill and presently stood waiting in the bend of the road for Jane and little Zack to overtake her.

"The apples are for little Zack," she explained when she put the basket in Jane's hand, "and the other things are for you."

Jane took the gift with a thankful heart, and tears were in her eyes when she looked up again.

"If it wasn't for you and Mr. Zane," she said softly, "I reckon I'd have to leave the Cove."

"Some day," said Mary encouragingly, "little Zack will grow up and take you away and then you won't mind going."

"No," Jane answered, "nothing good would come of that—it is here I lost my respectability and it's here only that I have the chance to regain it—and—and—I ain't as mean as I am painted, Miss Mary."

"Of course you are not, Jane," said Mary softly, then waving a kindly good by, the girl sped back in the direction of Deed's cabin.



Jane in a deep chair read snatches from Evangeline to the girl beside him.



"What am I?"

"This," he cried shrilly—"the sacred sacrament has been defiled."

Where the cabin path joined the shore she encountered Zane.

"Give an account of yourself," chided Zane Bradley, "where have you been hiding?"

"Hiding's right, Zane," laughed the girl. "I followed Jane Stairs by the Cove path to the end of the road to give her a basket of food."

Zane smiled his appreciation of the act and then reached for her hand.

"I'm going to cast my net around Rocky Point tonight—want to go with me?"

The girl laughed happily; she loved the sea, she loved the swirling waters of Rocky Point, and most of all she loved Zane. Zane had been a big brother to her, teaching her in the five years of his sojourn in Deed's Cove the knowledge he had gained through years of hard work at college—but she paused to follow the dictations of her own heart.

"There is supper to get, Zane," she said slowly.

"Supper can wait," answered Zane, "the sunset won't—will soon be twilight on the water—and—I have something to tell you."

"You win, Zane," Mary laughingly responded, and a few minutes later they put out to sea.

The last rays of the sun making a halo about the head of Mary Deed, who seemed suddenly to the man in the boat a vital part of it all—the sea, the sky, the singing birds and the lonely shore of Deed's Cove. Just as Zane had predicted, there had been a wonderful sunset, a more wonderful twilight, and yet he realized when they stood again at the door of old Aaron Deed's cabin that the story he had intended to tell the girl was still untold.

Through half-closed eyes he watched Mary move swiftly about the cabin—watched with a bit of wonder in his soul where the girl got her exquisite daintiness. As if in answer to his thought, old Aaron Deed while waiting for his supper became reminiscent and told Zane of the stormy night some eighteen years ago when the great ship Pandora was wrecked. Vividly he pictured the raging water, the forked lightning and the mad winds, then in a more gentle tone of voice he told of the morning after, how among the dead bodies on the white sand of Deed's Cove he had found a satin-lined basket containing the wee bit of humanity which he had warmed back to life and christened Mary Deed.

"She's been the joy of my life, Zane," he said softly, "but sometimes I feel I am committing a great wrong by keeping her in this place; she doesn't belong here, Zane, she is a beautiful flower but strangely out of place in this garden."

"Perhaps," said Zane thoughtfully, "time will eventually carry her back to her natural environments."

But before Zane had suggested how this might be accomplished, the young lady in question was calling them to supper.

Zane noticed with a new warmth in his heart her grace at the table; what a joy it would be to have a sweet young thing like Mary to sit opposite him at a well-appointed table! So absorbed was he in idle dreaming that he forgot to eat.

"What's the matter with my food, Mr. Zane, that you cannot eat?" inquired the girl archly.

For the second time in the same day Zane felt the blood run riot in his veins, but to Mary's question he had the answer only his lips refused to state it.

When the dishes by Mary and Zane had been washed and put away, the three sat about the open fire, for though it was spring the chill of winter still lingered about the waters of Deed's Cove.

The cheerful blaze on the wide hearth cast long, black shadows across the red cedar beams in the cabin and fell in dancing fire faeries on the back wall. Zane in a deep chair by the window read snatches from Evangeline to the girl beside him, and old Aaron Deed looking on, realized with great satisfaction in his heart that should anything happen to him, his child would have another to look after her, slipping his weather-beaten cap from the peg near the doorway, the old man moved out into the night for a stroll on the sand.

"A little bit of Evangeline goes a long way with Granther," laughed Mary when she noticed the vacant chair.

"And how about Mary?" asked Zane, bending tenderly over her.

"Oh," answered the girl happily, "I never get enough; I'm always sorry when we've finished, and the same old story is forever new to me when we read it again, and sometimes I almost wish I could have such a romance."

"You!" exclaimed Zane in surprise—"you hungering for romance?" Surely, thought the man, this was the time to tell Mary the secret of his heart. Laying the book aside, he sat for a moment staring at the girl in silence, wondering in his gentle way how best to tell her he loved her.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Zane Bradley?" exclaimed Mary. "Anyone would think you had suddenly lost your best friend. What's ailing you—are you growing tired of the Cove?"

Zane came back to normalcy with a start.

"Yes—no—well, maybe I am tired of the Cove," he exclaimed, "maybe I am pining to get away for a little while—but what about you? Don't you ever long to get away from these sordid things—the rising and setting of the sun, the drawing and casting of nets, the constant lapping of water against the shore, the loneliness and monotony of it all—aren't you hungry for other things?"

Mary was surprised at this sudden outburst of the heretofore gentle Zane. Then she remembered that Zane had not, like herself, spent his life at Deed's Cove; perhaps he did long for things of which she knew absolutely nothing. And moving a bit closer, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Zane," she said sweetly, "I guess I'm happy enough here, with you to teach me and Granther to spoil me and the settlement to look after. I think I'd ask no more of the world than what is already mine."

And Zane, meeting the frank, innocent, affectionate gaze she bestowed upon him, realized the heart of her was still unawakened to the beauty of love, and the time was not yet ripe to tell her of his own.

But the next day the long arm of destiny reached out for Zane Bradley, and when he came hurriedly to tell Mary good by he found old Aaron also, and there was no chance to tell her anything except he would be back before the summer was over, bringing her anything her young heart might desire to have.

"You are exceedingly happy over leaving us, Zane," said old Aaron as the three stood arm in arm on the small porch.

"Not happy over leaving you," answered the man, "but I must admit I am a happy man. For five years I have carried a burden of guilt not mine; today I have learned it is no longer necessary, and I must get back to New York as soon as possible."

Old Deed reached out his strong hand to the man at his side and gripped it firmly.

"Whatever injustice you have suffered, Zane," he said thoughtfully, "I am sure you had a good cause for so doing. May God prosper you since you are freed from it."

"Thanks," answered Zane, "and should you need me before I return, this address will find me,"—and taking a card from his pocket bearing the address of a well-known New York club, he placed it in old Aaron Deed's hands.

Without the slightest hesitancy Mary kissed him good by and wished him Godspeed and made him promise over and over to hurry back.

How Zane wanted to tell her of his love, how he wanted to carry her off with him only the Lord knew, and his brightest hope in leaving her was that his absence might awaken in her girlish heart the love for which his own soul craved.

At the water's edge Zane looked back, and then jumping into his own little boat he rowed across the Cove to Creighton's Landing and took the north-bound train.

Without Zane Mary found the evenings long and lonely—the books the same but not nearly so interesting as when they had studied and read them together—and finally in order to break the monotony she asked old Aaron to let her open a little school for the children of the Cove.

The suggestion pleased old Aaron—as nearly all Mary's suggestions did—and shortly after Mary began sharing her knowledge with the children of Deed's Cove in the little log church on the outskirts of the settlement. Four miles across the Cove was Creighton's Landing, and nearby Creighton Lodge, where handsome, prodigal Sidney Creighton, who in two years had squandered a fortune which had taken two generations to accumulate, was hiding from his creditors, and laughing at them while he lived in luxury at the Lodge—but it was only a matter of a short time until Sidney found the enforced retirement bore some, and one day, wandering aimlessly along the shore, he came upon the boat in which Zane had rowed to Creighton on the day of his departure.

On one side of the boat big letters were painted "Deed's Cove," and on the other were the letters "Z. B."

For a moment Sidney eyed it curiously, then in a sudden spirit of adventure he broke the already rusted lock and set out to find Deed's Cove.

Some two hours later he landed at the little dock facing the church schoolhouse, just as Mary and her charges came down the slope and turned into the shore road.

Sidney smiled winningly, "I did not expect such a welcome committee," he said, addressing Mary, whose beauty both pleased and astonished him.

"We always welcome strangers," laughed Mary, "we have so few of them."

Suddenly her eyes fell upon the old familiar boat and she smiled sweetly.

"I see you are using Zane's old boat," she said pleasantly, "therefore I suppose you must be the friend he left it with when he went to New York."

Sidney's face darkened at the name "Zane," but he smiled again after Mary spoke, for through her conversation he discovered that the one man in the world he dreaded more than all his creditors to meet happened to be at the present time. Then politely introducing himself, declared he had borrowed the boat from a friend across the Cove.

"It's Zane Bradley's, anyway," laughed Mary. "Even were his initials not on it I would know it just the same, for I have gone out in it with him to cast his nets so many times."

The knowledge that Zane Bradley had been a fisherman at Deed's Cove caused Sidney Creighton's heart to beat a bit faster than usual—he knew better than anyone else in the world why Zane Bradley had given up friends, home and business and slipped out of New York more than five years ago—but to discover him as a fisherman was indeed shocking.

Only for a moment, however, did this worry young Creighton. He was bored to death with solitude—here was a chance to at least break the monotony, and presently he was standing beside the girl smiling joyously.

"We won't quarrel about the boat," said Sidney pleasantly, "so long as it has brought me such good luck. And since I'm here," he continued softly, "would you mind showing me through the settlement?"

Mary agreed readily. . . . And that night Sidney gave an ugly little laugh as he fastened the boat at Creighton Landing.

"This may be your boat, Zane," he said jeeringly, "and the girl may be an old flame, but one thing sure—you won't find things the same when you get back to Deed's Cove."

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In the months that followed, Deed's Cove took

on a new beauty in Mary's eyes. Sidney Creighton brought all his powers of fascination to the innocent young girl, and unable to distinguish between love and fascination, Mary soon believed that the sun, moon and stars existence centered about Sidney Creighton, so as she was concerned.

Sidney came daily to Deed's Cove at settling time, wooing Mary so openly that old Aaron soon forgot his misgivings, and of found pleasure in Sidney's society while Mary cooked the evening meal; Sidney remaining his host's invitation, would amuse the old man with strange tales of adventure.

Then would come a heavenly evening with Mary in the old-fashioned room or on the white sand while old Aaron contentedly smoked his pipe before the cabin.

With Zane Bradley life had suddenly become very strenuous existence; day by day business matters so long neglected urgently called for attention, and night after night as he marked passing time on his calendar he resolved to return with the new day to Deed's Cove and the girl but one morning when coming into his office found a letter from Mary that changed his whole altogether.

"DEAR ZANE," ran the letter in a free, bold hand. "I am the happiest girl on earth—it is so natural that you should be the first to know about it, because if you had not taught me, I am made me worthy, this joy could not be mine, am to be married, and I have not even Granther yet. I shall leave Deed's Cove, at all, Zane, for my lover is a man of the world."

"I was hoping you might return before I was away for you are so dear to me, big brother, but now it is too late—I shall be married before you get this."

"Ever your loving Mary"

Once, twice, thrice did Zane read Mary's letter, then into his face came a look of agony, misery, and instead of returning to Deed's Cove as he had planned, he hastily penned a note, Mary wishing her all happiness and prosperity, and the next day he caught an outbound steamer for England.

Spring slipped away and summer came, Deed's Cove and still Sidney Creighton was daily visitor, making friends of the fisherfolks as he brought to the face of Mary Deed such beauty as can only come from perfect happiness—the suddenly—just as Sidney Creighton had come to her life—he was gone. There came a day, and then another when Sidney failed to come, and when Mary's face grew pinched with anxiety, and at last when the suspense was growing unbearable—there came a brief letter to Mary—heartless, cold thing it was—over and over through tear-dimmed eyes Mary read the message, and ever and ever she saw the same words:

"Have been called suddenly to Japan—will come for you when I return—until then just forget these weeks we've had together—and shut our secret with no one. As ever, SIDNEY."

Old Aaron brought the letter to Mary, at his expression of eagerness was piteous as he watched her read and re-read the contents. The Mary, seeing the look of eagerness on the old face, suddenly crumpled the letter in one small shaking hand, and with an attempt to smile the old joyous way, told him in a tone strange even to herself, that Sidney had been away.

Aaron Deed asked no questions, and in the long, miserable days that followed pretended to be blind to her suffering, giving without stint the parental love of his big, unselfish heart.

Winter had settled over the world and the white sands were slumbering peacefully and their whiter blanket of snow when a New York daily accidentally found its way to Deed's Cove wrapped about some fishing supplies ordered by Jim Cody. Shortly after the arrival of the paper, Mary, coming home from her school, found Aaron Deeds walking the floor, grasping the newspaper in one shaking hand.

With great tenderness he brushed the snow from Mary's coat and helped her remove it, making an attempt to hide the paper—but Mary had seen it, and guessing from her Granther's expression that something unusual was troubling him, she insisted on seeing the cause.

"Twirl hurt you, Honey," said the old man tenderly, "but you will have to know sooner, later and it's best that you learn it from me."

A moment later Mary was staring at the picture of Sidney Creighton and his "helmeted bride"—and the picture Mary read with unbelieving eyes the announcement that they were leaving for a long trip abroad.

"This accounts for his running off as he did," said the old man sternly, striking the picture face as he spoke. Then at the look on Mary's face he dropped the paper and caught her in his big protecting arms, cuddling her as a mother might and telling her over and over that Sidney wasn't worth remembering, trying to comfort her with the suggestion that they could get along without one of his kind better than with him, and surely Zane would soon be coming home.

At the mention of Zane Mary lifted from her shoulder a face drawn and haggard with fear and pain. "It might be all right but for this—Granther—and—and—"

As she spoke she drew from a hiding place about her throat a slender wedding ring on a thread-like chain. "This, Granther," she continued, "was given me by Sidney months ago."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

man
Whitson



Comfort
Sisters
Corner

his Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

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Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address: MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ment
has been defiled.

ty in Mary's eyes. Sidney
his powers of fascination
at young girl, and Mary
love and fascination, Mary
that the sun, moon and
ed about Sidney's
turned.
daily to Deed's Core and
young Mary so openly
forgot his misgivings,
in Sidney's society
ning meal: Sidney
ation, would amuse the
sides of adventure.
come a heavenly evening
write it down. It will
ed room or on the win-
concocted smoked ham
Mary that changed
existence; day by day
neglected, and can be
it after night as he
this joy could not be
ed, and I have not
shall leave Deed's
lover is a man of the
you might return be-
so dear to me, big
late—I shall be mar-

"Ever your loving
price did Zane read Mary
is rare came a look of
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he hastily penned a
all happiness and pro-
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away and summer
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ing friends of the
of Mary Deed's
from perfect hap-
Sidney's
as gone. There
when Sidney failed
grew pinched with
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I return—until then
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one. As ever, Susan

ght the letter to Mary
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and re-read the contents
book of eagerness on
plied the letter in an
with an attempt to
told him in a tone
that Sidney had been

ed no questions, and
is that followed pre-
ring, giving without
big, unselfish heart.
ed over the world
slumbering peacefully
t of snow when a New
ound its way to Deed's
e fishing supplies
from the arrival of the
from her school, found
the floor, grasping
aking hand.
ness he brushed the
d helped her remove it
do the paper—but Mary
g from her Gran-
hing unusual was
seeing the cause.
Honey," said the old
ill have to know soon
at you learn it from
try was staring at the
y featured the pic-
I his "beloved bride"
d with unbellying eyes
they were leaving for a

his running off as he
only, striking the pic-
'ben at the look on Mary
paper and caught her
cuddling her as a
over and over that
ering, trying to comfort
that they could get
d better than with
I soon he came home.
Zane Mary lifted from
m and haggard with
might be all right but
d—and—
draw from a hiding
lender wedding ring
This, Gran-ther, she
by Sidney months
D ON PAGE 15.)

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE COMFORT SISTERS' Pin this month is awarded to Mrs. A. E. Colby, Carlotta, California, for the best recipe. By "best" is meant, as has been explained before, the recipe that gives the exact quantity of ingredients used and the easiest-to-understand method of combining them. Many of the others were almost as good and are quite as much appreciated.—Ed.

MEAT BALLS.—One pound uncooked beef chopped fine, two tablespoons shortening, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon curry powder, one onion chopped, one cup strained tomatoes or one can tomato sauce and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Make the meat into little balls. Put one tablespoon shortening in frying-pan, and in it cook the onion slowly without browning until onion is soft. Then add the curry powder and meat balls, and shake pan over a quick fire for ten minutes. Put the second tablespoon of shortening in another frying-pan, and when hot add the flour. Stir well, then add salt, pepper and tomato or tomato sauce. Let come to boil and then pour over meat balls. Cover and cook slowly until balls are thoroughly cooked. Serve with boiled rice.—Mrs. A. E. Colby, Carlotta, Calif.

HOLIDAY SALAD.—Use slices of pineapple with centers removed, thinly-sliced sweet oranges with centers and seeds taken out, white grapes peeled and seeded, jellied nuts, small white leaves from heart of lettuce, and cream cheese dressing. Drain one can of pineapple, reserving the juice for the jellied nuts. Soak one tablespoon of gelatin in one-half pint of cold water ten minutes, then dissolve in three-fourths cup of hot pineapple juice. Pour a little into the bottom of a small mould, and when it stiffens press several nuts into it and cover with more gelatin, repeating until all the



HOLIDAY SALAD.

nuts and gelatin are used. The mould should be kept where it will stiffen more rapidly than the dish of gelatin, otherwise it may be necessary to soften it over warm water so that it will pour. The cream cheese dressing is made by mixing one-third teaspoon of mustard, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of paprika, a pinch of white pepper and one teaspoon of sugar, then beat in alternately two tablespoons of vinegar and six of salad oil, and lastly gradually adding one cream cheese mashed with a little fresh or sour cream. Place the jellied nuts in the center of plate, surround with pineapple, small mounds of the orange and grapes and to one side the lettuce. The dressing is placed in spoonfuls through the salad.

for a pattern but cut considerably larger as they don't stretch like stockings. Finish like the baby moccasins. A friend wanted tea towels. I rummaged out some old outing flannel night dresses and tore out squares from the best parts of them, hemmed and laundered them and they made very nice ones as they were absorbent.

For the teachers, a little calendar made of ribbon, using ribbon one and one-half inches wide of some dark color. Cover an inch brass ring with silkateen to match ribbon. Take a piece of ribbon nine inches long and fringe both ends one-half inch. Draw through the ring one-third of its length and catch with needle and thread to prevent slipping. Paste a small photo of yourself, just the head and shoulders is best, on the upper or short piece and a small calendar pad on the long piece. I have seen pretty Christmas seals used in place of the photo but the kiddies all like teacher's picture best.

I make handkerchiefs and collars from scraps of lawn or any light weight white goods and odds and ends of lace. Here is a new way to make handkerchiefs for the Sunday School children. For boys, take a scrap of goods like the handkerchief and make a tiny pocket in one corner. Make a flap to drop down over and sew on a dress snap. Then they won't lose their Sunday School money. For girls, sew on a crocheted rose and leave one petal loose. Sew a snap on the petal. I like to go around the handkerchief with a single crocheted stitch in colored thread and make the rose to match the edge.

I save the blotters from my pads of paper and make blotting pads. Take a pretty post card and cut the blotting paper to match. Punch two holes, one-half inch apart in each end and tie with baby ribbon. You may use as many sheets of blotting paper as you wish. My ribbon is usually old candy boxes.

The racks may be made from embroidery hoops wound with ribbon or silk and finished with a bow of inch-wide ribbon and a ring to hang it up by. These are nice for little girls to hang hair ribbons on.

Ribbon book marks are made of one yard of half-inch ribbon and four small brass rings. Cut off one-third of the ribbon, cover the rings with silkateen to match ribbon, and sew a ring onto each end of the short piece. Pass the long piece through one ring and bring the ends together at the other one. Catch with a thread to keep from slipping and sew the two remaining rings onto the ends.

My son's wife makes sewing cards for the little ones. Draw pictures on pieces of pasteboard and punch holes with a needle about half an inch apart. Give them a needleful of yarn or silkateen and let them sew back and forth through the holes. Good for rainy day entertainment.

Often times you can get ideas from the novelties pictures in mail-order catalogues.

If I have large pieces left when making up gingham, percale, lawn or similar goods I make small aprons of them.

Here is a case for handkerchiefs, or ribbons. Take two paper napkins and lay a sheet of cotton wadding between them. Bind around the edge with inch ribbon or silk and fold up one side at one-third of the length and sew over and over. Fold down the upper third to make a sort of envelope and tie a piece of ribbon around to keep it closed. A case for veils is made the same way, only you stop when you get the binding on and roll it up and tie the ribbon around it. They are really very durable. Mine lasted several years. The binding can be stitched on your machine. You might make them of cloth if you preferred. By using larger squares you can make cases for dollies or centerpieces.

Roll them like the veil case. If you have to place the cotton wadding, catch it together to prevent slipping. Most of us know some old couple that live alone, or some old person living alone. Boxes of food make an acceptable present for them. Boxes of fruit or candy are always welcome, especially if the candy is homemade. If you live where you can raise vegetables you might send some to some poor family that doesn't raise them. A piece of meat or a dressed fowl could be included.

I hope I'll have new ideas next year.

Au revoir. VERMONT.

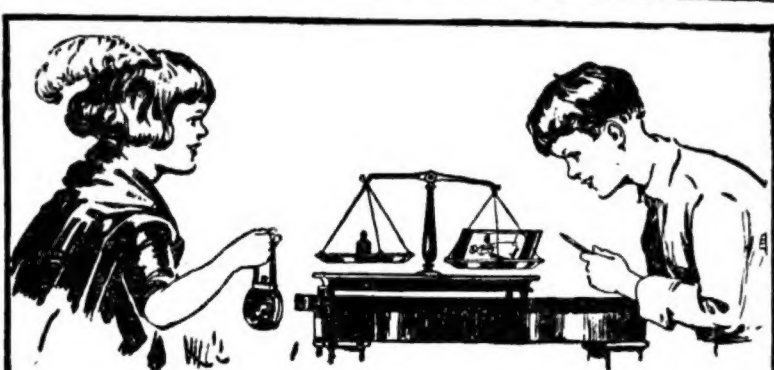
PRINCETON, WISC.
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:
I enjoy reading COMFORT and most of all the Sisters' Corner. The letters are helpful, interesting and worthwhile.

Have any of the sisters tried to make coat hangers at home? I'll tell you what I did. From a wooden barrel hoop I cut a piece of wood the length desired for hanger. This I washed and after it was thoroughly dried I cut a strip of cloth an inch longer than the hanger and about five inches wide, sewing them around the piece of hoop on the under side of the hanger with a running stitch. In the middle of the hanger I sewed a piece of the cloth that was used for covering and the hanger was finished. A loop of ribbon could be used instead. These hangers are easy to make and very decorative if pretty material is used for covering. One barrel hoop makes two hangers.

Some people find it hard to wash pillows containing feathers, yet it is a simple matter if washed the following way: Open the pillow in one corner and into this opening pour hot water over the feathers. They will form a wet mass. Remove this and wash the feathers in soapy water, rinsing well. Put the feathers back into the pillow case, which has been washed, and hang it in the sun to dry. The feathers will be clean, light and fluffy and not be spoiled.

I hope they will send my letter in print for I know that I am worthy of becoming a sister. I am fourteen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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MUTTON BROTH.—One pound of lean meat and one quart of water. Cut the meat into small pieces, cover with cold water and heat slowly. Add one teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon pepper and a small slice of onion. Simmer until the meat is in shreds, strain, cool and remove fat. To one quart of broth allow two tablespoons of rice washed and soaked half an hour. When broth is boiling add the rice, simmer till it is tender, being careful not to let the water boil away. Season and serve at once. For seasoning, a little curry powder used as you would use cayenne or a saltspoon of celery salt or a few leaves of fresh mint.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat one egg well, add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a very stiff dough; roll very thin, dredge with flour to keep from sticking. Let remain on board two hours, then roll up as for jelly roll. Begin at end and slice into very thin strips, keep these strips floured until you are ready to drop them into the soup which should be done shortly before serving.

MEAT LOAF.—Put meat through chopper and add salt, pepper and sage to taste. Chop one small onion and add with a pinch of allspice. Into this stir one-half cup of uncooked oatmeal, put into buttered pan, dot with small pieces of butter and add enough hot water to come almost to top of meat. Bake in hot oven.—Mrs. CLARA ROMANO, Barnstable, Ore.

RAISIN PIE.—Pastry: Sift together one heaping cup of pastry flour, one-fourth of a teaspoon each of baking powder and salt. Rub in, or cut in, with two knives one-fourth of a cup of lard or vegetable shortening. Mix this with cold water. Do not knead, but shape into a ball on a floured board and roll fairly



RAISIN PIE.

thin. Spread with one-fourth of a cup of butter, very slightly softened if too hard, and sprinkle with flour. Fold several times, cut in two, roll one piece thin for the under crust, and after rolling the other half thin, cut in strips and lay on top of the filling.

FILLING: One and a half cup of washed and seeded or seedless raisins, one cup of water, half a cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of vinegar, the juice of one lemon and a little of the grated rind, and one tablespoon of butter or clarified beef fat, cooked together. When the raisins are well puffed, cook in one teaspoon of flour mixed with a little cold water. When nearly cold fill lined pie tin and bake in a fairly hot oven. Prunes may be cooked in the same way.

STAR CAKE.—Sift together one and one-half cup of sifted flour, one rounding teaspoon of baking powder,

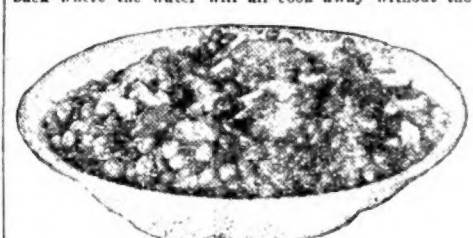
and two table-
spoons of corn-
starch. Cream
one-third cup of
butter, add one
cup of sugar and
beat light. Add
two well-beaten
egg yolks and one
teaspoon of van-
illa. Add the
flour alternately
with one-half cup
of milk to the
egg mixture, and
lastly, add the
whites of two
eggs beaten stiff.
Bake in a mod-
erate oven in a
star-shaped tin.

FROSTING.—One
cup of granulated
sugar and one-
fourth cup of
milk stirred until
it boils. Cook
five minutes with
out boiling. Beat
hard, holding the
stew-pan in a dish
of cold water. When it begins to
stiffen, add one square of grated chocolate, and as soon
as mixed and the frosting is set, spread it over the
cake. For a children's party, the star may be outlined
with candies.

HONEYCOMB FRIDGING.—One cup chopped suet, one
cup chopped raisins, one cup sour milk, one cup mo-
lasses, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, clove and
nutmeg for spice, flour enough for stiff batter. Steam
two and one-half hours.

SAUCE.—One pint hot water, two-thirds cup sugar,
little strong vinegar, small piece of butter, flavor with
nutmeg. Thicken with flour.

VEGETABLE COMBINATION WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Drain
one can of peas and put into double boiler until very
hot. Scrape carrots, slice thin, cover with boiling
water and cook until soft. Add boiling water from
time to time if necessary, but it should be kept low
during the last half of cooking, and the stew-pan set
back where the water will all cook away without the



VEGETABLE COMBINATION WITH CREAM SAUCE.

carrots sticking. Cut turnips that are free from coarse
fibers into cubes and cook until tender. Salt both car-
rots and turnips when about half done. To one can of
peas use the same amount of turnip and as much
again of carrot. Mix together and pour over the vege-
tables a cream sauce made by warming one tablespoon
of butter and stirring in one rounding tablespoon of
flour. Gradually add one and a half cup of thin hot
cream while rapidly stirring.

SMOTHERED BEEFSTEAK.—Take one large thin slice
of steak from upper part of round. Lay meat out
smoothly and cover with a dressing made of one cup
of bread-crumbs, half a teaspoon of salt, one-quarter
teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon
sage and same of summer savory and enough milk to
moisten. Roll meat carefully and tie securely with
string. In kettle or large stew-pan fry a few slices of
pork and into the fat put the roll of beef and let it
brown on all sides. Then add one cup of water and
stew until tender. When cooked sufficiently, remove
the meat, thicken the gravy with flour and turn it over
meat. To be cut in slices.

PRUNE MARMALADE.—Wash prunes in warm water
and then set in a stew-pan, adding a little over a pint
of water to each pound of prunes. Let simmer gently
three or four hours or until the juice is thick. To
every three pounds of prunes add the juice of one
lemon and half the peel. Rub the prunes through a
colander to remove the stones and put the pulp in dish
and let cook until thick. Put in jars and seal.

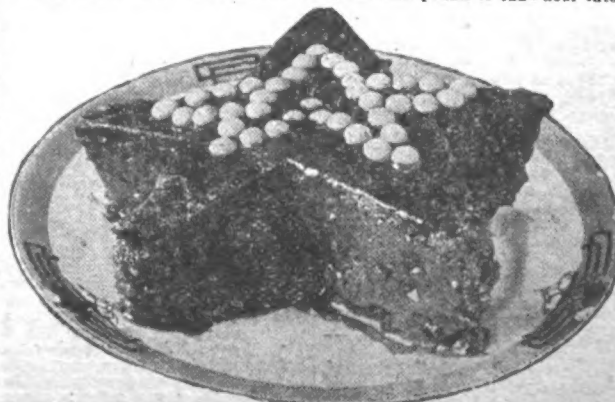
CARROT MARMALADE.—Wash and scrape carrots
enough to make four cupsful after being put through
food chopper. Put in porcelain-lined kettle with half
the amount of water and let cook slowly nearly half
an hour or until the water is boiled away. Then add
one and three-quarters cup of sugar and let cook slowly
one hour. Before removing from fire, add three table-
spoons lemon juice and a little salt. Pour into jelly
tumblers and cover with melted paraffin.—E. M. M.,
San Antonio, Texas.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.—Cream one-half pound of
sugar together with one-quarter pound of butter. When
smooth, add one-half cup of sweet milk slowly, then stir
in one-half pound of cake flour into which has been put

one and one-half
teaspoon of Royal
baking powder.
Flavor with one
teaspoon vanilla
extract, and at
the very last fold
in the whites of
four eggs beaten
very stiff. After
putting the cake
whites in do not
stir the batter
more than suffi-
ciently to fold in
the eggs. Bake
in a quick oven
for 25 minutes.

FILLING.—Boil
one cup of pow-
dered sugar with
one-quarter cup
of water for five
minutes. Beat up
the yolks of two
eggs and into
them stir the
boiling syrup.
Bring to a quick
boil and remove
from stove, add one-half teaspoon vanilla extract. This
should be a pretty yellow color. Spread between the
layers of cake.

SWEET PEPPER CATSUP.—Seed one-half gallon sweet
red peppers, add one gallon vinegar, one quart of water,
one cup of sugar, one cup of garlic, one tablespoon of
salt, two tablespoons cloves, allspice, cinnamon, black
pepper. The spices should be tied in a cloth and put
in with other ingredients. Boil this mixture until ten-
der, which will reduce the quantity about half, and
is better than tomato catsup to put on vegetables and
meat.—Mrs. Goss CLARON, Baker, Ia.



STAR CAKE.

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Why, it's a different thing," cried the lady joyfully.



She could have touched Lesard as she passed him.



But Jacky was past telling anything. She had fainted.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unhappy. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis'. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him.

CHAPTER V.

A VOICE AT MIDNIGHT.

THE new maid as she performed her few duties quietly and well almost began to think in the next few days that Gillian's imagination had led her astray. The household seemed so ordinary, its routine so exactly conventional and proper. Mr. Marchmont and his ward drove out every afternoon; paid visits; had the best people of the county to tea and dinner; and, clear-eyed as she was, Jacqueline saw nothing to lead her to suppose that the master was on anything but the usual terms with his upper servants.

She stood in her sewing-room one afternoon when Gillian was busy with visitors, and looked out at the wintry sky with eyes that did not see. "This business won't do!" she said to herself briskly. "Either there is something wrong, or there isn't, and I'm going to find out. If Gill is right and not morbid, then we're off; even if I have to borrow ten pounds from"—her face grew hot under the bleach—"Lesard!" A longing cry the name sounded, for she had said it aloud under her breath. "Oh, if he were here, he would see it all in a minute! And Gill must be right, if a hard-headed man like that thinks as he does about Marchmont."

She turned briskly from the window, and—not without uneasiness—marched straight to the housekeeper's room.

"Wait a minute!" cried an annoyed voice.

"Oh, it's you, James! What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, madam, for disturbing you"—how Gillian would have gazed if she had seen the deferential manner, heard the subdued voice!—"but if you would be so good as to speak to the laundry-maid! These handkerchiefs of Miss Hamilton's," displaying two morsels of lace, "are being ruined. Or perhaps you would like me to do them up in future."

"Torn, are they?" with a perfunctory glance at a ruined handkerchief. "Careless! All right, I'll speak to her. Come in!"

The housekeeper was turning about in front of the chimney mirror with an air of annoyance that might have become a duchess. She was arrayed in a purple velvet gown, whose magnificence nearly startled the lady's-maid into an exclamation. A housekeeper in velvet trimmed with jewel embroidery! Jacqueline's face grew perfectly impassive.

"Shut the door tight!" cried Mrs. Gibbs crossly. "I don't want every servant in the house to see me trying on my new gown."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gibbs," the maid turned to the door.

"Oh, you don't matter!" suddenly mindful of those recommendations. "I'm—she laughed—"I'm going to wear this gown to my sister's wedding. Do you understand?"

Jacky's heart beat faster. Why did she not matter? And why did the woman all but wink at her?

"It's very suitable," she returned slowly, "and a lovely dress. But it doesn't fit you."

For the sumptuous gown had an extraordinary look of having been made for a wearer both taller and slighter.

"They don't always," the housekeeper said crossly. "Dressmakers aren't to be relied on. Something made Jacky smile, and Mrs. Gibbs smiled, too, her hard mouth relaxing.

"I can alter that dress, if you like," said Jacky, examining it.

"Oh, will you? That's a good sort! But—it was a curious question to ask a lady's-maid—are you sure you know how?"

"Oh, yes, madam! It's my trade," returned Jacky demurely. She pulled a pair of scissors from the vest of the lilac silk, sewn with amethysts. She had kept her face bent over the work as she ripped off the collar and cut the gown out at the neck. What did Gibbs mean? Could it be that she knew? The quick fingers faltered for a second as she glanced up, to see Mrs. Gibbs watching her in wonder.

"Now if you will slip it on, madam," with her best business air. But she was careful not to let her fingers, that were ice cold with fear of detection touch the housekeeper's strong, white throat.

"Why, it's a different thing!" cried that lady joyfully. "You certainly do know your trade, wherever you learned it," significantly. "I didn't expect it, from your references."

Fright made the girl perfectly steady; there was not a trace of comprehension in face or voice as she answered, standing off to survey her alterations:

"I have always given satisfaction; I hope I can please you, too."

"Oh, don't be huffy!" Mrs. Gibbs in high good humor surveyed her buxom figure in the glorious raiment that was no longer excruciating to her flesh. "Just sew that firm for me—that's a good girl. I've got silk to match. And then we'll have a cup of tea."

It was just what the maid wanted, for she must find out what was meant by the hints about her references.

"She doesn't think I'm a real lady's-maid, I'm certain," she pondered as her fingers flew in Mrs. Gibbs' service. "But I believe that is lucky, for she won't wonder so much at my slips. And I know she doesn't suspect my real secret for one minute." Her brow puckered with perplexity, for, who and what, then, did the housekeeper think she was?

But there were no more remarks on the subject. Perhaps Mr. Marchmont's warning had occurred to Mrs. Gibbs.

"You're going away tomorrow—you and Miss Hamilton and Mr. Marchmont," she observed affably, as they drank their tea. "How will you like that?"

"It doesn't matter to me, much. But, are you sure? My mistress has not said anything."

"You're going, all right."

"Where to?"

"Sir Simon Wellford's—ten miles off. He's got a grand party there, I hear—duchesses and what not." She kept her eyes on Jacky's face with a curious look of admiration.

"What wouldn't I give to carry things off like her!" she thought as the girl departed in time to dress her mistress for dinner. "She's the best I ever saw, and so I'll tell Marchmont."

"Jacky, we're going to spend a week at Sir Simon Wellford's!" cried Gillian uncomfortably. "I'm to take you. Do you think you can stand it? You may have to dine with the servants."

"That's not going to hurt me," composedly. "I knew we were going. Mrs. Gibbs just told me. You should see the dress I caught her in, Gill! purple velvet. It was dyed, though, for the purple came off my fingers when I touched it."

"You didn't touch that horrid wretch!" angrily.

"I did, indeed, my dear! I altered her gown for her most skillfully."

"Oh, Jacky!" groaned the other, dropping her brush. "I hate to think of the position I've got you into."

"You needn't. I'm enjoying myself, a trifle enigmatically. 'Gill, who's Sir Simon Wellford?'"

"A nice old man, with a hateful wife. I shouldn't mind it a bit if she lost her jewels. The last time we went on a visit the house was robbed, you remember! I hope there won't be any more burglaries. Lord Hollis was here just now, and he says they haven't found a trace of the thieves."

"They never seem to nowadays," returned Jacky idly.

"If they're going to try this house, I hope they'll do it while we are gone." Gillian was fastening her pearls carefully. "I'm terrified of burglars, Jacky, and Lady Hollis was nearly killed, you know." But Jacky had turned away.

"They won't come," she said vaguely. What was that Lesard had said about 'rubishing stories of burglars'? She started as the words came to her mind.

"No burglars are going to trouble Mr. Paul Marchmont." The contemptuous ring of his voice was plain to her memory.

"Now I wonder why!" thought the red-haired maid blankly, as she tossed sleeplessly in her bed that night, and struggled to solve the problems that were too many for cleverer people than she. "I wonder why!"

A slight noise, directly under her window, made her sit up in the dark and listen. There were footsteps on the gravel; not especially cautious footsteps, either, for the crunch of pebbles had sounded loud in the quiet. Someone whistled, as if in idleness, a bar of "I Want You, Ma Honey."

The sound brought a lump to the girl's throat. That tune reminded her of Lesard. He had a way of singing the refrain, with his gray eyes on her face; his voice very low, very sweet. The sound of the air as it reached her made her start out of bed and steal over to the window.

It was bright moonlight as she peered through the shutters, but she could see only the burning ends of two cigarettes in the shadow by a door that was never used. Whoever was there, though, was hidden; but she could hear what sounded like the grating of a key in a lock. A man's voice swore indistinctly.

"I'll open it," said another voice. Every clear syllable seemed to ring in her ears. She held tight to the window-frame, her heart leaping. For she knew the voice; every careless tone of it, every inflection, was dear to her.

With fingers that shook with frantic haste, she put on her dress, her stockings.

"He must want me; there isn't anything else that could bring him to this house!" she thought, fumbling breathlessly at her collar in the dark. "But why does he come at night? And who has he with him? They had a key, too! I can't understand it."

Shoes in hand, she stole through the sewing-room, out into the dark corridors that led to the main part of the house. At the swinging baize doors she stopped, to let her breath come back to her. Stern common sense came back, too, and forbade her to believe her own ears.

It could not have been Lesard's voice she had

heard under her window at midnight!

She must have been dreaming.

Yet his own words came back to her: "I'll go down to that neighborhood if you're there, but I wouldn't like to go into that brute's house."

If he meant the second half of that sentence, how could he have entered that house just now, with a pass-key, familiarly, as of old habit?

"If it wasn't Lesard, I don't know my own name." She bit her lip sharply. "I'll go out and find out, anyhow. He said to let him know if there was trouble. Perhaps there's trouble now, and he's come down to see me through it."

She crept down the servants' staircase, noiselessly, not certain where to go. What a fool she was! Why! that door must lead directly into the passage under her own room, but as to what rooms opened on it she was utterly ignorant.

The passage was dark when she reached it, not a door was open, and yet from somewhere there came the low murmur of voices. Jacky listened with all her ears, but she could not distinguish one voice from the other; could not be sure even how many there were, or if one were Marchmont's.

"I must just continue on this nice stone floor in my stockings till I sneeze—or they come out and catch me!" she thought angrily. For a moment she dismissed that crazy idea that it had been Lesard's voice she heard, as she looked about in the gloom for a hiding place. There was not a thing visible in the darkness but the walls and the dim outline of the stairway down which she had come. She hid herself swiftly under the turn of it, squeezing her slim young shape in under the steps, just in time, for a woman ran down them, her high-heeled shoes clicking.

It was Mrs. Gibbs, and she knocked at a door. Jacky, crouching in the shadows, bent double.

She had reason to, if she had known it. Her life hung on nothing but the question as to whether Mrs. Gibbs entered that room or not.

"It's me," said the housekeeper in an angry whisper. "Are you going to keep me up all night?"

Somebody laughed, and every nerve in Jacky Hamilton's body seemed to tighten.

"We don't want you," Marchmont's voice came through the door. "You can go to bed. There's nothing new."

The girl under the stairs did not know that Death had his finger on her in the pause before Marchmont spoke. If she had, perhaps she would have stayed motionless, just the same, that she might know who was in that room.

The housekeeper's steps died away and Jacky stood up to ease her aching body; only to drop flat and noiseless to the floor.

The door was opening! Whoever was in there was coming out.

The oblong of light from the doorway seemed to shine straight on her; it dazzled her, but she was so low that she was safe. She stared at the three men in the passage in breathless scrutiny.

One was Marchmont, the other two wore the corduroy and gaiters of game-keepers, but she knew they were not simply keepers come at this hour to speak to their master. For, though one was a stranger to her, a rough-looking, bullet-headed boy, the other—she shut her eyes as he turned so that the light fell on his keen, clear face—she knew him; she knew the memory of him should not be stamped on her brain forever.

For the other man was Lesard; and his arm was slipped through Marchmont's familiarity. Lesard, who was unwilling to enter "that brute's house."

CHAPTER VI.

PURPLE VELVET.

As in a dream Miss Hamilton's maid got her mistress ready for the week's visit to Sir Simon and Lady Wellford. So pale she was that she scarcely needed "Mrs. Ray's Face Bleach" to make her look powder-white. She moved mechanically from wardrobe to boxes with Gillian's clothes, Lesard's own words to her ringing in her brain: "Promise to trust me, whatever happens! You're loyal enough—you may need to be loyal to me; don't forget I warned you."

Thank God, he had warned her! Only that was keeping Jacky Hamilton's heart up as she folded those silks and laces she hated to see Gillian wear.

"That must have been what he meant," she thought bravely; "that I might see him do queer things. And how do I know? He might have been fighting my battles and Gill's. I will trust him—I must. I won't let anything turn me from him."

Yet even as she thought it, there seemed an undercurrent in her brain, louder, stronger, truer than those thoughts she was forcing herself to think.

How did he come to have a key? Why was he not dressed in his own clothes? Why did he take the arm of the man he said he loathed? Most of all, why did he come to this house, where he had warned her not to stay without apparently so much as once thinking of her? He could not have forgotten—no man could have forgotten—that the girl he loved was in such a place.

He had spoken to Marchmont, too, each careless word like a knife at the heart of the unseen listener.

"Well, here's luck to the ball," he had said, yawning; "we'll all be there. Good night. Come on, Billy," and he and his companion had departed as they came.

It was all perfectly inexplicable. And it was

as well that she could not know, as she was over it, that if Mrs. Gibbs had entered that room and extolled the new maid whom "Billy" supposed to have been no wet to that gentleman, she would have been no wet to that gentleman, too.

Jacky Hamilton, who had altered a velvet gown, and not her sister's. She had never spoken of Lesard, she was not going to be now. Chilly and faint-hearted, she got out the pony-cart which had conveyed her to Wellford house in the wake of the Victoria and carried Gillian and Mr. Marchmont.

It was a great modern house, not at all like the old picturesque home of her father's. Marchmont had taken. Built of brick, it glittered from far off with the lights in its many French windows, and even in the dusk she saw that it fairly bristled with porticoes and balconies.

She followed the kindly housemaid through long passages, shining with white enamel and comfortable with red carpeting. Everywhere lights were everywhere, and a housewife was that was grateful to her chilled frame.

"We've forty people staying in the house; it's her ladyship's last party for the winter," said the housemaid affably. "This room is your next young lady," throwing open a door of a fair-sized room, evidently a dressing-room for it led into a great chamber, softly lit, hung with a fire shining on its luxury.

"Thank goodness," said Jacky, as Gillian entered ten minutes later, "we're together!" She stooped to warm her perished hands at the cheerful fire, and Gillian saw that she was crying. Jacky, who never cried!

"My dear, my dear," the elder sister cried, "is it going to be too hard for you? Shall I pretend you're ill and have you sent home?"

"It isn't that," Jacky wiped the tears from her face, and stood strangely haggard in her streaked make-up. "It's a queer sort of feeling I have about this house. I feel as if it was lucky to be here."

Miss Hamilton locked the door. Then, without more words, put her maid into the easy chair and gave her a cup of tea from the table that stood beside the fire.

"Thank goodness, we arrived late and Lesard Wellford had to send my tea up," she remarked. "You're tired out."

"It's a convenience, certainly," Jacky answered more cheerfully, feeling a little ashamed of her tears. "But I mean it, Gill: I feel as if something were going to happen."

"Don't, Jacky!"

"Keep your eyes open downstairs!"—somebody the streaked paint on the girl's face made a tragic—"and I will keep mine open among the other grand lady's-maids. If you notice anything, come and tell me."

"Jacky," Gillian was wild eyed, "you're dreaming! Are you afraid of another burglary?"

"I don't know what I'm afraid of," despondently. "Only I'm afraid."

"There can't be any reason, in a great ball like this," with forced cheerfulness. "Jacky, I think—I knew I had something to tell you. They're going to have a ball, a great big masked ball, tomorrow night, and you can have one of my evening dresses and a domino and come down and see the fun."

"A ball!" Jacqueline, bolt upright, was staring at her. "A masked ball!" she repeated.

Gillian nodded, beginning to dress for dinner. "It will be such fun and quite safe. You can come with me and see everybody. There will be so many people that an extra will never be noticed. Why, anyone might come to it! You'll be able to get a little fun; it will be a relief from the odious part you have to play."

But Jacqueline did not hear her. "The ball we'll all be there." The words chimed in odd with Gillian's "anyone might come."

"I'll make two dominoes," she said, and her sharp breathing drew in her nostrils. "If I don't go down!"

She would dare. If Lesard meant to be that ball she must see him, speak to him, find out what this midnight masquerade of hers meant. In spite of her suspicions, her face was radiant with a desperate joy as she repaired to her room, and tomorrow night would see everything put straight. There was only one man in the world for Jacky Hamilton, and to doubt that was to have grief for her bedfellow, ashes to her meat and drink.

Gillian was lovely as she went downstairs, in ivory satin and chiffon, her collar of pearls whiter and fairer than her throat. Jacky—Lady Wellford's own maid, a stout French woman—hung over the banisters and watched her going in to dinner in the long procession of ladies in satins and diamonds. Gillian was the arm of a good-looking, fair man, very tall, very distinguished, who was looking down at her with pleasure at her beauty. But Gillian seemed to have no eyes for him. She was paler than Jacky had ever seen her, and her face was set like a hard mask of endurance.

That changed face deepened the uneasiness. Jacky's heart as she craned over the banisters scrutinizing each man passing beneath her. But

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

COOKING FOR THANKSGIVING

ROAST TURKEY



By Violet Marsh

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THE old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner which closely follows the harvest season is as much a custom today as it was when our forefathers, with exuberant thankfulness, made a religious rite of the feast.

In these days of plenty it would be very difficult to understand the depth of that spirit of thankfulness, when, after a season of toil and drudgery, of hope mingled with anxiety and prayerful watching, the early settler and his good helpmeet, beheld a harvest that filled pantry and cellar, hay loft and grain bin and brought the assurance that neither man nor beast under their shelter would suffer from hunger during the coming winter.

Centuries have passed, the crops are bountiful, yet the housewife is planning very much the same old-fashioned feast as did her great-grandmother, because of its unrivaled excellence, and because the traditional Thanksgiving dinner will ever be observed by true-blooded Americans.

As a nation on this great day, we shall cast aside all thought of the balanced meal and agree with the small boy who declared, "I'd rather eat what I'd rather." Yes, we shall sin divinely and take the chance of laughter and good cheer stimulating the processes of digestion when we top pie and cheese with pudding, nuts, raisins and sweet cider.

Typical Thanksgiving Dishes

ROAST TURKEY.—Loosely twist old newspaper, place in a pan, light, and hold the turkey over the flame until the hairs and down are singed off. Hold the turkey firmly and keep rapidly turning in all positions so that the skin will not be dried in places. The skin of the turkey should be kept unbroken but if any openings do appear draw the skin together and sew with coarse thread. Cut off the head, make an incision well below the breastbone, insert the hand and draw out the entrails unbroken, then the gizzard, heart and liver; cut away the gall bladder. The lungs, which are red and of a spongy consistency, will be found on either side of the back-bone close to the ribs, and the kidneys in hollows near the end of the back-bone. Both lungs and kidneys must be thoroughly removed as a very small remaining portion will impart a bitter flavor. Draw the neck skin down and remove the windpipe and crop. Cut away the oil bag. Quickly wash inside and outside with tepid water and a little good soap. Rinse and wipe dry. Stuff, rub all over with salt and equal parts of butter and flour

creamed together. Sprinkle a little dry flour on the bottom of the baker and on this lay leaves of extra fat that have been removed from turkey. Add three-fourths cup of boiling water. Substitute butter for fat if the turkey is lean. Lay the turkey on the rack, cover with a large and deep inverted pan unless a regulation double baker is used. Place in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then reduce the heat to moderate, baste frequently if cooked in open pan, and add water as needed. An eight-pound turkey should cook about three hours.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.—Shell one quart of large chestnuts, cover with boiling water and remove the brown skins. Boil soft in lightly salted water. Care should be taken not to use too much water so that it may be nearly cooked away when the chestnuts are soft. Mash into the water and simmer down if necessary. Add sufficient bread-crumbs to thicken (about two cups), a very little pepper, one-third cup of butter and one or two tablespoons of heavy cream. Cracker-crumbs may be used, and a delicious flavor is obtained by cooking half-a-cup of chopped celery with the chestnuts.

CRACKER STUFFING.—Split three common crackers, and very gradually add boiling water until they are moistened. Add one-third cup of melted butter, and season with salt, pepper and sage, or prepared poultry dressing.

GRAVY WITH GIBLETS.—The heart, liver and gizzard are cleaned, put into one pint of water and boiled until tender. Remove from liquor and chop fine. Pour the drippings from the pan in which the turkey is cooked. Skim off the fat that quickly rises to the top, and return about five tablespoons of it to the pan. Heat and smooth in five tablespoons of dry flour, and stir rapidly until a light brown. Gradually add the liquor from the pan, and that from the giblets. Season with salt and pepper and cook until thickened to the right consistency. Add chopped giblets. If the neck of turkey and tip ends of wings are removed they should be cooked with the giblets.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Wash one quart of cranberries and put into a porcelain-lined stew-pan with one and one-half cup of boiling water. Cook rapidly, and stir frequently to help break them. Cook about ten minutes or until well broken and soft. Strain. Add two cups of sugar and cook about ten minutes longer.

CHILI SAUCE.—Remove the seeds from one green pepper and one red pepper and chop fine with two good-sized onions. Peel and cut into

pieces ten large tomatoes. Add one and one-quarter level tablespoon of salt, one-half cup of brown sugar and three cups of vinegar. Into a muslin bag put one and three-fourths level teaspoons each of grated nutmeg and clove, two teaspoons of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of allspice and tie securely, leaving ample room for the spice to swell. Very slowly bring to a boil, set back and simmer until the desired consistency. Remove the bag of spice and bottle.

FILLING FOR PUMPKIN PIE.—Prepare pumpkin as described for canning in this column. Use one and one-half cup to a pie and add three-fourths cup of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, a little grated lemon rind, and two eggs slightly beaten. Beat hard until well blended, then gradually add two cups of scalding hot rich milk. Bake in a moderate oven until brown which should take about two hours.

OLD-FASHIONED PLUM PUDDING.—Soak two cups of fine bread-crumbs in one quart of rich milk one-half hour, then add one scant tablespoon of molasses, one-half cup of granulated sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon, a pinch of clove, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-fourth cup of cold milk, two tablespoons of thick cream

and two large well-beaten eggs. Beat well then add one cup of seedless raisins and one cup of good currants (wash the fruit by pouring boiling water over it and letting it stand ten minutes, then rinsing through several waters and draining well. Always skim out the fruit so that any grit will be left in the bottom of the pan). Pour the mixture into a buttered pudding dish and place in a moderate oven. Stir occasionally as the fruit will settle at first. When the pudding has thickened sufficiently to hold up the fruit, cover and bake in a very slow oven five hours. Delicious hot or cold. Serve with hard sauce or sweetened whip cream.

BAKED VIRGINIA PUDDING.—Bring three cups of milk to a scald in a double boiler, then gradually stir in one-half cup of corn-meal wet with one cup of cold milk. Cook fifteen minutes, add half-cup of finely chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of skinned and stoned dates cut into coarse pieces, one-half teaspoon of ginger, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of salt. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a very slow oven four and a half hours.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING.—Three cups of sifted flour, one and one-half even teaspoons of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg and one-fourth teaspoon of clove sifted together several times. Add to the dry mixture one cup of seedless or seeded raisins, one-third cup of currants, one-third cup of chopped dates and one-third cup of blanched almonds chopped fine. Put three-fourths cup of suet through the food chopper and mix with one cup of good molasses and one cup of milk and add to the flour and fruit. Beat hard until smooth. Pour into a pudding tin or pall that will cover tightly. It should not be over two-thirds full. Steam four hours, taking care that the water does not stop boiling at any time.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Bring to a boil one cup of hot water, two thirds cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and a little grated orange rind. Thicken with one slightly rounded tablespoon of corn-starch wet with one-third cup of cold water and slowly cook for five minutes. Beat in two tablespoons of butter and pour the hot mixture over two well-beaten egg yolks, return to stew-pan and cook three minutes, then add the beaten whites and beat with the egg beater until light. Serve.

JEWISH FRUIT CAKE.—Sift together several times one scant half cup of sifted flour, four level teaspoons of corn-starch and one rounding teaspoon of baking powder. Prepare one pound of dates by removing the skins and stones and cutting into coarse pieces, and one-half pound of English walnut meats broken into several pieces. Beat three egg yolks, add one-half cup of granulated sugar, and with the egg beater beat until

very light and creamy. Now beat in the flour, then add the beaten whites and the dates and nuts. Spread about one inch thick in pan, and bake very slowly until brown and well shrunken around the edges. When cold, cut into bars. This cake will keep indefinitely in a tight tin box.

GOOD DOUGHNUTS.—Beat one egg until light, then beat in one cup of granulated sugar, add one scant teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of nutmeg, one tablespoon of softened butter and beat until light and creamy with one scant cup of whole sweet milk, using the egg beater. Sift one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of soda with three cups of sifted flour, or use one even tablespoon of baking powder in place of cream of tartar and soda. Gradually beat in the flour, adding more if necessary to

THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



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SCIENTISTS, through intensive research and countless experiments, have discovered long since, that sweets are essential and important factors in the well being of every normal human being; that to them the body is indebted for its inner heat, its energy, and its activity.

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Every Jell-O package has complete instructions on how to make up plain Jell-O. It is made in a minute by adding the contents of the package to exactly one pint of boiling water and then cooling the mixture. Below are carefully worked-out recipes covering more elaborate dishes, but no recipe is too difficult to be made up by the most inexperienced housekeeper. Each one of them is offered as being in accord with the idea of "the easy Jell-O way."

JELL-O AND BAKED APPLES

Bake six medium-sized or small apples with cores filled with brown sugar and chopped nuts. When cold arrange the apples in a pan and cover them with Raspberry Jell-O (one package dissolved in a pint of boiling water). After the Jell-O has set, cut into squares, using a knife dipped in hot water, and serve with whipped cream. Or place each apple in a cup and pour the Jell-O over.

PLUM PUDDING

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water, and while it is still hot stir in three-fourths cup Grape Nuts or one cup coarse dried and browned bread crumbs, three-fourths cup stoned raisins, three-fourths cup English walnut meats, three-fourths cup cooked prunes and one-fourth cup citron—all cut fine; one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful cloves. Salt to taste. Mix and let harden. Serve with whipped cream or pudding sauce.

GLORIFIED RICE

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water. Add one-half pint of canned pineapple juice or any fruit juice. When a cold liquid, whip to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Have two cups of cold boiled rice cooked dry. Fold the rice into the whipped Jell-O. Add one cup whipped cream, four table-spoonfuls sugar, and salt to taste. Set in a cold place to harden.

SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve one package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and set it aside until it begins to thicken. Then beat with an egg-beater until it reaches the consistency of whipped cream. Stir in one cup of chopped prunes which have been stewed until very tender. Very much better if one cup whipped cream is added. Turn into mold to harden. Add more sugar to the water in which they were cooked, and boil this down to a thick syrup. When cold, pour it about the base of the dessert, after you have turned it out, and arrange whole prunes as a garnish.

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold and still liquid whip with an egg-beater to consistency of whipped cream. Let stand till firm and then pile it by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses and serve with custard flavored with grated rind of fresh lemon.

APPLE SNOW JELL-O

Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When partly cold turn into sherbet glasses, filling three-quarters full. When firm pile Apple Snow on top. To make Apple Snow, dissolve one-half package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water. When cool whip to consistency of thick whipped cream. Then add one grated apple and four table-spoonfuls of sugar.

JELL-O

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Cubby Bear Leaves Home

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I HAVE been talking with Henry, the Hawk, today," Squilly Porcupine told Cubby Bear, "and it makes me feel restless."

"Why?" asked Cubby. "What did he say to you?"

"Oh, he said he could never live such a slow, dull life as we forest animals do," answered Squilly. "And he told me of his long, beautiful flights, and the wonderful sights he has seen. It makes me want to go roving, too. But on my four slow feet I could never go as far as he does, and being down on the ground I could not see half that he can, up in the air."

Then Squilly talked along, telling all he could remember of Henry Hawk's stories.

"Why, oh, why have I no wings!" he moaned. "It is the same with you, too, Cubby Bear! How can you be as happy as you are?"

"Perhaps I shall not be, now you have told me all the hawk has done, the places where he has been, and the sights he has seen. I wish, oh, I wish, that I might go far, far away from this old forest. As Henry said, it is a stupid place to live!"

Cubby Bear walked slowly homeward, all the while looking down at the ground. He reached home just as Grandma Bear and Mamma Bruin were sitting down to a nice dinner of boiled ferns. He took his place at the table, but did not feel like eating.

"Have some of these nice greens, Cubby Bear," urged Mamma Bruin.

"No," he refused, then added, as an afterthought, "Thank you."

"You do not know how good they are," Grandma Bear told him. "Fern greens are the best of any kind, but they must be picked at just the right time. I went out and picked these myself. I wanted you to help me, but could not find you. You know how they grow, don't you? All rolled up neatly, they are, at first, just as your Mamma Bruin rolls up her tape-measure. Then, as they grow, they unroll themselves in long fern-fronds of pale green, ever so pretty. But it's when they are rolled up tightly, all young and fresh and tender, that I pick them for greens. Have some!"

"No, thank you," repeated Cubby.

"You are not sick, are you?" asked Mamma Bruin, laying her paw on his head. "You have always liked greens before."

Cubby Bear wrinkled his little black nose disdainfully.

"I am sure they are not as nice as the things Henry Hawk finds to eat when he is off on his travels," he said. "Oh, Mamma Bruin! I am sick of this forest, and I am sick of greens—and of this house—and of seeing the same things and the same animals day after day—and walking in the same paths! I want wings, like Henry Hawk, and Shinyblack Crow, and Edric Eagle!"

Mamma Bruin seemed to have forgotten her dinner, and looked at her little son with troubled eyes.

"Why, Cubby Bear! What has made you feel like this? Have you been talking with Henry Hawk, the rover?"

"No, but Squilly Porcupine has, and he is unhappy, too. I cannot have wings, but I am going away—as far as my feet will carry me!" Cubby rose from the table, and stood by the window, scowling darkly.

"Oh, no! How could I let you go, Cubby Bear?" asked Mamma Bruin.

Cubby began to weep, stormily.

"You just want to keep me here, where I can never have any fun!" he sobbed.

Grandma Bear was still calmly eating greens. "If he wants to go, let him," she advised, "and see what fun he can find."

"I shall never be happy till I do," Cubby said.

"Then go," Mamma Bruin told him sadly, and kissed him on the forehead.

Cubby left the house, and started off down the familiar path toward the Big Brook.

"I wish I could find Henry Hawk," he thought.

"He would tell me where to go to have a good time. If Squilly Porcupine were not such a slow walker, I would take him with me, but I shall have a better time alone, not having to wait for him."

When he reached the Big Brook, he stood watching the running water for a while.

"The brook runs always away and away!" he thought. "I will follow it and see where it goes."

So he went along, walking by the bank where he could, pushing his way through close-growing bushes, clambering over rocks. And ever Big Brook murmured its low song, and rippled along its way. Sometimes Cubby waded in the cool water for a little distance when the bank was too rough.

After a while the brook widened into a pond,

little checkerberry leaves which grew on a small hillock. He liked the sharp flavor, and ate them eagerly.

All at once he was startled by hearing a loud "Bang-bang!"

He dropped his checkerberry leaves, and put both paws over his ears.

"Oh, oh!" he thought. "What was that? It



"HOW DO YOU DO, CUBBY BEAR?" HE ASKED.

and he came to the dam Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver had built of small logs which they had cut down with their long, strong teeth. At the edge of the water was the beavers' lodge, or house. Busy Beaver was paddling about in the water.

"How do you do, Cubby Bear?" he asked.

"Did you come to play with me? I will call Brother Binney, and we will have a fine time splashing in the water!"

"No, do not call him," replied Cubby, "for I cannot stop. I am going away from home—away from the forest—away from everything I have ever seen. Good-by!" And he hurried on.

In mid-afternoon he was picking some new

sounded like the noise the red stick made last Fourth of July, when it fell in the fire!"

As he stood there, shuddering, he heard a sudden rustling among the leaves of a maple tree close by, then a large bird fell to the ground—flop!

Henry, the Hawk!

He did not seem to be having such a beautiful time! He lay still on the ground for a few moments, then crawled under some bushes. Cubby followed him.

"What is the trouble? Are you hurt?" asked Cubby.

Henry scurried in farther among the sheltering bushes.

"Do not be afraid. It is only Cubby Bear," claimed, crawling out from his hiding place. He looked rumpled and scared, and part of his long tail-feathers were gone.

"Did you hear the loud bang?" asked Cubby.

"Did I hear it?" shrieked Henry Hawk. "I should say I did! Don't you see my tail-feathers are cut off?"

"But—but I don't quite understand," said Cubby. "What cut them off? And why should cutting feathers make such a loud noise?"

"Oh—stupid! You don't know much, do you?" cried Henry angrily.

Cubby did not know how he had offended the hawk, but decided to talk about something else.

"I wanted to find you this afternoon," said Cubby, "and ask you to tell me where to go to have a good time. Squilly Porcupine told me about the beautiful times you have on your travels."

"Go home!" said the hawk, "where you have always had good times, and where your friends love you! That is where I am going—I mean to my own home, not to yours."

"But are you sure you are not too much hurt to go there alone?" asked Cubby. "I would help you!"

"I can go alone," answered the hawk. "But I shall hide under the bushes for a while first. Hark! Do I hear someone coming? Run, Cubby Bear, and I will hide. It might be the man with the gun!"

Cubby ran, as he was told, hardly knowing whether to be afraid or not. What was a gun, anyway?

"I must keep near the Big Brook," he thought, "so I shall not get lost."

After running until he was tired, he stopped to listen. He heard nothing but the song of birds and hum of insects.

"I will lie down and rest," he said to himself, "and then perhaps I will start to go far away again. Or, perhaps, I may—go—"

In the shade of some trees he found a bed of soft moss, a beautiful place to rest. Close by grew a cluster of tiny white violets, and their sweet fragrance came to his nostrils.

A gentle little breeze rustled the leaves above him, singing a lullaby, and Cubby slept.

He dreamed he was floating, away and away and away. Then a soft voice seemed to be whispering in his ear tales of the forest life, and of the good brown earth, and of summer time, though just what the stories were he never could remember later.

"It is time to waken now," the voice murmured. "Open your eyes. The warm summer winds are blowing all about you. Blue sky is above; green trees bend over you, their rustling leaves whisper sweet stories if only you listen closely enough to hear. Beautiful flowers grow for you, and slender green grasses, standing with their roots in the moist earth, that gives them life. Oh, happy, happy Cubby Bear, to live in a world so full of beautiful things!"

Cubby sat up and looked around. Where had the sweet whispering voice come from? The rustling leaves? The white violets? Had he been dreaming, there on the mossy bed?

There had been some trouble, he thought—but what? Oh, yes. He had been discontented and angry and cross! But where was his ill-temper now? All gone. Perhaps he had slept it away.

A Cubby Bear who lived in such a beautiful world and had such a good Mamma Bruin to love him, ought to be a very good little Cubby Bear, indeed! And only to think that he had been cross with good Mamma Bruin, and had meant to leave her for always!

He sprang to his feet, and ran—he could not run fast enough to suit him—toward home.

He could not run all the way—it was too far. When he reached home the sun was setting, and pink clouds, gold-edged, were in the western sky. He rushed into the house, and threw his arms around Mamma Bruin's neck.

"I have come back!" he cried joyously. "I am going to live here with you and Grandma Bear!"

"That is my good little Cubby," said Mamma Bruin as she kissed him. "Now have some supper, for you must be hungry."

Grandma Bear was taking a large basket down from the shelf.

"I am going out to pick rolled-up fern heads," she said. "There is nothing better for greens."

"Oh, let me help you pick them," offered Cubby Bear, "and we will have a nice dinner tomorrow."

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State of Maine, } ss.
County of Kennebec, ... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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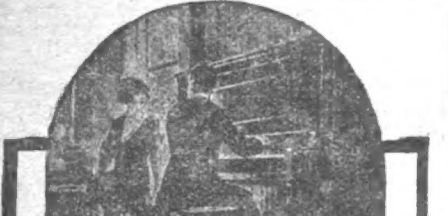
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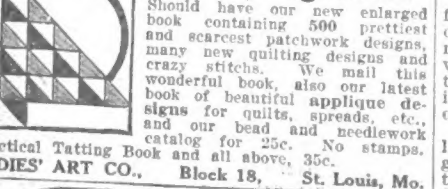
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Morena's Cause for Thanksgiving

By Joseph F. Novak

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"JENNIE Bliss stopped in this afternoon, Bob, to invite us to have Thanksgiving dinner with them tomorrow."

Morena Kenton looked just a little uncertainly at her husband, as she gave him the bit of news which she knew would surprise him.

He slowly turned from the sink at which he had been washing, and stood with towel suspended.

"Isn't it rather short notice?" he queried quietly.

"Yes, of course," Morena replied, "but Jennie is giving the dinner for Hattie and Fred Sharlow, and she didn't know they were coming to visit her until this morning. She's inviting the old crowd. The dinner will be at six in the evening, but we're to come at four. Well, play '500', Jennie said, before and after dinner. I—I said we'd go," and Morena again looked at him a little uncertainly, for she felt that Bob would really have preferred not to go. In fact they seldom went with the coterie that had had such jolly times before they all had married.

But, as was always his custom ever since they were married, he always did what he thought would please her, for Bob Kenton had not the faculty of making money that some men had, and unconsciously he tried to make up this deficiency to Morena in other ways. Now he replied:

"If you want to go, Morena, why, of course, we shall. I don't suppose the children are invited?"

"No. Mattie and Fred are now so accustomed to doing things and having things done for them in city style, that Jennie didn't invite any of the crowd's children."

"What will the little shavers do for their Thanksgiving dinner?" Bob asked.

"Oh, we can have dinner at noon, the same as usual, and I'll prepare a lunch for them in the evening. Dolly can put Billie to bed, so that will be all right."

"I see you've made all the plans, Morena," he smiled, and then apparently trying to appear pleased over the prospect, he continued:

"It will be nice to have the old crowd together again, though I'm afraid we won't especially shine among them."

Anon, he seemed to fall into a reverie, and Morena quickly noted it, and she knew his thoughts were upon Fred Sharlow.

Fred had always been quick, brilliant and ambitious, and although a farmer boy, he had scorned the thought of pursuing the life-work of his forefathers. He wanted wealth and position and you couldn't get them farming. He was one of those nervous, excitable characters who seem never to rest until the grave closes over them.

Bob Kenton, on the other hand, had, after marrying Morena, purchased a small farm and as if to confirm Sharlow's belief, after ten years, was still trying to get rid of the debt upon it.

Sharlow's ambitions would have been a matter of no concern to Bob and Morena Kenton if it had not been for the fact that Fred had been deeply in love with Morena. Always well dressed, and keeping abreast of the times, he was a man most any girl might have been proud to marry—from outward appearances, at least. But Morena had consulted her heart, not head, in the choice of her mate, and had accepted the slow, plodding Bob, whom she loved, for there was that about him that drew her to him. Handsome, Bob undoubtedly was, thoughtful and tender, a man of splendid physique, whereas Fred Sharlow hid a deficient body in clothes especially calculated to make a man appear strong and manly.

Morena could have had Fred, for he had laid his heart at her feet, but when she refused him, he had, after a month or two of pique, bestowed his attentions upon Hattie Frazier and they were shortly married. Then Waterville became too small for him and he went to the city, and succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold and his final triumph came in the last few years when he organized a radio company, the returns of which Waterville folk said, had made him a millionaire.

Not was the town allowed to forget him, for knowing that his ambitions had been slightly spoken of, he paraded his success under their very noses, so to speak, through Hattie's letters, for he had not showed his person in town for quite a number of years back.

Whenever some news of Fred's success came to the village, everyone seemed to take especial delight in bringing it to the attention of Morena, for somehow people felt that Morena would have better become the fortune of Fred Sharlow than did Hattie Frazier, who became given to condescending ways with them—and for this they blamed Morena.

Morena finished getting the supper ready and presently there was a crowd from the bedroom where little Billie had been napping. She went to him and he yawned and stretched, and his bird-like chirping sent a warm rush of happiness through Morena's heart. She picked him up and brought him into the kitchen.

"I wish Dollie would come," she remarked, and as wishes sometimes are horses, Dollie presently did, full of stories of the preparations at the Bliss home as detailed at the store.

"All that fuss might have been over you, Morena," Bob said with a queer smile.

"Well, it isn't," Morena replied, just a little sharply.

The next morning Morena was up early, but there was a little heaviness about her heart. In her dreams she had seemed to be the wife of Fred Sharlow and found herself within a city mansion and gowned and jeweled like unto a millionaire's wife. To wake from such a dream to starting a daily routine of farm life on a lower-lying morning is—

However, she bustled about as she had done for the past ten years, and then when Bob went out to attend to some work that he had, she admonished Dollie to take care of Billie and to watch the turkey and then she started for town, to make a few purchases. She started afoot, for it was not a long walk as their farm was on the outskirts of the little town.

As she came to the corner of Main Street, a large limousine swung into it. It was a big, glistening thing, polished to a nicety, a machine that had undoubtedly cost at least ten thousand dollars. Within it sat a woman, swathed in furs, an expensive hat of extravagant design upon her head and glittering pendants at her ears. The man beside her was wrapped in even as expensive style.

Of course it was Fred and Hattie Sharlow and they recognized Morena for they gaily waved to her, though they gave no word to their liveried chauffeur to stop.

For a moment Morena gazed at the disappearing car, then suddenly her heart filled with bitterness. Was it worth while, after all, to marry for love? The humiliation of having been seen afoot, clad in old clothes (in her mind's eye Morena was making her appearance far worse than truth warranted) by the man who had loved her and by the woman whose place she might now be occupying had she decided differently, was hard to swallow.

By the time she reached the store, everyone about had seen the big limousine, and comment was afoot.

Her purchases made, Morena returned to her home with rebellion at her heart, although, dutifully, she tried to be gay, especially when she viewed the bowed heads of the children as they

bent in grace over their Thanksgiving dinner, and she felt how unworthy of the love of the little household she was.

After dinner she and Bob prepared for the visit, and then Morena wished she had refused the invitation because of their clothes. They were good garments and both she and Bob looked very well, Bob in particular because of his splendid physique, but, in imagination, Morena compared them with what she thought Hattie would wear, and the comparison was odious.

Then they sat around for a while, as it was too early to go, and altogether it was a most unsatisfactory Thanksgiving day. Dinner had been rushed to give them time for getting ready and now they could do little since the time was too short to do anything and yet long enough to pass exasperatingly slow.

Bob, however, seemed unaware of her discontent, for he tried to appear that the whole prospect was very pleasing.

Finally the time to go arrived and Bob went out to hitch up, and that accomplished, he drove up before the house. Then the children were kissed and admonished and they started off.

A nasty misty sleet filled the air and blew in their faces as old Fleetfoot jogged along. Morena could not help but contrast the disagreeable journey with what it would be if she were riding in Sharlow's sumptuous limousine. Bob did his best to make her comfortable, and his tender concern was annoying. If he would do something that she could, in a measure, scold and relieve her feelings of the tension upon them.

Bob kept up a cheerful conversation as they drove along.

"I suppose they will 'put on the dog,'" he said smiling, "I'm afraid I'll be a sort of misfit. I somehow was never much for this sort of thing and after I got you, it seemed I wanted nothing else in the world. I wonder if my contentment isn't a sort of selfishness, after all."

That was just like him! No ambition at all. She did not realize then that the winning of her love had been his highest ambition and his utter content was her highest compliment.

"Of course, we'll be the first to be there!" Morena exclaimed, as they reached the house and saw no machines parked before it. "But perhaps it is just as well, as I suppose the rest of the bunch will all come in machines. Drive around and put Fleetfoot into the barn and don't say anything about how we came."

She spoke impatiently, and immediately was aware of a pained, bewildered look on Bob's part, as if he sensed that he had hurt her, but could not fathom how. But he said nothing, and drove away, while Morena went into the house, where she was admitted by Jennie, who, after greeting her, begged to be excused a moment.

Alone, Morena sat down in the parlor. Jennie had drawn all the shades, and the lights were lit, but shaded. A big fire burned in the grate, and the appropriate decorations gave a festive air to the room and made it the more comfortable in contrast to the blustering outdoors.

"Ah, what money cannot do!" Morena thought, as she sat, quiet as a mouse but with wrath at her fate. Why had she ever decided to come? Herebefore, she had always succeeded in crowd- ing down any discontent that occasionally arose in her heart, but now, going among people who were wealthy, she wondered if, after all, she had not made a mistake. She had never positively disliked Fred Sharlow.

Suddenly her attention was arrested by sounds from above, apparently suppressed quarreling, then a door opened and the voices became more distinct.

"For the love of Pete; couldn't you get that dress a bit shorter and a little bit lower? You're a sight!"

"Oh, shut up! You're forever complaining and criticizing. I've worn this dress before and you said nothing about it. But it seems as if you've just got to pick on me. I know you're just sore that you lost that order, but why take it out on me?"

"Well, why don't you give me a little sympathy, then? If I were some plodding old male with nothing to worry me, then perhaps there might not be any excuse for my exploding, as you so elegantly express it. I think that with all I do for you, you ought to be willing to put up occasionally with my crankiness—"

"Occasionally I would—if it were occasional- ly," Hattie returned sarcastically.

"Right well you're all sweetness and loveliness when I hand out two or three hundred dollars for a new dress."

"Do you want me to look like a—a—sewer-digger's wife?"

"Oh, cut it out!"

"All right, I'm going to stay up here and I won't go down, there!"

There was a pause, then Morena heard Hattie sniff. Then came whispering and finally she heard Sharlow say:

"Come, don't let's look as if we've been quar- reling," and after a little more cooling, Morena heard them start down the staircase.

At this, she quietly rose from her chair and noiselessly hurried to the library beyond, and when the couple had come into the room, she advanced to meet them with outstretched hand.

There was in Fred's manner an old-time gal- lantry that somehow brought back the times be- fore he had proposed and had been rejected. But she did not quite envy Mattie in her gorgeous gown.

The other guests began to arrive. All came more or less "dolled up" and in automobiles, even though some were the humble "tin lizzies."

Presently the entire company sat down to play "500" and the game progressed merrily. Morena's score was piling up when, in a thoughtless moment she committed that cardinal sin in cards, "trumping her partner's ace." Her partner hap- pened to be her husband this time. As she be- gan the usual protest, he smiled his sunny smile and said:

"It's all right, old girl. We're all apt to for- get ourselves occasionally."

At length dinner was served. It was a sumptu- ous meal and heartily relished by the gather- ed company.

"It is usual to state what we're thankful for at a Thanksgiving dinner," Jim Bliss remarked. "Suppose we make the round of the table?"

With the result, of course, that every one was thankful for something especially foolish.

After the dinner, the company again sat down to cards. Morena's luck being nothing short of miraculous. Fred Sharlow's was just the opposite, and when he came to be partner with his wife, he growled:

"I don't care about winning a prize, but pshaw, it does get one's goat when you play and can't do a thing."

"Well, here's a nice hand, Mr. Sharlow," Morena said, dealing him the cards.

"So it is," he returned, as he picked up the first and then the balance of the cards. "Not bad. I guess I can make six in hearts."

Joe Turner who was Morena's partner passed, then Hattie raised her husband's bid to eight. Then Morena passed and the bid was Hattie's.

But when luck is against you, you might just as well give up. Fred's playing brought out make the two points she had raised the bid. Fred's scowling got her the more rattled, and she made the "bonehead" play, trumping her partner's ace.

That "set" them. Fred went completely off the handle. "My gawd!" he exclaimed. "Where did you

ever learn to play cards? If I couldn't use a few brains I possess, I'd quit."

"Oh, you're such a star," retorted Hattie grievously.

"Well, anybody ought to know not to trust her partner's ace. Why didn't you hold the trump in reserve? Now we're another 300 in the hole."

"Well, if you can't hold your temper, why do you play cards then? I wish you were never a partner. No one else bawls me out the way you do for a poor play, and I'm going to quit the now. Jennie, you take my place, will you?"

"There, there, Hattie," Jennie said soothingly (she wasn't playing), "don't mind. I suppose was awfully exasperating when Fred's luck has been so poor during the evening and then he gets a chance to make his bid, and then he careless play. Why, the fate of nations does rest upon the game. Come, continue."

Hattie allowed herself to be persuaded, but cloud had settled down upon the company and the hour was growing late, Jennie, for her good comfort, ended the game, and awarded the pot to Morena, a beautiful cut-glass salad bowl.

After some general conversation, the even- ing broke up, and all hurried to leave, as the announcement came that a driving snowstorm had set in.

"How are you going home, Morena?" Joe Turner queried. "Shall we give you a lift?"

"No, thank you," Morena's voice rose happily above the babble. "I'm just a farmer's wife, and we go about in the good old-fashioned way in 'one-hoss shay.' Bob is getting ready."

She bade them all good night then, and while the machines snorted and buzzed and threw clouds of gasoline exhaust, old Fleetfoot plodded in among them to the curb, and Morena, assisted by Bob, got in and, after he had carefully placed the blankets about her, got in and off they drove.

"We really must get a 'tin lizzie'! Bob has just a little shamefacedly, 'it seems too bad that only you, of the old set, haven't a car of your kind."

"Oh, I don't mind, Bob; and look what a some of them had getting started. Old Fleetfoot is at least dependable. And then we can squeeze together so much better when we put the responsibility of bringing us home upon Fleetfoot," she put her arms about him.

Thus they rode until they reached home. Morena waited for Bob to put Fleetfoot in the barn and walked with him to the house. As the great slush under their feet, Bob raised Morena's arms and carried her to the door.

"You're a thoughtful old dear, Bob," she said. "I'm a plodding old boob, rather," Bob said, "but if you're satisfied with me, I don't care what anyone else thinks. Wasn't that a snug- ging car Sharlow had? And that was some good Hattie wore. I guess it is pretty nearly the truth that he's a millionaire."

They were in the house by this time, and Bob was poking up the fire.

"All that might have been yours, Morena," he finished, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Yes, but look at the man that goes with it. I thought when I saw that car this morning that I envied Hattie, but when I heard them quar- reling—and there was that in their tones that made me believe that it was a common occurrence—and generally Fred's fault—I felt mighty thank- ful, I can tell you, that I let my heart judge the matter of marriage. If I had told the truth at the table tonight, I should have said that was supremely thankful for the fact that I had not married Fred Sharlow. Poor Fred! Poor Hattie! They may have wanted to impress me, but I've seen through the veil."

And then she went on to tell Bob of what con- versation she had overheard early in the evening and of course did not need to refer to the squabble which Fred and Mattie had indulged in.

"Poor Fred!" Morena repeated. "He doesn't know that he was my greatest cause for thank- giving!"

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

chants mostly care for their own stores with the aid of their families. In the fall there is hop picking, and fruit gathering and packing. As yet this is not much of a farming country. Not much of the land has been cleared for farming yet, although a lot of it has been logged. It rains for about five months during the winter and not at all in the summer. The warmest it has been here was 100 in the shade. If any of you head this way, don't forget the dough if you want to see the scenery, for they sure have it here.

All you dear cousins who asked about bobbed hair and rats: well, give me the bobbed hair every time, but if you have a lot of golden or raven or Titian tresses, for goodness sake don't cut them off. As for powder puffs, well, a little in reason is fine, so long as you don't kaisouline your face and put war paint on your lips and eyebrows. All of us Western fellows object to paint faces. We like 'em natural, girls.

I have one brother the same shade as myself and a dear mother and daddie. My father is an American and my mother part German and Spanish. I guess we are a Duke's Mixture!

Who is the little cousin of Oklahoma who wrote to me but did not send her name or address? I would like to hear from her. And another little Kansas cousin who has "light brown hair and dark blue eyes"—so dark many people think they are brown. I would like to hear from her, please? And a third who sent me postcards—five of 'em—each signed A. G. McB. I am making a cousin's album and I would be delighted to have pictures of all the cousins who will send them. Will try and return some of mine.

Thanking you, Uncle Lisha, in advance, for printing this so I can answer the loads of letters. And if you ever come this way I will show you all the scenery and you can get all the venison you want—and Billy can have the cherries.

Good by, Uncle Lisha, Billy and all the cousins. I will drop in again some time if you want me to. Don't all answer at once!

Your loving nephew, LEON GARNER.

Well, Leon, you do seem a lot more cheerful than when you wrote us last July—which proves what a joy-producing crowd our Big Family is when the Happy Run gets on the job of cheering up any lonesome member. I remember I warned you that you would have to stay home for a while and answer letters. I see now, by your own reckoning that you will be pen-and-ink-fest in Grants Pass for a year at least! Anyway, this long new way letters of yours will keep all curious correspondents contented until you can get caught up with the cheer crowd.

Leon, if ever I come to the coast I'll get to the Main street of Grants Pass sure and shake hands with you right under the big electric sign. Then you and I will go deer hunting—while Billy takes a little sight-seeing tour of his own through those caves—without a guide, of course!

BEWELCOME, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR MR. LISHA:

Oh, how I wish I could claim you as my real uncle! For you are such a dear man you have half the world in love with you. I know you are so kind hearted you just simply can't refuse to publish my little "ole" letter. For I have just finished reading the August letter and they were so interesting I just had to come in and chat a while. I love to read where the folks tell of their homes and country. I live in southern Mississippi where the corn and cotton grow and where we have good schools. The horned owls are our bestest wild friends. They sit in the woods and talk to us all the day long, so as to let us know they haven't forgotten us.

I am a girlie of sixteen summers. I have dark hair and brown eyes that speak for themselves. I finished the tenth grade this past winter at our new consolidated school that sits on the hill. Let me say right here that we are all proud of our new school building. We have five teachers, Uncle, or Mr. Lisha, won't you come and go to school with us? You know so much about geography, history and English you would be a great help to us folks. And Mr. Lisha, I know you would fall in love with our country and people. I don't say we haven't some bad people, but you find these everywhere, don't you, Uncle?

How I wish Wilmer D. Sweet had asked us to write to him! I think he could come again and tell us more about his home country.

Uncle, as I have a long way to walk home, I will ask you and Wilmer to walk part of the way with me. All of you cousins who care to write, I will be glad to hear from you.

Your new friend, JUANITA SHORT.

Juanita, you seem to want to be so formal. I ought to call you Miss Short, perhaps. But let me tell you, no matter what title you give me, I'm the real-est possible Uncle—so you must not put any handle to my name, not if you want me ever to come down to Bewelcome in southern Mississippi and go to school with you and the horned owls. I'm pretty sure you're right about my falling in love with your country and people, Juanita; I think it's certain I'd love one of the people, anyway! As for the bad ones, I imagine you are safe in saying these can be found everywhere, but the best rule is not to look for them very close. Some nose, nasty folks are watching out for bad people all the time, and it is surprising, when you listen to their stories, how many they have discovered. But it is the poorest sort of discovering and they might spend their time in much better ways.

Juanita, you tell us of the owls that talk "all the day long": how about these conversational eyes of yours which you say speak for themselves? I hope they do not start in sending brown whippers to some Mississippi where legs are so long they reach under three school desks ahead. Talking eyes are dangerous, Nita, and you must watch out they never say anything you don't mean. For a good talkative pair of eyes can say a lot more, at times, than any competing red lips. I have known cases where fellows have made big mistakes about what they thought some lively long-lashed optics had said. But I'm sure your eyes are good honest ones, Juanita, and that they will say only the sweetest and truest things to Cousin Wilmer and me as we walk home with you as far as where the horned owls say "Howdy" and welcome you back.

TEXICO, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am asking for some information about a bachelor life. I have been lying awake nights wondering and worrying about future wives, and I haven't even a girl. Is there any kind of tonic that could be taken to prevent this? Hoping that you will answer this soon, I am,

Your old pal SHINERY BOVE.

Shinery, I'm not quite sure which of your bachelor worries and wonderings may be your real troubles: whether it is the uncertainty of the number, color and ages of your "future wives" that is the seat of your complaint, or just the sad and lonely fact that you have not yet begun on number one of the plural affinities you seem to be planning to make into Mrs. Boves. Anyway, as a bachelor myself, Shinery, old pal, the manner in which you calmly sling around that fearful phrase, "future wives," startles me considerably. I have never reckoned quite so liberally. One wife ought to be wonder and worry—joy and delight enough for any bachelor, even in such a spacious state as New Mexico. I can't properly diagnose your case with the few symptoms you give Shinery. It may be *varia monialis plurilis* or even something more serious—or fatal. I hesitate to prescribe, particularly as I am not sure if you want a tonic to prevent the future wives, or an elixir that will bring to you the first of your coming helpmates. I'd like to advise you about this, old pal, but you leave me too much in doubt. All I know is that Solomon had even more wives than you can possibly be wondering and worrying about, and the poor guy kept right on wondering and worrying just as much as when he was as single as you—or your Uncle. This can serve as either encouragement or discouragement, just as you prefer, Shinery; but I'm sure that Solomon or any other married man can bear witness to the historic fact that a wife is no sleeping powder. Single, double—or quadrupled—Shinery, I fear you will have to keep on wondering and worrying and lying awake once in a while. Neither single lives nor many wives can give immunity from these things.

ST. PETERSBURG, 801 TANGHERINE AVE., EAST, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello! May I come in for a few minutes' chat with you? I will not stay long, for I know you are very busy.

First, as your seeing may not be very good, I will describe myself: I am five feet, two inches tall; have light brown hair—which is bobbed, deep blue eyes and light complexion. I guess I must be a blonde. I use a powder puff and am fourteen years of age. Also I am in the eighth grade.

I am not a Southern girl as you may suspect. I came South February 18th, the day before my birthday. I am from Ohio, the grand old state; so you see I am a Buckeye and am proud of it.

Say, Uncle Lisha, have you or Billy ever been in St. Petersburg? If not, I will describe our city. We have lots of tourists here in the winter. St. Petersburg is a city of about 20,000 in the summer and 65,000 in the winter. It is right on Tampa Bay, six miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The water in Tampa Bay is very salty, especially when you are in bathing and somebody slips up behind you and dunks you unexpectedly. When the water in the Bay is calm, you can see out for miles and miles, where the heavens and earth meet.

Say, Uncle, do you like fish? I do. Not very long ago my papa, brother and I went fishing down on the Fountain of Youth pier. It was in the evening and we stayed till ten o'clock and caught a big mess of fish. But another man down there had better luck than we did. He used a half-inch rope, a fishhook about a foot long, and his bait was a large catfish. In about ten minutes after dropping the line he caught—what do you think?—a fish that weighed 335 pounds. This was in water eighteen feet deep, where the swimmers dive. But the King or Porpoise fish will not hurt you. It took six men to hold it and all six men to tow it to shore. There they put it in a Ford and pulled it out of the Bay. Some fish, and a good catch, too.

There are several Indian graveyards here. The Indians bury their dead in a very peculiar way, I think. They gather shells and pile these in a mound about 200 feet around and thirty-five or forty feet high. In these they bury their dead.

In winter there are seaplanes buzzing around most of the time. I want to go up in one of these very bad and go above the clouds.

We raise many kinds of fruit here. As Billy or you may never have seen bananas in bloom, I am sending you some. We have many beautiful kinds of flowers, as this is the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. St. Petersburg is called the Sunshine City. Roses bloom all the year round as does the hibiscus also. Lilies are just coming out.

My letter is getting very long and I am tired of writing. I will ask one favor of the cousins and will return it in any way possible. I would like to hear of games that can be played at parties, such as birthday parties, masquerades, etc.

Those writing me I will try and answer as much as I can.

I wonder how many of the cousins are musical? I play the cornet, sing, and give comic recitations.

I sign myself,

Your Dixie friend,

LAUGHN M. FISHBURN.

Yes, I like fish, LaVaughn, but not such big ones that you have to remove them from the briny by means of a Ford and a half-inch rope. If a Ford can do as well as this, it makes me wonder how much of a funny monster a Packard might capture from the crowded waters of Tampa Bay. Surely a 335-pound fish is large enough, however, for any appetite, and ought to hang around an lexbox for several Fridays and then have enough to make a substantial fish chowder. You say these heavyweight fish will not hurt one, LaVaughn; but what if I should be diving from the Fountain of Youth pier and should bump my Roman nose or intellectual brow against the back bone or left fin of such a scaly elephant? You'll have to have the ocean about that pier put through a strainer before I execute any backflips or swan dives among the porpoises.

LaVaughn, the only bananas I have ever seen in bloom are those whose golden blossoms glisten at a nickel each on the stand of the corner grocery where Bill buys his cocoa and shredded wheat. So you may be sure I appreciated the specimen you sent—which was thin-skinned and of delicious flavor. Billy placed it in his herbarium, next to a measured specimen of a bud of the wild subway bush. I was interested to hear about the hibiscus flower and said he thought it must belong to the unceda family. Botany is quite a fad with Bill, and he knows a lot about it—or says he does.

I'll bet you will never want to be back among the buckeyes again, LaVaughn, now that you can sit around under the shade of the tangerines and listen to the seaplanes and mosquitoes buzzing among the white crumbs of the nourishing hibiscus flowers.

DENVER, 115 SHERMAN ST., COLO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

When Billy the Goat reads the first part of this letter, I am sure he will be so glad when he learns that I like goats so well that he will gladly allow this letter to pass from your hands to the hands of the printer: in fact, I like goats so well that I am now taking goat milk for my health, because the highest medical authorities claim that goat milk is superior to the cow's milk, for it contains ten times more fat, I am giving it a trial, for fat is certainly what I need.

As I have spoken so well of goats (which includes Billy, of course), I will now give you a compliment on the exceedingly well-written editorial which you wrote for the August issue of *COMFORT*; and, in which editorial, you have pointed out so clearly, the fundamental causes of these deplorable conditions existing in the world.

You are right when you say, "I would rather have the love, the trust and sympathy of the little children in the streets of this quiet, mountain-guarded town than all the science that can be packed in the dusty libraries of our loveless, doubting and tortuous-minded men."

Jesus Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God." (St. Luke 18: 16.)

But so many people are too selfish. They care nothing about the welfare of others. They think they haven't a time to get lost in the crowd, for with their poodle dogs, while there are thousands of poor, less orphans longing for the love and companionship of even a foster mother or father.

Some time ago, I was in the largest drug store of Denver, eating a dish of ice cream, and I overheard a conversation between the soda fountain clerk and a young girl.

Evidently she had lost her dog, for the young man clerk asked her whether she had got a new dog yet or not. She replied: "No, I haven't. I was out to the dog fancier's and he wants more money for his dogs than a poor working girl like me can afford to pay. He wants \$65 for a female dog and \$125 for a male, but when I do get dog, I want the best." Then the clerk replied: "I think I know where you can get a pretty good female dog for about \$35 or \$40."

It is just that class of people who are preventing poor people from realizing more of the comforts of life. The very idea of a working girl even thinking of paying \$125 for a dog—even if she had the money. I have never yet seen a dog worth that much money. And here is another example of selfishness: shortly before last Christmas, a friend of mine saw a woman (one of our large department stores) who paid \$90 for a doll and \$45 for a doll buggy, a Christmas present for her little girl. Of course, the doll had human hair, it could open and shut its eyes, and by pressing on a button could be made to even talk—saying such words as "Mamma," "Papa," "Hello" and "Good by," but even so, what doll is worth \$90? And what usually becomes of a child reared in such luxury and extravagance?

While this foolish woman was paying \$90 for a doll, no doubt there was some poor little girl standing in front of the show windows of that very same store, looking at some cheap doll—longing for it, even though it cost only 15 or 25 cents! And that poor child couldn't have it for the simple reason that she knew mamma couldn't get it for her because they needed that 15 or 25 cents to buy food to put into their mouths.

Even if I were a millionaire or was exceedingly wealthy, what real pleasure would I derive from buying a \$90 doll for my little girl (if I had one) when, at the same time I knew there were thousands of poor little children suffering for the bare necessities of life? No, indeed, there would not be any pleasure in doing such a foolish thing. But there would be real pleasure in making many poor children happy upon that glorious day of days—Christmas!

What is true happiness? Does it consist in buying \$125 poodle dogs, \$90 dolls or \$10,000 automobiles? No; true happiness—the only happiness worthwhile—comes to those who make others happy. Suppose we could all afford a brand new \$10,000 automobile. Would we be any happier than we are today? No; human

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



"George couldn't believe I had made them all myself!"

"HE WAS dumbfounded! And no wonder! Six months ago I couldn't sew a stitch! But when I told him the whole story, he said something that made me the happiest woman in town! I used to wonder where in the world my clothes money was coming from! But now—thanks to the School of Modern Dress—I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life—at a mere fraction of what they cost in the shops! And I know that what I did, other women or girls can do!"

Women everywhere are saying things like this, since they have learned, right in their own homes, in spare time, through the School of Modern Dress, how to make all kinds of stylish, becoming clothes.

No longer do they have to say, "Oh! I'd just love to go, but I haven't a thing to wear." Now, at the mere cost of the materials, they can create for themselves dresses, suits, and hats that are appropriate and in good taste, whatever the occasion.

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Or suppose that the gown you see in the window is not quite appropriate to your type of figure. You can duplicate the style, change the color to suit yourself, alter the lines a trifle here or add a touch there—and you have a distinctive gown, made just for you.

For the New Way Course teaches you more than how to make beautiful clothes. It shows the way to

make clothes that are beautiful on YOU. You will learn how to combine your dress materials into an artistic interpretation of yourself. You will discover how to express your tastes, your ideals, your very individuality in the clothes you wear.

You can learn, too, all about the new materials and how to combine and use them effectively. You learn how to make over last season's clothes to conform with this season's styles—thus doubling the life of every garment.

You can do away once and for all with the tiresome visits to the dressmaker. You will never need to bother again with the shortcomings of ready-made garments.

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Not only does the School of Modern Dress teach the newest, most up to date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is the only school that supplies, absolutely free to its students, the materials and trimmings necessary to make garments required in the course. You receive free sufficient material and trimming during the course to make a smart collar and cuff set, a dainty chemise, a handsome blouse, a useful house dress, a convenient "over all" apron and a stylish afternoon frock.

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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

she had expected Lesard to be among them she was mistaken. He was not there. Very weary and out of heart the girl evaded the French maid's cordial invitation to supper, and went back to her room. She longed for fresh air, for the house was stifling, and opening Gillian's window, she leaned out. What she saw surprised her. She was certainly in the second story, but the house was built on rising ground, and at the back, where she was, the windows opened on a wide terrace only raised a few feet from the ground.

"A fine place for burglars!" she remembered Gillian's words fearfully. "I shall lock the windows every night," but she made no move to do it now, only stared aimlessly into the thick brushery that covered the hill behind the house, forlorn, dreary figure in the sumptuous bedroom.

She was tired. Her tight satin dress was uncomfortable; she longed to take it off and put on a dressing-gown; but for a maid to await her mistress in such a toilet would never do. "Keep up your courage, Jacky," she said to herself grimly, and sat determinedly reading till Gillian appeared.

"I thought I should never get here," the girl said, shutting the door and tearing off her pearls, which she thought she choked her. "Why did you wait for me? But I'm glad you did. I wouldn't have wanted to wake you."

She was speaking very fast and hoarsely, as if she were struggling with her throat. She dragged off the heavy cardboard for the door, and threw it on the floor as if the lower edge to the moon. "It's not late, and—oh, Gill! you'll tear it."

"Don't touch it!" said Gillian, her eyes glittering. "You don't know how it was come by. How any of my fine clothes were got."

"What do you mean? What's the matter?"

"But the answer was another question. 'Jacky, what did you say Gibbs' purple velvet was trimmed with?'"

"Imitation amethysts and pearls."

Gillian sat down by the fire.

"Are you sure they weren't real?" she said, very quietly.

"Oh, they couldn't be."

Gillian laughed.

"Lady Hollis was there tonight," she said, with seeming indifference. "A tall, slightish fellow, with big bones. It was her first appearance since the burglary. Before dinner everyone was congratulating her on having lost so little; and she said she had lost one very curious thing, a velvet dress trimmed with seed pearls and amethysts. It was new, and she had been looking at it; she just laid it over a chair when she went to bed. And the jewels on it were worth a great deal."

"Well—but—" Jacky had forgotten her weariness.

"She never saw it again. The burglar she didn't struggle with must have taken it, for there were two. Don't you see, Jacky?"

"The dyed velvet—that didn't fit!" said Jacky slowly. "Oh, it couldn't be! It never could be."

"I know it. That is what is wrong with it. Ms. Marchmont, Jacky. That was why he adopted me. To get into all these grand houses, and then let in his friends to rob. Don't you see I opened every door to him? And they didn't know what to do with the velvet dress, so they gave it to Mrs. Gibbs; perhaps to keep her mouth shut!"

"It's too bold, too monstrous." But Jacky was thinking of Lesard's contemptuous face, when he said Paul Marchmont wouldn't be troubled by burglars. Yet now she had little faith in Lesard.

"She wouldn't have dared to send it to be dyed," she said at last.

"She knew where to send it, I suppose. There must be places," Gillian answered stoutly. "You and I must go, Jacky! We can hide and starve, but we can't go back to Marchmont's house. I think we'd better go now, tonight! I could hardly sit still downstairs. I looked round and saw the women, every one of them with diamonds worth a fortune; the Duchess of Mayborough was there, and she was one blaze of rubies. I felt like warning every one of them that I in my white satin and pearls was just a decoy. I could hardly talk."

The girl was trembling now, as she leaned back in her chintz-covered chair, her pale face with its big dilated eyes inconspicuously relieved against the gaily flowered background.

"I hate society, Jacky!" she cried wildly. "It is all such a conventional sham. Those rich, well-fed, careless women downstairs are so hard when you talk to them. They are civil to me because I'm Tom Hamilton's daughter, and my adopted father is rich; but if anything dreadful were to happen and I were turned out to the world tomorrow, not one of them would help me, or ever believe I was innocent."

"That man who took you in to dinner. Who was he?"

"Sir Charles Vivian," listlessly. "He was kind. He looked at me as if he were sorry for me. I don't know why."

Jacky remembered the set despair in her sister's face seen over the stairway, and knew why.

"He looked kind," she said simply. "Perhaps he might help us."

"We can't tell a wildcat story about a housekeeper's gown. And no man will help us, either. I trusted one—once!" and Jacky remembered the unburned letters in her trunk she had forgotten to destroy.

"No, there is only one man we against the world," Gillian went on. "And we'd better get out of this while we can. Come, Jacky, get ready and let us go now; we can get out of the window."

"Wait, Gill!" Jacky, her eyes shut, was thinking hard. "We can't do that; it would make too much talk. We must wait till we get back to Hamilton Place. And besides—"

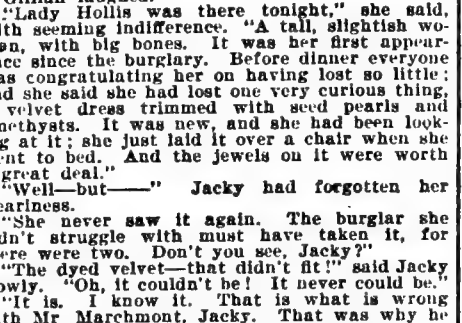
"Besides what?" quickly. "We can never get away from Hamilton Place. I know that if you don't."

"I want to wait for the ball." There was a queer look of hope in her eyes that were so strangely blue in her white-washed face. "I think I can make everything straight—at the ball."

"How? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, afterward; only let us keep quiet till then," Jacky said imploringly. "Then, if you like, we'll go."

And if she had only seen half of what that ball was to mean for her and Gillian she would sooner have gone out into the night and run from the terror of it till she dropped, than to have waited to face it in the warm, comfortable country house.



CHAPTER VII.
THE MASKED MONK.

Miss Hamilton's maid stood looking at herself in a long mirror with excited eyes. It was twelve o'clock; from downstairs she could hear the swaying, crashing music of the band from London, and it made her blood move in her veins.

Gillian's long, white satin gown, fitted her well enough, luckily they were both the same height; the loose silk domino hid all defects as the girl stared at herself, pulling up the gathered white chiffon hood till her dull red hair was hidden, fastening her black mask firmly across her eyes. Her lips were a little pale and set for a girl going to a ball, otherwise she was not noticeable one way or the other, where all the women would be dressed alike.

"Now for the hard part," she said, picking up a long pair of gloves. "And pray the saints I may not muddy my white satin shoes, and that none of the servants may come to ask after my headache! Not that it matters. They would

only think I had gone to look on somewhere." With a last glance at herself she put out all the lights, till only the moonlight from the unshuttered windows fell on her shimmering white dress as she opened it wide. The night was cold, there would be no loving couples straying on the sodden garden paths, no eyes to see the hooded white shape that moved swiftly out on the wide terrace down the steps to the sloping path and round to the conservatory door.

It was unlocked, as Gillian had said it would be, and noiselessly Jacky Hamilton slipped in. It was curious how calm she was! There was not a nerve quivering in all her body as she stood waiting for the signal that would bring Gillian. The band was silent now. When it struck up "The Blue Danube" Gill would come.

As quietly as though she were an ordinary invited guest Jacky waited behind a flowering orange-tree, and drank in the glorious heady scent of it. Colored lights shone dimly round her through hedges of flowering plants and palms, and the warm softness of the scented air made her lift her head, eager to begin the search for that strange Lesard who had forgotten her. The old haunting, dreaming swing of the waits she was waiting for came on her ears like a far-off bugle; there was a rustling about her as couples moved away to the ballroom, and then almost before she knew it, Gillian stood by her. "Come," she said in a breathless whisper, "get out into the ballroom, and we'll stand by the door as if we were waiting for partners. Be quick, before the crowd there melts away."

"Are the men in fancy dress?" Jacky held Gillian's arm.

"Some. Mr. Marchmont isn't. You can easily steer clear of him, anyhow, for he's in the card-room. If anyone takes you for me let them, and dance with any man who asks you. It is quite safe. There must be five hundred people here—more! And about half of the women are in white dominoes like ours."

"All right, I'll manage." Jacky held her head high as she followed Gillian's quick feet through the conservatory into the ballroom. The lights made her blink as she stood among the shifting groups of women waiting for their partners; the music crashed in her ears. She gazed round her with keen, hard eyes. Where was the man who was straining her loyalty to its last strand?

She scanned each man who passed her, vainly. Some were in fancy dress, others in evening clothes, and not one of them had the splendid shoulders, the small head, the noiseless long step that were Lesard's. A voice at her ear made her turn.

Gillian had vanished. Sir Charles Vivian, very splendid in immaculate evening dress, was stooping his handsome head to speak to her.

"Our dance, I think!" he said pleasantly, and she saw what a nice face he had, very fair and honest-eyed, with a small golden mustache that matched his hair.

"He thinks I'm Gill!" she had almost said it aloud in her dismay, when across the room she saw Gillian nodding at her violently. Jacky dared not speak. She moved to his side in silence and found herself dancing in stupid annoyance.

Yet, after all, perhaps it was better. She could look at every man she passed at close quarters in the wild hope that the next one might be Lesard.

Her partner danced beautifully, steering her deftly through the crowd; yet she laughed to herself as she kept pace with him; for his arm, though it was strong enough, had not Lesard's muscles of knitted steel. For a moment she forgot her distrust of him, forgot why she was here, as she remembered how his shoulder had felt like iron under her hand.

"Are you tired?" asked Sir Charles suddenly. He had a nice voice, and something in it made her start.

She shook her head.

"That's right," cheerfully. "I was afraid today that something had gone wrong, you were so white about the mouth."

"No, nothing was wrong!" She thought she could trust her voice that was so like Gillian's.

"You would not tell me if there were, I suppose," he answered, stopping. "But I'm going to ask you something, and you can answer me or not, as you like. Are you happy with old Marchmont?" For you don't look it."

Jacky's heart contracted with sudden fright. She had never bargained for anything like this. Why—the man must like Gillian!

"And a good thing, too!" She took a swift look at his handsome, kindly face. "She needs someone to like her. But I wish I knew what to say."

"Well? Are you angry, and I impertinent?"

"Don't know," stammered Jacky. "I always look white."

Vivian laughed, though there was something not laughter in his mind.

"May I come to see you when you go home?" he demanded. "Though I don't think your guardian likes me much. Indeed, it is borne in on me that he doesn't approve of any young man."

It appeared more than likely to Jacky Hamilton, but she spoke on an impulse as Gillian never would have done.

"Do come, if you care to," she said, but she dared not look at him because her eyes were blue, instead of yellow gray.

"I suppose Marchmont won't kick me out!" rather ruefully.

"Don't come if you're afraid of him!" sweetly. "I'm not afraid of him!" Sir Charles had a gay alacrity in his voice that had not been there before. He had only known this girl since last night, but he had already been to fetch and carry, and he had not yet heard her speak so kindly. Something, perhaps it was dancing, seemed to have melted her weary indifference.

"Perhaps you are afraid of me?" remarked Jacky coolly, and then laughed that clear, high laugh that was so much gayer than Gillian's, at the thought of Sir Charles Vivian being awed by Miss Hamilton's maid.

"You needn't laugh! I might be!" returned her partner, with a wild desire to tell her that she was the dearest, loveliest girl in the world, whom any man might fear to displease. "But I'll come to Hamilton Place all the same. Do you remember it all in your grandfather's time?"

"No! Not in Noah's," mockingly. "I never saw it."

She stopped, her pleasant gaiety dead on her lips. "I forgot—you were not born in those times!" he returned, laughing. But Jacky did not hear him. She was staring across the room, her eyes like blue steel through her black mask, her lips parted. A man in the brown habit of a monk, his cowl drawn down till his face was nearly hidden, was standing at the door; he wore a mask, too, that covered not his eyes and nose alone, but his mouth!

And yet she knew him!

Lesard—and alone, with no partner! Her chance was now or never. But there was Vivian, who thought she was Gill; for Gill's sake she dared not break away from him and run boldly to another man.

Yet she was pale with longing, wild with curbing her spirit that would leap before her to the man she loved. It did not seem so strange to her, either, that she should be here, as that he should have been that night in Marchmont's house. Lesard knew half the people in London, and if he would only stay where he was till this wait was done!

"Shall we go on?" Vivian could not see how pale she was; how shaken.

She nodded; anything would be better than to stand here playing Gillian. The music seemed to surge about her in palpable waves as they circled the room; she could have touched Lesard as he passed her; but he did not even see her agonized eyes that tried to meet his. Time and again she was close to him, her feet keeping time mechanically to the lifting, swaying waltz, but he never saw her. His eyes were all over the room as he leaned motionless against the wall.

"That's a rum-looking monk," remarked Vivian as the music stopped. "I haven't seen him before. Eh! What do you say, Wellford?" as

someone tapped him on the shoulder. "Lady Wellford wants to speak to me!" with a decent veil over his annoyance. "In one moment."

"Please go now," whispered the sham Gillian. "Don't make her cross."

"I don't see what she wants me for," agitatedly. "And I can't leave you here."

"I'm all right. I see a man I know," breathlessly.

"Sure? Yes, Sir Simon—I'm coming," and he was towed off by his stout host to the joy of his bereft partner.

Now was her chance. She slipped swiftly round the room to Lesard's side.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, a little quaver in her voice. "I couldn't believe my eyes."

The monk turned so sharply that he almost knocked against her. She could only see his eyes, and they were utterly blank of recognition as he looked down on her; yet she was sure he had started at the sound of her voice.

"Don't you know me?" she faltered. "Not me!" incredulously, with Lesard's eyes on her. "I shall be delighted to, in future!" he said, his head thrown back with that gesture she loved. "But it's I!" There were tears in her desperate, disappointed eyes. She put up one impetuous hand to tear off his mask, only to remember that Miss Hamilton's maid dare not. "You can't have forgotten me!"

"Not if I ever knew you," with Lesard's own civil, indifferent tone that he used to strangers. Jacky looked at him, staggered. Was it her red hair, her face bleach? She remembered the mask and hood covered them.

"I'm Jacky," she said the words on her very lips when she saw something in his eyes, and a sob choked her. He knew her; he had known her voice the instant she spoke! And he was acting now. Every drop of blood seemed to leave her heart and surge back again; a fury of anger made her gasp. Was this the man she had loved and nearly eaten her heart out trying to trust; this man who was lying to her now, all but his eyes that he could not master? The rage of hell was in her as she looked at him.

"As you like," her voice was dangerous. "I congratulate you on your memory."

"I told you before that it was short; I tell you now that it does not exist," the monk returned coolly, and before she could make sense of his words he was gone.

Dazed with wonder she stood looking after him. What was the matter with him? Was he out of his mind? or was he, perhaps, only cautious? If she followed him would he take off the mask from face and speech and be again the Lesard she knew?

She pushed past the people in the doorway as if they were figures in a dream. Surely it was a dream; it could not be true!

Before her the monk was moving leisurely toward the front door, as if he were going home. He did not look behind, but she kept at a safe distance. How absurd his long, noiseless stride was with this fluttering robe—but she was faint and sick with thought and saw Lesard going away from her, leaving her cast aside like a squeezed orange.

He was going out the hall door; and she followed him. When he was outside she would speak to him, give him his ring from her finger, fling her love in his face. But when she was out in the dark there was no sign of him.

She drew out of the square blotch of light from the doorway and stood trembling with unreasoning terror. This dreadful ball—this man who lied to her in Lesard's voice—had taken the very life from her heart.

Like a lapwing she turned and scudded along the path that led to the terrace under her own window. She had only one thought—to get to safety and be quiet. But she stopped as suddenly as she had lied, crushing her satins against a wet bush in dismay.

The monk was just in front of her, striding up the path—the terrace; in—was she dreaming?—her window.

"He's waiting there for me," she thought, and careless who saw her she flew after him up the terrace in the window.

The room was dark, as she left it, and she stumbled on the window-sill. A hand caught her wrist hard.

"Gill!" she cried sharply, for it was Gill's hand, hot and trembling, and she had left Gill downstairs. "Let me go! Who came in this window?"

"No one." Gillian's voice was broken, hoarse.

"No one." "But I saw someone."

"Jacky, you didn't. Oh, you didn't!" The wild, imploring whisper turned Jacky cold; was Gill lying, too?

"Are you crazy, or do you think I am?" she said angrily.

Gillian put her hand over her sister's mouth, and with a strength Jacky had never dreamed she possessed dragged her into an open cupboard. "Don't speak, don't struggle," she whispered. "Keep still."

And Jacky, with sudden docility, obeyed her. For there was a cautious movement in the next room, a step that certainly was not Lesard's.

"Keep still, or we'll be murdered," said Gillian through her teeth, as the step came nearer.

Through the inch-wide crack of the cupboard door Jacky stared breathless. What did that quiet footfall mean? Through all the crash of the band downstairs it was loud to her strained ears. Oh, who was it?

And then Gillian held her with the strength of one possessed.

A man had come into the range of the crack; a small, bullet-headed man that Jacky knew, and he had a lot of small, black boxes in his arms, that he sat down in the square of moonlight from the window. With all her strength she tried to wrench from Gillian's hold.

The man was a robber; she must stop him! But even as she thought this, Gill's hand was on her mouth.

"Do you want to die?" she breathed in Jacky's ear. "Keep still!"

But it was not that whisper that turned Jacky Hamilton cold, and slowed the very life in her blood.

Another voice was in her ears, and she would rather have lain dead than have heard it.

"Got the things? All right, then, we'll start. They'll be dancing for hours yet."

Gillian, like a mad woman, dragged Jacky's

head down, crushing her face against her shoulder until she could neither see nor breathe. "What was that?" said the small man sharply. "Nothing! The girl's downstairs. I saw her. Come on," sneeringly, "unless you're waiting for dawn."

Gillian closed her eyes, not to see as the monk passed the telltale crack, and like a flash, both men were gone. If they had stayed one minute longer they must have heard Jacky Hamilton as she fought desperately out of Gillian's arms.

"Gill!" she cried furiously, "are you such a coward as this? Oh, I never thought you were a coward. Go, run—tell someone!" she stamped her foot at her own weakness—for it was not Jacky Hamilton who could betray the man whose kisses had taught her life and love.

"Go!" she reiterated, sick and faint, "or I must—and I know him." Gillian swayed where she stood. "Not like I do," she was muttering. "It's my husband. Oh, if I could only die!"

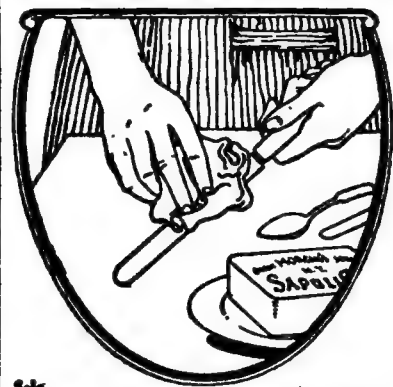
"Your husband?" Jacky cried out, as if a knife had touched her heart. "Who? Which?" she thrust out her hands as though she could push away the terror that was coming.

"The monk!—Lesard, Jacky," with chattering teeth, "we can't tell! For God's sake promise me you won't tell!"

But Jacky was past telling anything. She had fainted.

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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Putting the Hair to Bed

MOTHERS of many children know what a strenuous time awaits them as bedtime creeps around, so many things to be done before sleep can visit the weary eyelids.

But the woman who wants always to look her best is something like that busy mother, for bedtime should be her hour for many little duties in connection with her toilet.

Let us consider one of them. The hair is one of the possessions of woman which has a large part to play in making her beautiful or the reverse, and she should regard it with respect and be willing to give it the best of care and attention. At night, which is the quiet



MASSAGE THE SCALP AT NIGHT.

time of the day, when one can have time to one's self as a rule, she should put it to bed as carefully as ever a mother cared for her small children.

If it is long hair, and in spite of the vogue of the "bob" there is plenty of long hair still, she should let it down and after combing it thoroughly and brushing it with long even strokes which reach the scalp without scratching it, air it thoroughly. To do this, she should pass her hands under the mass of hair at the nape of the neck or at the sides of the head, and lift and toss it until there is no slightest chance that any perspiration or moisture lingers. This should be done near an open window, and the hair should be let hang while the rest of the evening toilet is completed. It should be wiped off carefully with a soft towel to be sure that no dust of the day may linger, and the scalp should be massaged for five or ten minutes. To do this, slip the flat of the fingers under the hair on each side of the head, and pressing tight against the scalp move it forward and back and round and round on the skull, being careful not to rub the fingers back and forth across the hair. Go over the entire head in this manner.

If the hair is bobbed, the task is much simpler. It is easy to air bobbed hair, and indeed it gets an airing every hour of the day, but nevertheless it needs a thorough combing and brushing at night, just as if it were long. The scalp should be massaged, but it is a simpler process with short hair. Part the hair from forehead to nape of neck, and with the forefingers placed side by side, massage vigorously across the part, inch by inch. Part the hair in another place and do the same, and so continue until every part of the scalp has received this intensive massage.

Do not use big heavy feather pillows to make your head hot, but loosely stuffed pillows or no pillow at all. In the morning air your hair once again before putting it up.

Once in two weeks, if your scalp is dry or shows an inclination to produce dandruff, use a medicine dropper to run olive oil along part after part in your hair until the whole scalp is thoroughly oiled. Then tie your head up in a towel, or slip on a rubber bathing cap, and go to bed, following this treatment with a thorough shampoo in the morning.

Answers to Questions

PORT ARTHUR.—Blackheads indicate not enough attention to the care of the skin. Take your daily body bath, of course, frictioning the skin gently in drying and washing, and in addition when you go to bed give the face a thorough cleansing in warm soapy water, using a Turkish washcloth or a cane-hair complexion brush. Do not get a brush of stiffer hair than camel's hair. Then rinse many, many times in warm water, and finally cool. A special treatment for a bad case of blackheads is as follows: After the nightly scrubbing and rinsing, massage into the skin a little boracic powder and finish by rubbing a tiny bit of cold cream over the face. Once a week, after the washing of the face at night, rinse in hot water and cover skin with a thick coat of blackhead jelly. Letting it remain on for ten minutes, then wash off and massage the face for several minutes. Omit the boracic powder that night. This is irritating to the skin, since it removes all oil, but it can be done until the blackheads are removed, then you should see that they do not return. Friction the skin gently with the flattened fingers of the hands, several times a day, to stimulate it to throw off the secretions of the pores. Your brown neck can be bleached, then given careful daily bathing and a little massaging with a good cold cream. I should give some thought to my diet as well; you are probably not getting enough vegetables and fruits or drinking enough water, while getting too many heavy foods and sweet stuffs.

Recipe for Blackhead Jelly

Pare a slice of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until somewhat reduced in quantity; then let stand until it jellies.

Bleach for a Brown Neck

One ounce of strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds (this is poison; be careful not to leave it within reach of children, and use it only externally); whites of two eggs, this on a long strip of cotton cloth, three inches wide, and tie as a bandage about the throat. Do not use this on the face but only on the throat. Four or five applications should accomplish the bleach.

E. K.—An oily skin may mean several things, but ordinarily it indicates that your digestion is not in proper order. Regulate your diet and bowel action at once, by good plain foods and plenty of water, cutting out sweets, fried foods and food that is not easily digested, such as pork and veal. Bathe daily, of course. You can make a bath mitten out of Turkish toweling, to slip on one hand with which to rub the body. Use thoroughly in warm water, then in cool, following with a frictioning of the entire skin. You need exercise as well. Friction any and all of the exercises given by me in Comfort from time to time. I should not use by a change of diet. That is probably all that it needs. And a bleach would do no good without a change of eating habits. See that you take a certain amount of exercise daily, both in and outdoors. Don't forget to chew your food until it is liquid before swallowing. If you are following my answers in Comfort, suggestions about bowel habits.

BER.—So you are one of the girls who has bobbed her hair and doesn't like it. For young girls it is rather pretty, I think, but I always hate to see pretty hair fall under the barber's shears. Now that yours is cut, make the best of it. A pretty way to dress it is to part it in the middle, then curl the ends of the

hair under so that it makes a sort of roll about the nape of the neck. It needs to be kept very fluffy, and curled, unless you are willing to go to the other extreme which is equally fashionable, and wear your hair perfectly straight and uncured. In such case, it is usually parted on the right side and brushed toward the other side, not back, held above the ear with a barette; and it should hang a little long and without the touch of a curling iron. If the hair is black and quite thick, this is a very smart way to wear it. If you want it to grow out again, as you apparently do, keep the scalp clean, the hair well brushed each night, and massage the scalp nightly, running the fingers under the hair, pressing firmly on the scalp and moving it back and forth on the skull, so that it is kept loose from the skull. Shampoo once in two weeks, or three at the most. As your hair begins to grow, curl the ends under, and when longer, roll them under around the neck. This gives a bobbed effect while letting the hair grow. If you curl your bobbed hair do not make the mistake of curling it too much. Use rather a large curling iron and quite a little hair at a time, so that the wave will be a large loose one, not a tight frizzy one. I shouldn't curl it all over my head either unless my hair was very lank and clung to my head, then I should use curling irons on it enough to make it stand out a little. Don't have your irons too hot, try them on paper first to be sure they will not scorch. Curling irons are really bad for the hair. Watch the fashion magazines to see how bobbed hair is worn, and this will help you in caring for your own.

J. C. O.—The knees that hurt you to straighten are probably rheumatic. Have you seen a doctor? Don't let rheumatism go unattended, for it can cause lots of trouble. How are teeth and tonsils? Physicians nowadays say that rheumatism comes from some infection, and the thing to do is to find that source of infection—tonsils and teeth are the two most frequent sources. Keep the teeth thoroughly cared for, brushing them with some good dentifrice on rising in the morning, again after each meal, and again before retiring. In the meantime hot baths or applications are good for stiff and inflamed joints. See that they are wrapped up just after the hot steaming or the hot cloths have been wrapped about them (not wet cloths, not dry ones), so that they will not become chilled by immediate exposure to the air. Keep them warm at all times. Watch out for your diet, so that you eat foods that are easily digested and will not constipate you, for you should keep the bowels open. And of course drink lots of water. As to your other question, take your bath just the same, but be careful not to get chilled. If you have a bathtub, see that the water is hot and bathe quickly, rubbing the body briskly after, and dressing at once. If you haven't a tub, slip a warm bathrobe or other garment around yourself when disrobed, and only expose a small portion of the body at a time, as you stand on a folded bath towel. For instance, bathe the right arm, then dry, rubbing vigorously, then the left arm, then uncover one shoulder, and bathe that, and so on, until the whole body has been gone over. As fast as a portion is bathed, cover it up so that at all times the body is warm. You will feel better for the bath, and you will not take cold if you do not allow any portion of the body to become chilled. Have the towel on which you stand warmed, if it is a cool day. The cleaner you can keep your body at all times, the healthier it will be, and the more comfortable you will feel. Use warm water, of course, not cold. About boils, they indicate impure blood, and the only way to cure them is to keep the bowels free, watch the diet, and keep perfectly clean. Try eating prunes every morning that you have soaked all night drinking plenty of water, eating spinach, cutting out sweets and fat meats, and taking plenty of fruit. Pineapple is good for stomach conditions, oranges are a very mild stimulant of the bowels, figs and prunes are excellent, and an apple eaten every night and thoroughly chewed is excellent for the bowels. Baked apples for dessert are good for your condition, in fact all fruits except bananas, which you should avoid, and most green vegetables will be desirable.

N. C.—You didn't give a nom de plume, but will probably guess this is meant for you. The "red bumps" on your face are the result, no doubt of imperfect digestion and elimination. The dark rings under the eyes may be the result of different things. You are at an age when your body is undergoing changes and that may be the reason. Keep yourself warm, well bathed, get plenty of sleep, fresh air, good sensible food, and all these things will adjust themselves shortly. Be very careful about eating good nourishing food, won't you, my dear? for whether you know it or not your body is busy now laying the foundations for the kind



EVEN BOBBED HAIR NEEDS FAITHFUL BRUSHING.

gestion and elimination. The dark rings under the eyes may be the result of different things. You are at an age when your body is undergoing changes and that may be the reason. Keep yourself warm, well bathed, get plenty of sleep, fresh air, good sensible food, and all these things will adjust themselves shortly. Be very careful about eating good nourishing food, won't you, my dear? for whether you know it or not your body is busy now laying the foundations for the kind

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit me to see you looking otherwise; it

will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the future or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest Nose-Shaper, "TRADORS Model" made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Does not interfere with one's work, being worn at night.

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of woman you are to be, and you certainly want to be healthy, pretty and happy. You should eat to break fast some fruit, then a great bowl of cereal and cream, such as cooked oatmeal (cooked a long time), cream of wheat, Pettibone's breakfast food or any other of the cereals which require cooking, or a big bowl of the ready-to-eat cereals of which there are so many now on the market. With this eat thin buttered toast and a soft-boiled egg. You could even have two eggs but be sure they are cooked not longer than three or four minutes, and taken out of the shell at once before they have a chance to get hard. The white of hard eggs is difficult for the stomach to digest. Drink plenty of water between meals, keep the body perfectly clean, and for your other two meals eat nourishing foods, baked potato and some lamb, mutton or broiled chicken, fish. A bowl of soup is good for you even if they are hard to digest, but baked custard, labeled apples or other fruit, corn-starch pudding, ice cream, apple sauce. Don't eat pie or very rich cake (steak cake won't hurt you in moderation), or rich pudding sauces.

PRETTY.—My dear, at thirteen you have no business using any of the things you mention. Your skin should be let alone and allowed to be as pretty as it naturally would be. You will only harm your skin by indulging in all such things. You need lots of exercise, good food, lots of water, plenty of sleep, and every day bathing. Keep your hair clean by shampooing once in three weeks, or even in two. Brush it gently at night and braid it loosely before going to bed. Brush your teeth as I have told "J. C. O." With this attention to your toilet, your skin will daily grow more, you followed my advice. When you are many years older, it will be time to indulge in cosmetics, but your skin has blemishes and needs artificial aid. Give it proper care now, and you won't need such aid for a long time, and you will grow prettier daily.

ALICE.—See answer to "Port Arthur." About the only hair, I wonder if you rinse it thoroughly with shampooing? And what do you use for a shampoo? Try using white household soap shaved into boiling water, then dissolved over a flame, and the liquid poured a little at a time on the head, when cool enough. Of course rub and massage scalp and hair vigorously after pouring on liquid, until it is a mass of suds, then rinse thoroughly; use more shampoo, then more rubbing, more rinsing; and finally, when you are through, rinse many times. This is where it may be the cause of your trouble. You may not get out all the soap and it may clog the little oil glands and cause them to be irritated and discharge more oil than they should. Have the scalp perfectly clean and dry, with not a speck of dandruff and the hair itself dry and fluffy. Look after the eliminative functions of the body also, and your stomach. Good digestion is at the back of healthy conditions of the scalp as well as of the other parts of the body. You could try using a teaspoonful of borax in your shampoo water, if your hair continues oily after a careful shampooing, rinsing, etc., as directed above. But the best way is to eliminate the condition that is causing the oiliness.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half a pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Adv't.

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The Forgotten Woman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

when we were secretly married—but—if—this other—woman is his wife—what am I? What am I?" she repeated, passionately beating with open palms upon old Aaron's breast—"and—what is my child—that is coming?"

The old man suddenly began shaking as if in the grip of some mighty force. "Not that—Mary," he protested—"not that!"

But Mary's eyes met his appealingly. "Yes—Granther—yes. What shall I do?" she asked piteously.

As Mary answered, a dazed expression crossed old Aaron's face—he reached towards her blindly—then a horrible sound came from his throat and with frothing lips he pitched forward at her feet—and Mary kneeling beside the prostrate figure realized the man who had been a father to her was dead—she was alone in the world—and the unspeakable anguish of loneliness filled her soul.

With the death of Aaron Deed Mary's condition became known, and gossiping tongues began to lash her mercilessly, giving her no opportunity to explain—only one of all she had befriended coming to her in her black hour of need—Jane Stairs.

"If you will let me and little Zach stay," said Jane when she made her appearance at the Deed's cabin, "I'll look after you for what you've done for me and mine in the past."

Mary, with a heart-breaking little smile, crept into the arms of the woman whose false step had branded an outcast among Deed's Cove inhabitants, and said: "Please stay."

Going back a few days later to resume her school, Mary found the door of the little church locked and upon it was a crude sign bearing these words:

"The likes of you can't teach our young."

This outspoken expression of the people brought the first tears Mary had known since her Granther's death, and with the tears came the beginning revelation that she had been tricked into a sham marriage and then discarded—like Jane Stairs, she no longer held a place of respectability among her people, yet in the blackness of it all a ray of hope suddenly beamed.

Zane Bradley knew of her marriage—a minister at Creighton's Landing had performed the marriage rites—it was only a matter of finding them to establish her rights. But a trip to Creighton's Landing blocked out the avenue of hope through the ministers of the little village—and did the court register show a license. Crushed and broken in spirit she returned to Deed's Cove, the hope that even Zane would be powerless to help her dying in her breast as she mechanically fastened the boat at the water's edge and made her way towards the cabin.

Zane Bradley, surrounded by every luxury, found Paris in its gayest season dull and uninteresting; through his beautifully draped windows overlooking the Seine, he remembered with aching heart the silver sands of Deed's Cove as it was in the springtime, remembered the sunset as he and Mary had gone out to cast the fishnet—remembered the wonder and beauty and contentment that had been his in that far-away spot—and his present was as dead sea fruit—he felt the rebellion of one who has relinquished one after another the desirable things of life to no purpose.

While at Deed's Cove Mary watched from her window a desolate wintry sea, sobbing along a frozen, desolate shore—she also remembered the vanished springtime—Zane—and the glory of the sunset and the beauty of life . . . it seemed to her the crushing misery of a thousand years lay between them and the present. And Jane coming in presently, found a little figure crouching before the easy-chair old Aaron Deed had used, in an attitude of despair.

Minutes dragged into hours, hours into days and days into months—all colorless, monotonous and miserable—until near the close of winter a little child was born into the world—a little son over whom Mary wept aching tears when Jane placed the small, warm bundle into her arms, then as if by magic, life suddenly became a grand, solemn and glorious thing.

Then springtime with its musical winds, bright sunshine and returning birds came to Deed's Cove. Its footprints were in evidence on every hand—butterflies and blooming things that make the human heart glad, came more abundantly with each new day—but in one heart the desolation of winter still lingered, for in Deed's cabin Mary bending over her baby in an agony of anxiety, realized the little life for which she was responsible was slipping away. Mutely refusing the reassurance which insisted on her taking intervals if the doctor was yet in sight. And when at last he came, he held out to the anxious mother little hope for the sick child, saying he could do no more than had already been done—then he went away with the air of one who thought it just as well a nameless offspring should die young.

And when he had gone, Mary, remembering the words of old Aaron concerning infant damnation without baptism, stumbled slowly to her feet from the bedside, an overwhelming fear taking possession of her.

"Jane, Jane," she cried anxiously, "suppose it were true what Granther believed about infant damnation without baptism?"

"That's Bible teachin', Miss Mary," Jane answered hoarsely. "We ain't got the right to dispute it."

That her child was dying—dying without the hope of heaven—chilled the very marrow in the sorrowing mother's bones.

"What right have I," she cried piteously, "to deny a helpless little babe that which might mean its salvation?"

As if in answer to her agonized question she turned her gaze on the east window and through it saw the steeple of the little church, and remembered it was the Sabbath.

In the little church at Deed's Cove it was "service hour." The sunlight fell through the small, high windows in splashes of gold. The wind stirred the pines clustered about it and sent the loose needles down in showers on the shingle roof.

Warren Slayden, the minister, had closed the ponderous book before him, having already taken his text. His was a narrow congregation and he preached a narrow creed. Old, middle-aged and young were in the audience, yet only the sound of Slayden's voice broke the stillness. To most of the congregation religion was a solemn, awful thing—something to shudder over—to measure men and women by—a thing void of joyousness or comfort.

Slayden repeated his text unctuously—"Judge not that ye be not judged. With whatsoever judgment ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

As if in direct refutation of the fitness of the text, at that moment through the open door and up the narrow aisle came Mary Deed—beside her Jane Stairs carrying the babe that had brought down the wrath of Deed's Cove upon Mary's head—and close behind them walked little Zach, who so loved life that his lips were ever wreathed in smiles, though often it was a wistful smile and rarely ever answered.

Straight up to the foot of the pulpit went the little procession, and Slayden stepped down to meet them.

"For what have you come?" he asked, eying them critically.

"My—my baby is—dying—" stammered Mary. "I would have you administer baptism."

Before Slayden could speak the refusal already on his lips, an old man rose in the "Amen corner."

"No!" he thundered, shaking an angry finger at the group, "not in the house of God shall the child of a 'loose' woman be baptized—as Deacon

in this church I forbid it—Warren Slayden—I forbid it!"

And Slayden looking from his congregation to Mary and back again slowly shook his head.

In the back of the church Jim Cody looked on in silence, his face working strangely. Suddenly it dawned upon his sinful heart that Zach, the little boy clinging to Jane's skirts, had never been baptized—he like the baby in her arms was subjected to infant damnation. The same rule that had prevented Zach from infant baptism would hold good now—the little church at Deed's Cove had never sheltered a fallen woman—but was it right? Truth slashed his heart, he half rose from the rough bench on which he sat, then sank back and leaning forward hid his face upon his arms.

One after another of the onlookers to whom little Mary Deed had been an angel of mercy, half rose in protest, but the stern faces of those who agreed with Warren Slayden outnumbered the would-be defenders, and Mary, reading the signs aright, looked from Slayden to her baby in Jane Stairs' arms, and her own grief-stricken face grew stern and tense with bitterness—but her baby was dying—the doctor had said so—and because it had no proof of its right to live, these people refused it baptism! Would she stand by and see her own child damned?

Suddenly into her eyes came a look of blazing defiance—she thrust Slayden aside as if he had been a straw, and faced the audience.

"I am not a loose woman," she cried. "My marriage is legal in the sight of God, because it was performed by a man in minister's robe and in God's name, and because I thought it was legal—but man-made laws are as nothing beside those of the Master Law-maker. If the Bible teaches infant damnation without baptism, what right have you—who call yourself 'righteous'—people of God—to refuse a little helpless child salvation? My baby shall not be denied its right to heaven. If this is worthy to administer baptism," she went on excitedly, pointing a finger of scorn at the minister, "then so am I—and with you as witness I will baptize my own child."

Glancing about, Mary discovered the minister had removed the water pitcher from its accustomed place, but on a little table, covered with a snowy cloth, was the wine of the sacrament, and before anyone could forestall her purpose, she snatched the glass bottle from its place, and poured the red wine into her hand, and with lifted face, sprinkled the babe in Jane Stairs' arms—clear as a bugle call her voice rang out through the little church:

"In Thy name, O Christ Jesus, with the emblem of Thy blood—which was shed for all—I baptize this child—Aaron Sidney Creighton—and by this same token heal, O God, heal that which is sick—Amen."

The influence of something holy and beautiful was suddenly abroad in the room. The preacher stood with bowed head—in the grip of an emotion long unfelt—Jim Cody shook with repressed sobs. But the old man who had first spoken, crossed the room to Mary's side, and twisting the wine bottle from her hand, held it high above his head.

"This," he cried shrilly—"the sacred sacrament has been defiled. We have set back and let a harlot make a mockery of Jesus Christ. Are we going to stand for it—are we?"

Before he could finish, Jim Cody had swung himself over the benches and was facing the speaker and Warren Slayden with clenched fists.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN DECEMBER NUMBER.)

Cooking for Thanksgiving

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Do not knead the dough, but take a small amount at a time onto the floured board, pat into shape and roll fairly thin. Use deep, clean fat for doughnuts, have it very hot but not smoking. Do not put enough doughnuts into the kettle at one time so they will crowd as they rise to the top of fat. Turn them well puffed on one side, and then again to fully brown and cook.

CANDIED POP-CORN.—One and one-half cup of hot water, two cups of sugar and one and one-half cup of corn syrup cooked until a little dropped in cold water at once becomes brittle. Remove from fire and stir in one tablespoon of butter. Have ready about five quarts of well-popped corn that has been picked free from unpopped kernels, salted and tossed in a large pan. Dish into a second pan so as to avoid any salt that does not cling to the corn, and pour over the hot syrup. Stir and spread in a large tin to cool. If a pop-corn cake is desired, the popped corn may be put through the food chopper, using the coarse cutter.

Late Canning
As soon as the pumpkins and squash show signs of moisture on the outside the wise housekeeper knows that specks of rot will soon appear and that she will lose two of her most useful vegetables. The canning of pumpkin and squash is not common, but it should be, for it is highly satisfactory.

Whether for immediate table use, or for canning, most pumpkins and squash are of a better flavor and consistency if baked instead of boiled, to say nothing of its being a much simpler process. First wash the vegetable, cut into two or more pieces, remove center, place in a double boiler or between two pans of the same size and bake until thoroughly softened. Scoop from the shell, mash with one teaspoon of salt to each quart, fill glass jars, adjust soft, fresh rubbers, partly seal and cook three hours in a hot water bath after the water begins to boil hard. Seal.

PREPARING AND CANNING CHICKEN.—Select chickens that are plump and not over fat. Pluck dry, as scalding injures the appearance of the canned product. Remove pin-feathers and singe. Place in a pan of tepid water and scrub well with a cloth, using a little hard soap. Rinse well and wipe dry. A small pointed knife, a sharp meat knife and a pair of kitchen scissors will make neat and rapid work of the disjointing and carving. The chicken is cut into about 12 pieces. Place the chicken on a meat board, back up, and with the scissors make a long incision through the skin of the neck from the shoulders to within one inch of the head, then cut around the neck. Lay back the skin from the neck, loosen it from the windpipe and gullet as far back as the crop. Disjoint and cut off the neck. With the pointed knife make an incision through to the wish-bone, scrape the meat away and remove it, as this makes the packing easier.

Place the chicken breast up, disjoint and cut off the wings, removing and discarding the wing tip. Disjoint and cut off the legs at the hip joint, then separate the first and second joints, making four pieces in all.

Begin at the shoulder joints where the wings were removed and cut down through the white muscles that indicate a joint in the ribs to a point one inch above the vent, using the scissors. Lift the breast clear from the back, cutting away any membrane that adheres to the crop. This leaves all the organs undisturbed in the back. Cut a large circle away from the vent and carefully remove the entrails, then all the other organs, and from them remove the liver, heart and gizzard. Care must be taken not to break the gall bladder. For canning use the breast cut into four or six pieces, the two wings, the four leg portions and the two round pieces of dark meat in back of the hip.

Place the meat in a cool place. Take what remains of the chicken frame, the cleaned gizzard and heart chopped fine, the wing tips and neck, and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until the meat separates from the bones. Strain and pour enough over the meat to hardly cover, and very slowly simmer until about two-thirds done, keeping the kettle closely cov-

ered. Carefully fill the jars about three-quarters full of the chicken, add salt and fill with the hot liquor. Partly seal, cook in a hot water bath three and one-half hours with water nearly to shoulders of jars. Seal.

To serve, the chicken may be fried brown in butter and then placed in a dish where it will keep warm. Add a little more butter to the frying-pan, smooth in some dry flour, add the chicken liquor heated and cook five minutes. Season and pour over the chicken.

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If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument and, through the wonderful home-study method of the U. S. School of Music, play it three months from today.

You can do it. Youngsters of 10 to 12 years have done it, and men as old as 60 have found new interest and enjoyment in learning how to play a musical instrument. You don't have to listen while others entertain any longer. YOU can be the center of attraction, the talented person who holds the audience fascinated.

Is it the piano you wish to play, the mandolin, the violin, the saxophone? Do you want to learn how to sing from notes? Are you eager to be able to play "jazz" on the clarinet, the banjo?

It costs you nothing and obligates you in no way whatever to send for our free book called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." Everyone who is interested in music should send at once for this valuable book. It not only explains the wonderful new simplified method of learning music, but tells about a special short time offer now being made to music-lovers.

Mail this coupon at once for your copy. Remember, it obligates you in no way whatever—it's free. But act now before the supply is exhausted. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 411 Brunswick Building, New York.

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(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name (Please Write Plainly)

Address

City State

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Here's an opportunity to earn big money—\$6 to \$12 a day, with easy work, all your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straight-out from the shoulder business proposition. No voting or guessing contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous ZANOL Pure Food Products, Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors in tubes, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes and Soaps; 250 other light weight household necessities.

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No experience necessary—we teach you how, give you the right start and help you make a success. Absolutely no limit to your earning power. We can use only a certain number of General Agents, so get in touch with us at once.

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Do you want Mary Ann?

She is just a big, fine, dandy doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants to play mother to walk with you, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry—Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cross when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable bend, eyes won't get loose. Cute mix cup, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor. I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost.

Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann." AMERICAN FARMING DOLL MAN, Dept. R, 537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember, because they spell the word "face". Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice. Practice is essential, of course—but it's fun the new way. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. The "print and picture" method of self-teaching is fascinating; it's simply a matter of following one interesting step after another. You learn that the note in the first space is F, and that a certain key on the piano is F. Thereafter you will always be able to read F and play it whenever you see it. Just as you are able to recognize the letters that make a word, you will be able to recognize and play the notes that make a melody. It's easy, interesting.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—each step is made as clear as ABC. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid new quick way.

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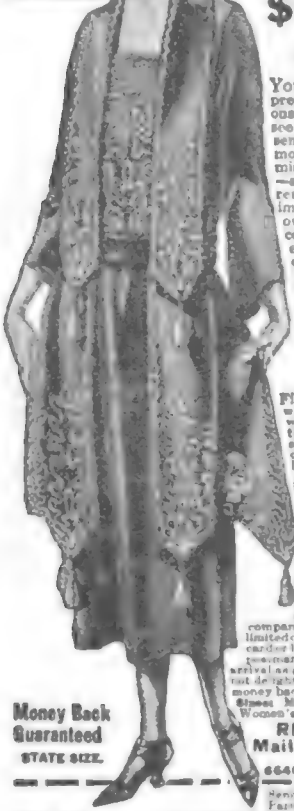
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Through the columns of this department our doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers.

Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Are Diseases Inherited?

This subject is taken for this month's talk not to advance anybody's pet theories nor to present arguments for or against the various rules laid down by different authorities, but to present some reasonable conclusions and some helpful suggestions. I think at one time it was believed by many people that at a certain time in their lives they must expect and submit to certain diseases just because their ancestors at a certain age had been afflicted with these diseases. This is true to some extent, and it is unfortunate that in some specific diseases the sins of the fathers and mothers are handed down from generation to generation. It is not true in all cases, and in one disease, tuberculosis, we can be positive that a baby born healthy, no matter what its family history may be, has a fighting chance.

A baby born of a mother who has tuberculosis is very likely to have tuberculosis in some form or other, as the mother's blood, which is infected, feeds the baby in utero. A baby born with this affliction is likely early in life to have tuberculosis of some of the organs of excretion, intestines, kidneys, lungs or tubercular meningitis.

A baby born whose father has tuberculosis has as good a chance as any healthy baby if proper precautions are followed out.

Formerly it was believed by many that if the father became tubercular at the age of 30 or 35 his children at or about that time in their lives must expect to become afflicted with this same disease.

This is not true, and we should take into consideration the fact that the father may have had some predisposing cause that made him a victim of this disease. Not something he inherited, but something he acquired, like pneumonia not properly treated, chronic indigestion, inflammation of the kidneys, irritating gases in army or in private life, that made his system or organs a good soil for the germs of tuberculosis to operate in. A baby inherits some things from its parents, his physique, color of its eyes, if parents are slight or stout the baby will be likewise, if narrow of shoulders or slight of chest the baby will be inclined to be the same.

Right here is where one can be helpful to the baby, and the right time to begin is early in life. If the baby's parents have not a good chest development, this tendency in the baby can be overcome by deep breathing and exercises that will develop the chest and lungs and eliminate this inherited tendency.

Good fresh air, good nourishing food with plenty of sleep with healthful exercise has taken from many a child the name of being a weakling and placed him among the strong, healthy class. The making of a noted athlete of a child should not be the goal to strive for, but to raise the general standard of all babies and children should be the object to be achieved.

If you suspect that your baby has inherited some disease from some ancestor, no matter how remote, it is your duty to have its blood examined, and if your suspicions are correct have baby treated until the disease is eradicated. This breaks up the line of infection and you not only protect the child but you also protect future generations.

If your ancestors or immediate family have been contending with tuberculosis, get your children's chests and lungs in such a healthy and well-developed condition that the germs will not find fertile soil for propagating. This is the hope of this country's future, right living, proper food, proper exercise to overcome the weaknesses they may have inherited from their ancestors.

A baby born whose mother has tuberculosis must not nurse, but must be put at once on modified milk or some prepared food. If either of the parents or some member of the household has tuberculosis, great care must be taken to protect the baby and its food from infection. The excretions from the tubercular patient must be cared for, all dishes used by them thoroughly scalded and their clothing boiled.

A person with tuberculosis should not be allowed to care for your baby in any way. The terrible, unhygienic habit of insisting that your baby kiss every relative or friend that may call is a cruel thing and its evil possibilities and probabilities far exceed imagination.

All of these sources of infection must be taken into consideration, also the danger of baby getting milk from a tubercular cow or cows.

To me the dangers from these sources seem more important than the idea that you may inherit something from your ancestors, the latter a possibility, the former a fact. The proposition that we must do something in this country to lessen the number of deaths in children under two years of age is becoming the subject of much discussion and consideration. I think the most important feature of the discussion should be preventive measures, measures that can be presented to the people as a whole, not to a few scientific people for limited action and results.

If you and I can learn to protect our babies from tuberculosis and other diseases, how much better it will be than to learn how to treat them when afflicted.

Subject next month, *Convulsions in Babies.*

Questions and Answers

FEEDING BABY.—I am an expectant mother and would like to put baby at once on cow's milk. Will you give me information in regard to diluting milk?

Mrs. L. W. Hanna City, Ill.

A.—Would suggest the following for the first two weeks: cream two and one-half ounces, water seven ounces, lime-water one-half ounce, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful. This gives ten feedings, two ounces at a feeding. Baby should be fed every two hours, with two night feedings until three weeks old. For third and fourth weeks, cream five ounces, water twenty-four ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, lime-water one ounce. This gives ten feedings, with three ounces at a feeding. The cream and water formula can be used until baby is four weeks old; then I would suggest milk two ounces, water four ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful; keep increasing the amount of milk gradually until the sixth month when the baby ought to be able to take as much milk as water, milk three ounces, water three ounces, sugar of milk one teaspoonful. You gradually keep increasing the percentage of milk until the ninth month, when the baby should be taking pure milk, with the addition of lime-water, and sugar of milk.

NURSING MOTHER.—I have a four-month-old baby that I am nursing, and he is very healthy, but I should like to know what to do to improve my own health. I feel very weak and nervous and noise disturbs me.

Mrs. A. F. E. Huntington, Ind.

A.—It may be that nursing the baby is too much for you, considering your slight physique. Get some Neoferrum or Pepto-Mangan (Gude's), and take desiccated cod liver oil in milk three times a day. For your nerves take every three hours a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc. If

after a reasonable time you do not feel stronger it might be well to wean baby.

BABY'S EYES AND MOUTH.—I am an expectant mother and am writing to ask what to use to wash out baby's mouth the first weeks of life, also solution to use in eyes to prevent blindness.

Mrs. C. J. B. Cassatt, S. C.

A.—A good mouth wash is Glycothymoline, one teaspoonful to table-spoonful of warm water. For the eyes use a few drops of twenty per cent Argrol solution, or two drops of one per cent Nitrate of Silver solution, as soon as baby is born. Use this only once.

Every day when bathing, baby's eyes should be washed out with Boracic Acid solution, one-half teaspoonful to one-half glass of warm water.

NEURALGIA INDICATION.—I am the mother of six children, the baby being two months old. I have not been well since baby came, very nervous, with pain between shoulders and on top of head, also have local discharge constantly.

Mrs. J. B. No. Norfolk, Va.

A.—You do not mention the ages of the other children, but it may be that too frequent pregnancies have weakened your general health. Would suggest that you wean the baby, if nursing it, and try and build up your strength. Keep the bowels regular, get out in the open air away from the children and your household cares all you can. Take Neoferrum in desiccated cod liver oil, three times a day; also take a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc every three hours.

If after building up your general health, the discharge does not stop, go to some physician for an examination and treatment.

SORE NAVELE.—My two-month-old baby has a sore navel, which bleeds at times. There is a red, pointed protrusion about one-third of an inch long, and the navel seems to discharge a white substance. Please tell me cause and treatment?

Mrs. M. N. Mineral Wells, Va.

A.—This condition is usually caused by friction and pressure of dressings of cord, the cord should be simply wrapped up in clean absorbent cotton. Would suggest touching the protrusion with Nitrate of Silver stick, then dusting on a little calomel or compound alum powder. Several treatments should entirely relieve.

BABY'S APPETITE.—My two-year-old baby does not eat very well, but will take milk from bottle. He will eat and if not watched. Is there anything I can do to make him eat?

Mrs. P. K. San Antonio, Tex.

A.—This morbid appetite that you describe is not normal, and I would suggest that you put your baby on tincture of Chloride of Iron, three drops, three times a day in simple syrup. Would teach him to drink out of glass and not bottle.

With a little patience and persistence you will soon get him to eat the simple foods he ought to have.

FEEDING BABY.—Will you tell me what I should feed baby after weaning her, how often, and should I feed during the night? Mrs. B. M. N. Vaughn, N. Mex.

A.—Feed baby every three hours during day, no night feeding, but arrange your feeding so that one will come at bedtime, and on getting up in the morning. Her diet should be largely milk, but you can give ing. Her diet should be largely milk, but you can give ing. Her diet should be largely milk, but you can give ing.

graham crackers; later on, baked potato, and codded eggs.

If this is in print I'll come again.

AGNES KRYSTOFIAK.

AGNES.—I should say you were worthy of being a sister. Next time I "do" my pillow I'll try your way. If you wrap the ends of the barrel hoops with cotton batting before covering them you will be better pleased, I think. The padding holds the garment in shape and can be spread with a thin layer of your favorite sachet powder.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader and subscriber of COMFORT for only two years but I certainly enjoy it.

In regard to children, we have a dear little girl which we adopted at the age of one year, and we feel proud of her. She is three years and seven months old now. Her eyes and hair are dark brown. I think to adopt children is one of the grandest things a childless couple can do. I am sending a picture of our darling Maxine Phyllis and hope to see it in COMFORT.

Mrs. F. J. Sasse.

Mrs. Sasse.—I've always wondered what Little Red Riding Hood looked like and now I know—just like your little Maxine Phyllis.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I will stay just long enough to tell you how I like to read your letters, also Mrs. Wilkinson's chats. I think our paper is fine and the recipes particularly good.

WAYNE CITY, ILL.

EARL AND JAMES DALE ALLEN.

I am enclosing a picture of my two boys. The oldest is fourteen years old, his name is Earl, and the baby, seventeen months old, is named James Dale, and, of course we are very proud of both and hope to make good men of them.

Mrs. HENRY ALLEN.

Little James isn't taking any chances of having anything exciting happen to him, such as falling off the table he is seated upon, for his big brother holds him securely. Mrs. Allen, you have every reason to be proud of your boys and we know they will be good men.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

If it is all right with the rest of you I will sit by Pearl Vevey and Nellie Fischer. I'd like to meet them. To my way of thinking, they are regular scouts. I always look for their letters.

Greybull is in the Big Horn Basin, surrounded by mountains. To the north and east are the Big Horn Mountains and south and west a range of the Rockies. Greybull is an oil town. We did have two large oil refineries here but it is run by one concern now. A refining town is rather interesting to one who has never seen one, but like all other things it becomes common when seen every day. It is an ideal country for outings though. Almost every Sunday we go to the mountains; sometimes we carry our camp bed with us and stay over night. We have a car. A year ago another family and ourselves, husband, my seven-year-

old and I, took a camping trip up to Cody, Buffalo Bill's old home. We also drove through Shoshone Canyon and up to Shoshone dam. It was wonderful up there. The dam is 328 feet high, 100 feet at base, 10 feet wide at top, length of crest 200 feet, capacity of reservoir 454,000 acre feet, area of water, capacity 10 square miles, length of reservoir 10 miles, maximum width four miles, maximum depth 233 feet, length of spill way 300 feet. The work on this dam was begun in November, 1905 and was completed January, 1910 and cost \$1,354,000. They say the dam was built this canyon is every bit as good as Yellowstone Park. At Cody we went through the Irma Hotel, built by Buffalo Bill and named for his daughter. The walls inside are nearly covered with pictures of Buffalo Bill and his different experiences. We also saw his Indian guide whom he educated. He, Red Wolf, was operating a vaudeville here the night before Buffalo Bill's widow died. At the Cody Museum we saw a mounted Buffalo Bill and his horse, and "Waiting for the return of his master" from the play "Buffalo Bill's Rival".

I have what I call a Wyoming Album, just snapshots taken in Wyoming.

We have taken by trade and have had a shop for three years but will leave before long. It is getting the best of us and I don't want to pay to run the place. I have time to call my own. Last year while I rested for a few minutes, evening, I crocheted up some two hundred yards of crocheted cotton. I have had clothes, hushies sets and crocheting on about every thing that I own. I also put up 800 quarts of

fruits and vegetables. I did this evenings and on Sundays. I couldn't afford to hire it done and on Sundays it wasn't all play either. I also sewed carpet bags and have enough for two nice rugs.

Someone said to start the ball rolling as to the making of inexpensive Christmas gifts. I suggest the following: Take half-a-dozen of your favorite snapshots of interesting scenery and color with all paints and see how much they are appreciated.

A spool of crocheted cotton and a bunch of crocheted cord will make several sets of napkin rings. Cut forty-five ribs and with white crocheted three single in each "rim" part, make five rows, widening at ends so it will round nicely. Use a pretty color for two rows then use white again, at end, chain six and miss one of ribbon make very pretty garters when gathered on elastic with a few ribbon rosebuds attached to them.

We are moving away from here next week so I won't leave any address as I don't want mail forwarded. Wishing all the best of luck.

A WYOMING SISTER.

MOBILE, 14 N. LAWRENCE ST., ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been an ardent reader of COMFORT since a small girl and enjoy every part of COMFORT but always read the sisters' letters first.

I would like to have a postcard shower and will answer all I can.

I have been reading Mrs. Gage's letter in regard to making Christmas presents and I have a few ideas which may be of use to some of the readers. A six inch by sixteen inch piece of gingham, stiffened with ten by sixteen inch piece of various sizes, each crumpled, make five pockets for spoons, can openers, etc., and can be hung on the kitchen wall. One can give a home-made Recipe Book. Make a folder of heavy paper, choosing any color and size you wish. In your favorite recipes and tie the pages into folder with ribbon. An inscription may be written on the cover, such as "Recipes from an Alabama Cabin." Best wishes to all.

EVA E. DAVIDSON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my third letter and I hope it won't find its way to the waste-basket as my others did, if for no other reason than to convince friend hubby that the sisters actually write and send the letters that are printed.

All the sisters are interested in home problems and ideas. I have made a good bedroom set. The spread is of cheap checked argosium. In the center I applied a basket of white material and filled it with colored flowers, appliqued, too. If the spread is to hang over the side of the bed, edge it with a border or ruffle of the white material. I made two scarfs and two squares to match and one pair of curtains. It took thirteen yards of material for which I paid 12 cents a yard. The flowers and basket I made from the scraps of goods I had in the house. I have shown it to my friends and they have decided to make one like it. It launders well, too.

Here is another idea. When your husband's shirt wear at the cuffs and at the neck, cut the sleeves to the elbow of your arm, cut square of V-shaped neck. Take plain colored gingham or chambray to match and color in the shirt, make a shirt of this and attach it to the shirt, add belt and collar and you have a very pretty home dress.

Here is a helpful thing where there are several children. Make a bag of oilcloth with compartments. Hang on back porch and have the children put their overalls and rubbers in it when they come in from school. Make it with the oilcloth part inside and holes in each corner to let water out.

How many of you have read about McMonie's pre statue, "Civic Virtue," recently placed in the City Hall Park of New York City? It is a man standing on a pedestal, the mermaids representing different vices.

Can anyone tell me where Uncle Charlie used to live in Brooklyn?

Edna Stockinger, you opened my heart when you spoke of snapshots. Will you exchange some with me and have a little g. m. a. d. a. c. v. She is in the highest second grade and not yet seven years old.

COMFORT has been a comfort in our home for about twenty years.

My address is with Mrs. Wilkinson.

Love to all.

MICKEY REYNOLDS.

FL. PIERCE, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I would appreciate the privilege of contributing my bit of hints in regard to Christmas presents and home helps, as I have always received so much help from the other sisters.

Being poor in purse I make all my Christmas presents. Among the woodpile (we buy mill ends) I find old pieces of wood, one piece in the shape of a diamond, another a crescent. Sandpaper, then paint or varnish these; let first coat of paint or varnish dry thoroughly. Get finishing nails, and nail spools of painted pieces wide enough apart to hold a ball thread. Have one end nail driven in further with a small thimble and the other end nail covered with a small pin cushion and you have a handy thing to think and needle holder. I paint sprays of flowers on these holders. Old paints are best for this purpose.

I make tabarets, smoking set stands (just the standard), magazine wall racks and various other things with pieces one-half inch square, length of magazine, to suit individual taste. These racks are useful in the kitchen as the lid holders when solid plank is used for bottom of rack. Footstools are easy and always useful. I make them from three inches to one foot in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Gifts One Girl Can Make For Another



Soft Flower Trimmed Hat

AMONG the things that claim first attention this season in the way of accessories are scarfs or sport sets of scarf and cap of either silk, wool or fabric.

For gifts, nothing will give more pleasure as no suit is considered complete without one, therefore every girl and woman must have a scarf for warmth or, what is more important, for style.

From an ever increasing and bewildering number of beautiful models we have selected a few which embody good ideas for home-made sets which will meet different needs and tastes.

Knitted or crocheted sets of wool are, perhaps, most desirable and popular. Scarfs are seen in these styles from drop-stitch silk to open-work Iceland.

Homespun, tweeds and wool Jersey lead in the fabrics, darned and embroidered to secure colorful contrasts.

A very chic set for a young girl is our first model, which features the new wool pompon decorations.

Hat, No. 2.—Two balls silk mixture or An-

Brim

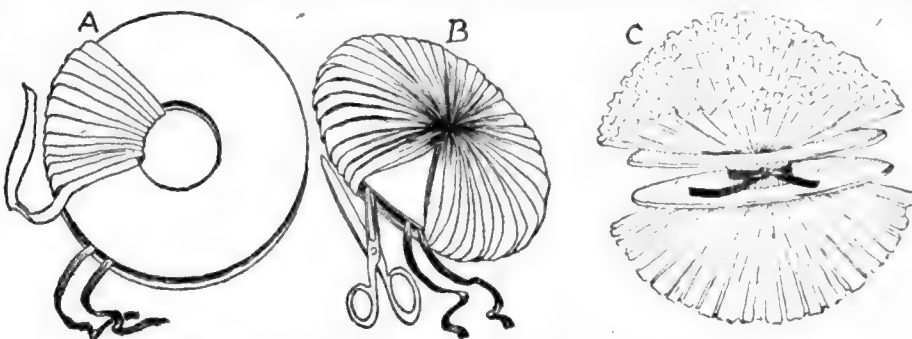
Increase every other stitch, work two and one-half inches, increasing only as necessary to make work about flat, not at all full. Over-cast wire with wool to edge, overlapping ends about three inches. Work over wire one row of singles.

Flowers

Roses are made of the rose and lavender wool as follows: Ch 3, join, ch 3, 1 s c in ring, ch 2, 1 s c, repeat twice, ch 2, join, 1 s c in 4 sps, join, ch 5, 1 s c under s c, ch 1, 5 d c, 1 s c in 1 sp, 1 s c, 5 d c, in center round, carry ch back of last round. Repeat four times. Join. Now work 1 s c, 2 d c, ch 1, 3 treble, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 1, 3 tr c, ch 1, 2 d c, 1 s c under ch 5. With yellow, ch 5, 3 d c in 3rd ch, 1 s c, cut wool, draw up tightly to form ball. Make five for center of each rose.

Bluebell

With old blue ch 4, join, 6 s c in ring, 12 s c on 6 s c under both loops, work with-



METHOD OF MAKING BALLS OR POMPONS OF WOOL.

out increasing until little bell measures about one inch, increase twice in a round two more rounds, increase four times, continue to enlarge so the edge will allow of rolling back, edge with one round of light blue.

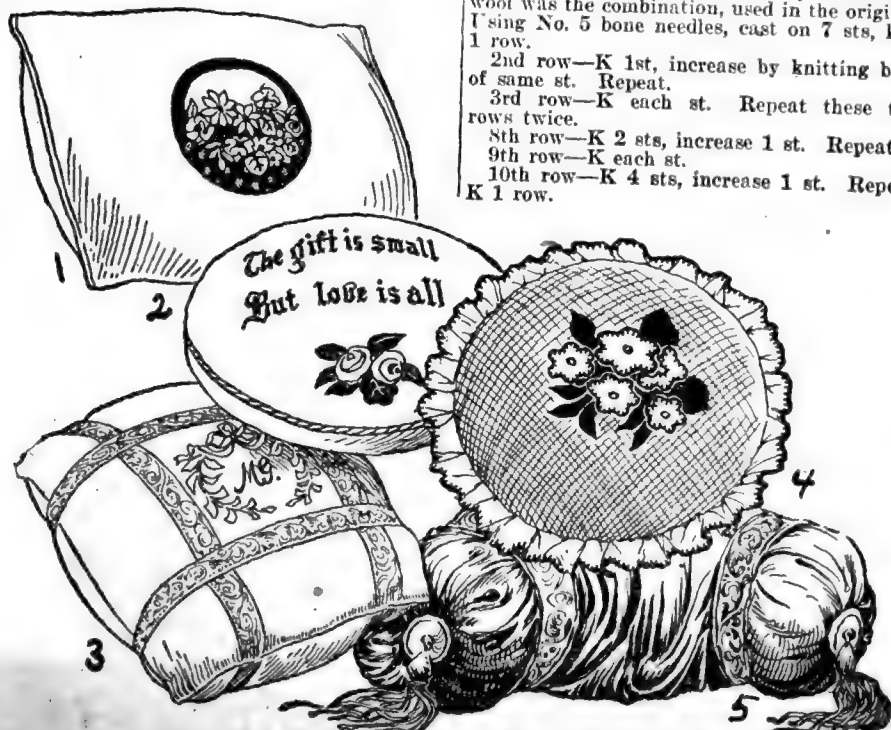
Make yellow centers same as for roses but with longer chains. The bells may be of different sizes.

Leaves

With green ch 10, 1 s c in 9th st, 3 d c in 3 sts, 1 tr c, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 5. These may be varied in size and also worked on both sides of center ch for larger leaves.

Pompon Scarf and Tam

This set is attractive and novel as it is becoming. Grey Shetland and yellow brush wool was the combination, used in the original. Using No. 5 bone needles, cast on 7 sts, knit 1 row. 2nd row—K 1st, increase by knitting back of same st. Repeat. 3rd row—K each st. Repeat these two rows twice. 8th row—K 2 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. 9th row—K each st. 10th row—K 4 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. K 1 row.



APPLIQUES ARE ESPECIALLY GOOD PILLOW DECORATIONS A THEY ARE PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.

12th row—K 3 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. K 3 rows.

16th row—K 8 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. One row plain. K 9 sts, increase 1 st. One row plain. Continue working in this manner until knitting measures about six inches. K plain for three inches without increasing. K 2 sts together. K 1. Repeat around.

Next row, K 2 sts together. Bind off loosely.

Try for head size. If too large, repeat last row; if too small, take out last row. With head size right, K six rows plain, bind off loosely.

The scarf is of plain knitting 60 stitches wide, five feet long. Sixty small pompons are placed hit and miss on the scarf ends and 30 on the tam. To make these, cut two and one-half inch cardboard circles, in centers cut holes size of one's little finger. Cut off several yards of wool, double into four strands, hold circles closely together and wind. (See

taken to make a good clear line. The scarf measures 14x64 inches. The hat is made up with only an inner lining of cotton flannel so it is very soft.

The crown is an oval, measuring seven and one-half by eight inches, made of six pieces. To this join a band on the straight, four and one-half by 22 inches.

The brim is a bias, four and one-half by 27 inches. Embroider it with separate motifs arranged to suit, and finish the edges with buttonholing.

No. 6 pictures one of the soft, becoming tam-o'-shanter hats which can be made of any woolen material to match a suit or scarf. Cut oval eight by

and one-half inches. Join to this a bias the required length and five and one-half inches wide.

Decorate with roses embroidered in long and short buttonhole stitch, using either silk or wool or cut rose and leaves from velvet of a contrasting shade and work the raw edges by buttonholing. When completed, sew lower edge of bias to a band the right hand size and finish with lining.

No. 3—Roll-back sport hat. This is made in the same manner, excepting the bias band.

is narrowed to three inches in the back, the greatest width being in center of front, where a conventional design is worked out by straight cross lines. These can be in any color, colored silk, wool or chenille.

Hat No. 8 has a crown of Alice blue silk mixture, brim and rose spray of white angora. One ball blue, two angora and one yard hat wire will be required. Using medium size hook, ch 2, 5 s c into 1st st. Work round and round, increasing just enough to keep work flat as directed for hat No. 2. When six-inch circle is completed, increase by working 2 s c in every 15th st for 1 rd, 2 rds without increasing, 1 rd increase every 20th st, 2 rds plain, 1 rd increase every 25th st, now work three inches without increasing.

Brim
With Angora, 2 s c in each 1st 2 sts, 1 s c in 3rd st, repeat around. Work round and round, increasing as necessary to make brim lie flat for three inches. Holding wire to edge of last row, work 2 s c in each st, lay ends of wire three inches to hold firm.

Rose
With Angora, ch 3, join, ch 7, 1 d c into ring, ch 5, 1 d c, repeat, join last ch to 3rd st, ch 7, thus making five spaces in all. 2nd row—1 s c, 2 d c, 1 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c in each sp. 3rd row—Ch 6, 1 s c between petals, carrying ch back of last row. 4th row—1 s c, 3 d c, 2 tr c, 3 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 6. 5th row—Same as 3rd, making chs 7. 6th row—1 s c, 2 d c, 6 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 7. 7th row—Ch 8 behind petals. 8th row—1 s c, 2 d c, 8 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 8. Ch 10, skip 1, 1 s c, 2 d c, 3 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c in 9 sts, turn, 1 s c in base of single, doubles and trebles in base of stitches on first side. Make group of three leaves, five and one-half inch ch, two more leaves opposite each other, two-inch ch. Sew spray to left side of crown.

Wool Embroidered Set
At the right is pictured a good-looking tam and scarf which will add much to any dark street suit. It is of beaver color, lined with peacock blue chenille and brown and copper

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Fig. A.) When center is filled, slip scissors edge. (See Fig. B.) Tie a strong piece of twine around between the forms (See Fig. C), pull these off, clip ends and brush up into fluffy balls with a teazle brush which comes special for this purpose, or use just nicely trimmed.

For this set one will require four balls of grey and one yellow wool.

Angora Wool Embroidery
The set shown in No. 4 is so soft and pretty and so warm without weight or heaviness, it is especially suited for the chilliest weather. For this, dull tan, jade green or grey Jersey is most attractive combined with white angora. For the scarf and hat one will need two yards of material and at least four balls of angora. The grape clusters may be placed hit-and-miss on the scarf ends or arranged as a border.

Fiber silk forms the knotted-in fringe and buttonholed edges of the hat.

All designs for Angora embroidery should be simple in character, for the delicate softness of the wool will not stand constant pulling back and forth through the material. A short needleful only should be taken as it is liable to break.

The grapes should be thickly padded with any white wool and then worked over and over in satin stitch.

The leaves are outlined, long stitches being

card table cover. For directions see Page 28.

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Some Things That Can Be Made For Him



CROCHETED BOW TIE.

New Crocheted Men's Ties

Some men much prefer a hand-made or woven silk tie, while others are not partial to this style of neckwear, so before putting in the necessary time and effort it is best to have an idea as to whether one's handiwork will be appreciated. Hand-made ties to be pre-

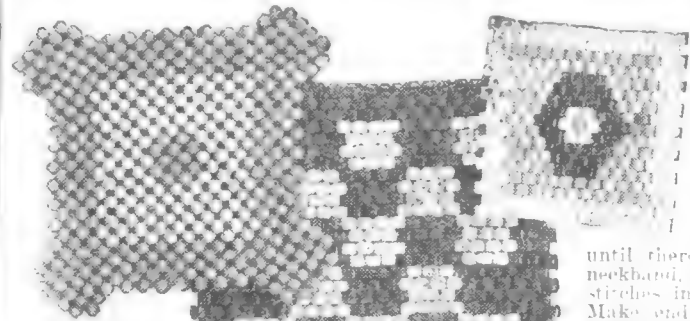
sentable must be well made, but aside from this the work is simple. The puff stitches used in these patterns are made as follows:

Draw loop through bottom of s c in previous row, silk over hook, loop drawn through same stitch again, silk over hook and draw through four loops on needle. For each tie one spool of the silk and No. 7 steel hook will be needed.

Design No. 1

Ch 22 sts, turn.
1st row—21 s c, ch 1, turn.
2nd row—9 s c working through both loops of each, 1 puff working through 10th st of 1st ch, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff through 12th st, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
3rd row—9 s c, 1 puff in top 10th st of 1st row, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff in 12th st, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
4th row—9 s c, draw loop through puff in previous row, draw loop through two loops on hook, ch 1, 1 s c, work over next puff in same way, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
Repeat last two rows for 14 inches. Decrease each end by skipping second stitch in every other row (always work first and last stitches until nine stitches remain). Make neck-band. Increase one stitch each and every other row by making 2 s c in first and last

DETAIL OF TIE FOR NO. 1.



HAND-WOVEN BEAD TEA TILES.

stitches. Increase to 19 sts, make 6 s c, 1 puff, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff, ch 1, 6 s c for 12 inches or more. Leave long thread, with needle overcast through every stitch, make cord on end, fasten securely.

Design No. 2

Ch 21 stitches, turn.
1st row—In 3rd st make 3 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in same st. Repeat, 7 shells should be in each row, ch 3, turn.
2nd row—3 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c in same place. Repeat to end row.
Repeat second row until work is 14 inches. Next two rows narrow one shell at each end, three shells remaining. Make neck-band about 14 inches, increase in two rows to seven shells, make 10 inches.

Design No. 3

This effective pattern is one which can be worked more rapidly. Satin stitch makes the design. One d c, ch 21 sts, turn.

1st row—20 s c, ch 1, turn.
2nd row—9 s c, 2 satin sts worked through base of singles completely covers them; 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
3rd row—7 s c, 2 satin sts, 2 s c, 2 satin sts, 7 s c, ch 1, turn.
4th row—5 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 5 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
5th row—3 s c, 2 satin sts, 10 s c, 2 satin sts, 3 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
6th row—1 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 1 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
7th and 8th rows same as 6th and 7th. Repeat, reversing the raised satin sts back to

DETAIL OF TIE NO. 2.

2 sts in the center. Make five more rows like 2nd row then repeat from 3rd row for seven to eight inches, decrease by skipping first and next to last st every other row until you have 8 s c, make neck-band.

Increase one stitch each end every other row to 20 stitches. Work design for 10 inches.

Gentleman's Scarf

Materials. Two spools of black and one spool of white tie silk, one pair No. 12 steel knitting needles.

Using black, cast on 70 stitches.

1st row—(1 slip 1 as though to purl, K 1, repeat to end.

2nd row—(Over, slip 1, as though to purl. Knit together the next st and st which lies over it. Repeat this row until 20 rows in all; then 10 rows white, 10 rows black, 10 rows white, black, until work measures 36 inches, then border, finish with knotted fringe.

Crocheted Belt

Ch 22 sts, turn 21 s c on ch.
2nd row—Ch 1, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, ch 1.
3rd row—21 s c, ch 1.
4th row—Ch 1, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c.
5th row—Same as 3rd row.
6th row—Ch 1, 5 s c, 1 puff, 2 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 2 s c, 1 puff, 5 s c.
7th row—Same as 3rd row.
8th row—Ch 1, 6 s c, 1 puff, 1 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 1 s c, 1 puff, 6 s c.
Repeat from first row until belt is long enough. Any of the other tie patterns could be substituted if preferred.

Crocheted Bow Tie

Ch 21 sts, turn.
1st row—20 s c, ch 1, turn.
2nd row—9 s c, 2 satin sts worked through base of singles completely covers them; 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
3rd row—7 s c, 2 satin sts, 2 s c, 2 satin sts, 7 s c, ch 1, turn.
4th row—5 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 5 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
5th row—3 s c, 2 satin sts, 10 s c, 2 satin sts, 3 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
6th row—1 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 1 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
7th and 8th rows same as 6th and 7th. Repeat, reversing the raised satin sts back to

Crocheted Watch Fob

Ch 21 sts, turn.
1st row—20 s c, ch 1, turn.
2nd row—9 s c, 2 satin sts worked through base of singles completely covers them; 9 s c, ch 1, turn.
3rd row—7 s c, 2 satin sts, 2 s c, 2 satin sts, 7 s c, ch 1, turn.
4th row—5 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 5 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
5th row—3 s c, 2 satin sts, 10 s c, 2 satin sts, 3 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
6th row—1 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 1 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.
7th and 8th rows same as 6th and 7th. Repeat, reversing the raised satin sts back to



BANDAID FOR BOBBED LOCKS.

in each, until only two stitches remain. Tie and cut silk and work from other side to

Make up as usual.

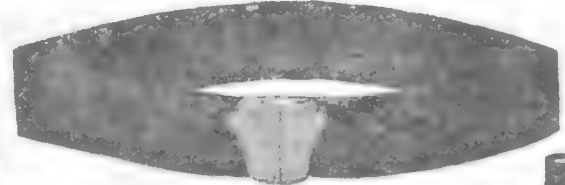
Bead Tea Tile

A gift of one of these new tiles for teapot, hot plate or platter is something which will surely be appreciated by a housekeeper. They can be wiped clean with a damp cloth and are as artistic as they are easy to make.

Checker Block Tile

Of blue and white china beads, in size large enough to thread with a fine darning needle, one may copy the largest tile illustrated, which somewhat resembles the famous delftware. Any strong twine or No. 3 white crochet cotton may be used.

Thread needle with two yards, making large knot in end. String 27 blue beads, draw up closely as possible, turn, run through 24th bead. String 1 bead through 22nd bead, string 1 through 20th. Repeat, at end after running through 2nd bead, run through knot.



GENTLEMAN'S CROCHETED SILK BELT.

draw down, wind thread around between first and second beads. Straighten two rows, draw up as tightly as possible. Hold closely. The start is hard, but for strong work it is best to avoid joining threads as much as possible.

To turn, always work in this way: string two beads, hold one opposite 1st bead, one opposite 2nd bead, run through 3rd bead, string one, through out standing bead string 1, through one. Repeat. Arrange each row, draw up tightly, string 2, turn.

Make four rows blue beads, turn. Run through blue. Now string 1 white through blue, string 1 white through blue. Now string blue beads between 2 blue beads, 2 white between 2 blue, 2 white between 2 blue, 1 blue through blue, turn as usual. Next row, 1 white through white, 1 white through white, 1 blue through blue, 1 blue through blue, repeat, making blue borders. Two blue blocks and 3 white blocks.

Work until one has 3 white beads, 4 white beads, 3 white beads, 4 white beads in each white block and the same in each blue block. Then reverse, stringing beads so that blue blocks will come opposite white blocks and vice versa. Repeat until five blocks in width are completed and finish with blue border. Knot thread by tying securely and pulling so knot will come in center of a bead, then cut ends. After making one tile one can very easily copy any pattern as all are made in the same manner although they may vary in shape. The edges of the smallest tile show how every other bead stands out.

Gold Wire Bandeau

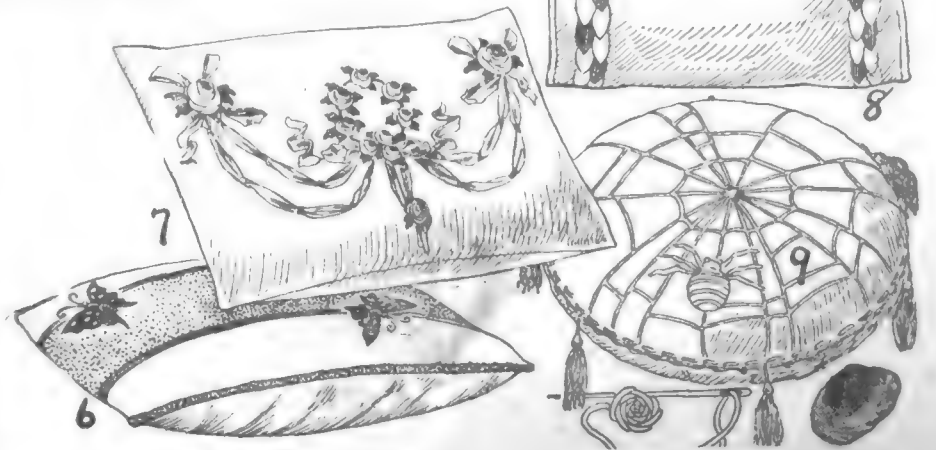
Such a band as this is as becoming and attractive as it is useful in holding one's bobbed locks in place at a party or dance.

For it one will require one roll of gold hat wire, one spool each of white, yellow and green crocheted silk and a fine steel crochet hook.

First make the fish-net wire coronet. The outline of this is of one piece of wire joined at one of the ends. Bend this in shape so that the ends will be an inch in width, the lower wire is straight, the upper bent to make a two and one-half or three-inch point in the front. After the shape is ready, start with second wire, twist tightly about lower wire, near one end leave two inches of second wire and twist again, repeat to opposite end, making a series of loops; return, twist to center of loops, repeat back and forth, filling in the front with extra rows.

This will give one a fish-net effect. Cover the joining of wires by winding closely with silk.

Decorate with silk roses and leaves on the left side. For each rose one will need seven pieces of taffeta four inches square. Fold to form a triangle, gather edges of triangle and draw up. For center of each rose cover a little ball of cotton batting with silk, winding thread around at bottom to hold securely. Arrange petals around the center, overlapping each other and sew in place. Roses should vary somewhat in size, and two shades of roses are more effective combined with green ribbon leaves.



FOUR SIMPLE ATTRACTIVE PILLOW DESIGNS FOR THE WOMAN WHO LOVES DAINTY THINGS.

Leaves

Use inch-wide satin ribbon, cut into three-inch lengths, fold, gather edges, turn in selvages at top and fasten to make a point.

Embroidered Stockings

Silk stockings are no longer a novelty but a pair of embroidered silk stockings are not to be found in everyone's wardrobe. They make a lovely gift and are among the possibilities if one loves to embroider.

The low, fancy-strapped shoes have made instep decorations as popular as the clocked shoes.

Several colors may be combined in working stockings, but they should be in delicate shades. Shun anything bright as the effect will be gaudy but not attractive.

Cross-stitch designs are especially pretty. Solid embroidery should be slightly padded. Black lace inserts in either black or white stockings are especially pretty for evening wear.

As just a touch of embroidery is required to make a pair of stockings somewhat out of the ordinary, any one whose fingers are deft need not hesitate, but though little time is necessary the work must be done carefully so that there will be no pulling.

Sofa Pillows That Are Different

Among the things which always make acceptable gifts may be counted pillows, as one can scarcely have too many.

The simpler covers which are now so popular, practical and serviceable may often be made up of materials on hand. With a little thoughtful planning and the illustration, showing what can be done, one ought to be able to work up some very attractive covers with little cost aside from the time spent in their making.

An attractive cover having a basket brimful of flowers appliqued against a plain background of creamy unbleached, is our first suggestion. Only a yard of this material will be needed and the decoration can surely be worked up of such odds and ends as one may have.

The nine-inch circle which is cleverly cut to suggest a basket, is prettier of some finely figured or checked goods, and it should also be rather dark in coloring to form a background for the flowers.

For these use all your vivid bits, fell down neatly, using French knots for the flower centers.

It is quite impossible to reproduce the charm of the small oval pillow, No. 2. The idea is to make a personal appeal by working out a cover which presents one's favorite flower.

Roses on pink satin, violets on pale lavender, or forget-me-nots on blue. The size is small, only 11x13 inches, as these are intended for little tuck-in pillows.

For a semi-invalid or elderly person such

a gift would give comfort as well as cheer. The words, which are in outline, and the little motif, which may be embroidered with the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

By W. H. Gannett

See front cover illustrations.
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My Previous Experiences in Aero-nautics

THE amazingly rapid development of aerial navigation from its comparatively recent experimental stage to its present status of practical commercial utility is strikingly manifest in the achievements attained in this field during the thirteen years that have intervened between my first taste of the delights of sky sailing in 1909 by means of a balloon of the old, familiar type, such as has been in common use for nearly a century and a half, and my latest flying experience the past summer in touring six countries of central Europe as a passenger on the great air liners that ply regularly over established routes serving public travel between the larger cities with the comfort and safety of express trains but at much greater speed and affording far more interesting views of the country traversed.

In the account (printed in the November, 1909, issue of COMFORT) of my first balloon ascension I included a description of the three types of air craft which I will briefly summarize here to show their distinctive features and respective attainments at that time. I pointed out: first, that the old-fashioned, gas-inflated balloon was still the popular favorite because of its safety, although there had been little, if any, improvement in its design since 1783, the year in which it was devised and the first ascension made, and despite the fact that it possessed neither automotive nor steering power, merely drifting at the speed and in the direction that the wind happened to blow, and incapable of control except that it could be made to ascend by throwing out ballast or to descend by letting out gas. It was in such a balloon that, in 1909, I was borne on the wings of the wind from Pittsfield, Mass., to Springfield in the same State. Complete control of aerial locomotion had been accomplished only within the previous year by means of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, as I wrote at that time.

The dirigible balloon, a huge, cigar-shaped gas bag with a rigid frame, under-hung platform for support of machinery and accommodation of crew, passengers and cargo, and equipped with rudders for steering and motors and propellers for locomotion, was capable of being driven at considerable speed even against an ordinary wind. The inventive efforts of Count Zeppelin, encouraged and aided by the German government, had produced a dirigible of such enormous size, great power and high efficiency as seemed to promise boundless commercial and most formidable military possibilities; but in both respects the expectations of its sponsors have been disappointed, although for a while it served as an effective instrument of German frightfulness in the World War until its unwieldy force was over-matched by the superior speed and agility of its pigmy antagonists, the airplanes. Its practical value for war purposes or for peaceful pursuits, is still problematical.

To America exclusively is credit due for the invention of the aeroplane or airplane. Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., discovered, and by his experiments with "gliders" demonstrated the fundamental principles of flying. Then the Wright brothers, by applying these discoveries supplemented by the results of further experiments of their own, devised and constructed in America the first successful flying machine and thereby realized man's centuries-old dream. The airplane truly flies, supported in air only by its wings, like a bird. In 1909 the airplane was a crude experimental device, too dangerous and unreliable for practical utility, but being designed in accordance with the basic principles of flying it only needed improvement of details such as better control, greater power and larger size to render it safe, dependable and serviceable for many and varied uses. To appreciate the extent to which its improvement has since progressed one should bear in mind that the largest airplane in 1909 could carry no more than two people, and it was then heralded as a remarkable feat that one of these machines had succeeded for the first time in flying across the English Channel, 21 miles wide. Although the U. S. Postoffice Department has established a transcontinental mail service by airplane, so little use is made of the airplane in the country of its birth that in order to see the best present development of the airplane and appreciate its wonderful possibilities an American has to visit Europe. This consideration together with the recollection of my thrilling experiences in 1910 in viewing from a balloon the pageant of King Edward's funeral procession and in my delightful balloon journey over Normandy (both described in November COMFORT of that year) were the chief enticements that lured me across the Atlantic the past summer.

A Side Trip in England

In London, where I had arrived after an uneventful ocean passage, I arranged to cover a part of England by airplane before beginning my tour of the continent. I will describe this side trip across the south of England by quoting from my diary.

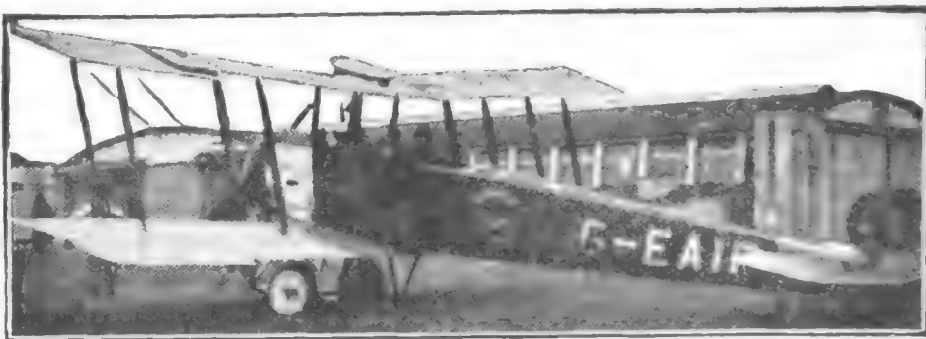
Owing to cloudy skies early Friday morning we did not get our hop off for Penzance and Land's End at 7 o'clock as planned, but took the air at 9.30. I got up at 4.45, breakfasted at 5.30 and out to the aerodrome at Croydon, 13 miles from London, at 7. Had time to look about a bit. This is the base for all the big Continental air liners, as well as for local flyers. Three of the big machines that should have started for Paris at 5.30 this morning with loads of newspapers did not get away till 7.30 on account of cloudy weather, but I saw them start.

There are five regular lines, each car carrying 12 people, making two trips daily.

Today I have hired a special plane run by the Surrey Flying Service. My pilot—Youell—who got his wings in 1916, says this plane has joy ridden all over Europe, carrying more than seven thousand passengers and is still going strong—has a speed of about 85 miles an hour and is a two seater, but I am the only passenger for her to carry on this ride. Croydon is a busy place most of the time, as machines are coming and going frequently through the day.

The Air Ministry keeps a strict control of all planes and all machines are put under rigid inspection very frequently so as to make them as safe as possible.

At 9.30, just as we are starting, the sun has come out bright and there is a pretty view going over the red tiled roofed houses and green fields



MR. GANNETT IN AIRPLANE AT BRISTOL, ENGLAND, JULY 22, 1922.

with many trees surrounding. At 9.36 we passed over Epsom College and the race course where the Derby is run.

We went over Guildford at 9.55. It looked quite a large and prosperous city of beautiful houses laid out in squares and circles, in sort of community order.

This appearance of regularity in the layout of the new section of the city is due, I am told, to the new housing schemes of the Government. Where any large number of new houses have had to be built to supply the demand since the war, the authorities have planned to make every new locality a sort of Garden City, combining beauty with utility and convenience.

Ten o'clock: We passed over Aldershot, one of the big permanent military camps. Here also is Sandhurst, the military academy—the West Point of Great Britain—for cavalry and infantry training, the artillery branch being at Woolwich, a southeast suburb of London.

At 10.45 passed over an extensive forest. We landed at Salisbury—Old Sarum—the school of Army Corporation, about 11, a nice place to land for petrol and oil.

We are now in the air again, having been down about an hour and making a good getaway.

Stonehenge is fascinating enough while one is on the ground, but from the air one gets a far better idea of the Giant's Circle and Sun Temples that were built of huge stones and earth mounds, presumably by the Druids, as one of their places of worship. The stones are of great weight. Some are 16 feet high and 18 feet in circumference.

There is much more visibility now; the clouds

ling the winter time. When it was fifty below zero, going ninety miles an hour—that beats our ice boating. He went near the Arctic regions, planing from Porjus to Norvik, Norway, seventy-five miles inside the Arctic circle.

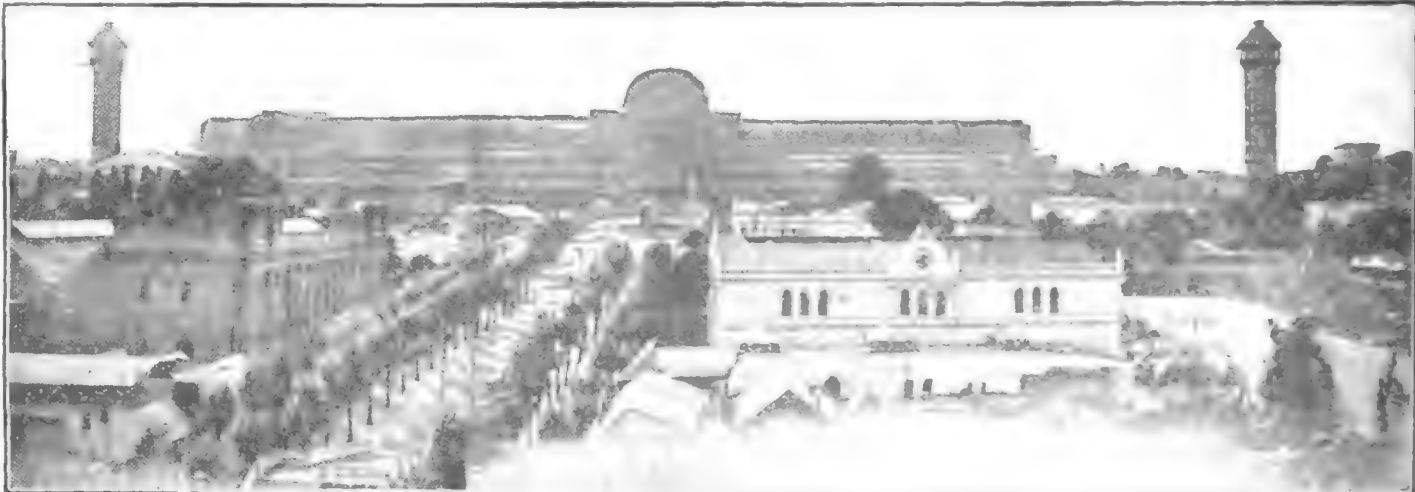
He also started the first service from Stockholm to Helsingfors with Fairley Seaplane across the Baltic Sea; has carried more than four thousand passengers over frozen lakes in skiffed planes, with thermometer ranging 25 below zero. So think I would like that sort of winter sport. There is no planing in summer. He is getting careful now, as he is to be married next month, so is playing for safety, especially on this trip.

Four-forty: Our shower is over and we have a bright sun once more, so we start for Bristol, about 50 miles across country, where there is a good aerodrome and we can put up for the night very comfortably. The clouds are hanging low, so guess it's well we decided on this short run, for there is not much fun in planing through a fog, and now it is raining again.

Over Tourists' Haunts

Our way is over the range of hills in Somerset County, known as the Mendips. These hills are of limestone formation and are honeycombed with cliffs and caverns. The Cheddar caves and several others are resorts of tourists who may explore the electrically lighted caverns, or who may go off looking for new discoveries in the way of caves. We are also passing over Glastonbury Abbey and Wells Cathedral, another haunt of tourists.

We will soon be on the ground once more, for



CRYSTAL PALACE ON SOUTHERN HEIGHTS OF LONDON. ITS TWIN TOWERS SERVE AS GUIDES TO AIRPLANE ENROUTE TO LONDON LANDINGS.

are running higher and so we are getting more breeze, too, for the machine gives a sudden lurch quite often, so I suppose this is what the pilots mean by getting more bumpy. Anyway, I don't feel at all like rocking the boat.

This sure is one grand panorama of small farms now for miles and miles ahead; behind and on all sides it is a level stretch of irregular hedged-in farms, no large towns in sight.

Twelve-thirty: We are approaching Yeovil, and the mountain range of Devonshire looms up in sight.

Pilot Not Eager

We made good landing here at Yeovil, having been in the air about 50 minutes since leaving Salisbury, and doing about 50 miles of flying. It is a private landing field and they make aeroplanes here.

My pilot thinks on account of the strong wind we better not start for awhile, so we have lunch at the Three Clovers Hotel, a quaint old inn in a more quaint town, in typical old English territory, and typical English weather, for it is raining hard now, for a change.

To tell the truth, my pilot does not seem to be very keen about continuing on to Penzance. He thinks it will be a rotten country in which to make a forced landing if any hard luck should happen to come our way, and there are no aerodromes anywhere along the way, so we would be going right away from our base of supplies.

And I, myself, did not want to get lost on the Dartmoor, of which terrible tales are told. Many square miles of it are uninhabited and it is full

of bogs if one gets off the few main roads crossing it.

Too Close for Comfort

We are flying low on account of clouds (500 feet) when we should be 3,000 feet in passing over a big city. It seems miles and miles across it, for the aerodrome is way on the other side of the town. But here we are, and it is a nice big landing place and very smooth, so we find we are here just as it stops raining, having made the fifty miles in forty minutes, the best run for the day, as the wind was not so strong against us.

There is an aeroplane factory here. They build some very fast machines, they say—one which is being kept secret is supposed to capture the cup for the Aerial Derby that is to be held in England in August. I saw the machine that won the Second Prize Derby last year; she has a speed of 170 miles an hour.

There is a peculiar sort of monoplane here with only 13 feet spread of wings that goes a hundred miles an hour and looks like a flyover.

Our plane has a 62 feet spread and has not been over 70 miles an hour today.

We go to the Royal Hotel for the night, five miles away by taxi.

Bristol is noted for its color printing establishments, large confection and chocolate, cigar and cigarette works, motor cars and aeroplanes, not to forget the breweries which seem to prevail in great numbers around here. The old Bristol potteries and glass works were famous in olden days and high prices are charged for the old pieces.



Stonehenge, a curious monument of prehistoric Britain, as seen from the air. Situated on Salisbury Plain, it is probably the most famous group of its kind in the world. The stones are of great weight, and some are 16 feet high and 18 feet in circumference. It is believed to be a relic of ancient Druidical worship.

Airplanes on Skis

My pilot has been telling me something of his experience in Norway and Sweden the last three years. He was the first to run pleasure planes there, and had some wild experiences flying over the ice and snow with planes fitted with skis dur-

ing the winter time. When it was fifty below zero, going ninety miles an hour—that beats our ice boating. He went near the Arctic regions, planing from Porjus to Norvik, Norway, seventy-five miles inside the Arctic circle.

He also started the first service from Stockholm to Helsingfors with Fairley Seaplane across the Baltic Sea; has carried more than four thousand passengers over frozen lakes in skiffed planes, with thermometer ranging 25 below zero. So think I would like that sort of winter sport. There is no planing in summer. He is getting careful now, as he is to be married next month, so is playing for safety, especially on this trip.

service in this section, and I was fortunate in obtaining an airship showing its location.

An Offer of Thrills

Owing to rain we did not get started for Bristol till 3 P. M. Saturday and the day for Birmingham—about a hundred miles where there is a good aerodrome. We went to land there and then on to Oxford and London. We were speeding along about thirty miles at an altitude of 1,000 when we began to run into fog and out to 300 feet.

As there are hills 800 feet high where we are, and he just gave a nice spiral, we came down from 2,000 feet. He did the corker dive, cut the engine, and did the loop with me, but I do not remember that yet awhile. I did sort of spiral, which was done very skillfully and seems to be very careful in all his stunts.

Now that we are back in Bristol I have a little more time to look about the work. Aerial Derby. It looks like an elaborate egg with a fin on top and one set of wings is six feet in diameter and 15 feet and it has a 20-foot wing spread. The machine will make 220 miles per hour.

Although they build many small planes now have a very large one under construction in fact, the biggest in the world. It is a machine for Government use. It is a power tri-plane and will travel for a speed of 100 miles per hour. It will weigh a ton and a half of cargo and will have a weight of seven tons. It will be a sort of the air fleet, carrying spare parts for planes.

They are also building a new type of channel flyers. They use American engines in the construction and English built limousines, which are afterwards converted into cars.

Five-twenty: We have started on our trip to London, going due eastward, having prevented my taking a look at Birmingham.

But as we started across country by this route we hope to keep out of the fog.

As we are flying along under fairly low we keep running into low hanging clouds at altitude of about 700 feet. A lot of fluffy, fluffy and fuzzy appearing clouds, flocks of geese flying through the air, one another, sometimes below us and sometimes above. As we planed along, the effect was pretty.

Thames at Croydon as Jong

In about an hour we came to the upper Thames near Hovey and a fog I never saw until looking down on it that the Thames is as crowded as a famous congested River in Manhattan. This time on a rainy afternoon there to be a lot of gay parties. A town there was gaily in full. Gaily decorated and punts with dressed girls, as decorated boats on the shore, made a scene.

We ran into a shower but did not wet, the upper Thames acting as a road for rain slipping off the water off a duck. The windshield, only nine inches, acts as a protection from the wind.

ter, and though out in the open, no water was on the passenger on account of the speed.

Passing over Lord Astor's estate near Maidenhead, we came in sight of the magnificent house of the Stoke Poges Golf Club. This house was once a residence of some of the Ham Penn family. It is here, near the Ham Penn family, that the Aerodrome Society holds some of its regular meetings on one of the most select and perfect courses in England.

Next we went over Windsor Castle, one of the homes of the present rulers of the British Empire, and circled in sight of the famous race course. Then came Staines and Ham Court with its Tudor palace beside the Thames. Then Richmond, and soon we came in view of two distinct landmarks—the twin towers of the Crystal Palace situated on the heights of North London. Wherever one goes for miles in one direction around London those towers loom up and give the air pilot his bearings.

We arrived at the Croydon Aerodrome at 7.15 having been just under two hours coming 100 miles, getting there just as a great cross-channel liner was landing from Paris. We saw another big air liner start across the channel for Ostend, in Belgium.

One Woman Air-Sick

I talked with some of the passengers of the flying plane as they alighted from their flight. One woman was quite air-sick but she was from the bad air of the closed limousine. The nearest I came to the mal-de-dear was when inhaling some of the fumes of the engine after we alighted at Salisbury. Then my stomach felt more upset than in a whole Atlantic crossing. Soon found it was hunger, having taken a light very early breakfast. Some food soon put it right.

I went through all the air pockets weather and out any bad effects whatever.

Although I didn't see St. Ives, Penzance, Land's End or Birmingham, I certainly had a delightful two days of flying of about 500 miles and enjoyed my first European airplaning experience to the fullest extent, in spite of bad weather.

And we probably had as good weather on the days of our trip as we could generally find in England, as there have been 20 days when it has rained out of the 24, so far passed this month.

My pilot said he was always nervous in motor cars, though he admitted that all pilots are nervous when in the air not running their machine.

For the Pilot to Consider

He was curious to know why one of my passengers should take to flying. I told him I took to it because I had a lot of chances to live, and at best haven't a great number of years to look forward to, while he started flying at 25 years of age and even now, seven years later, has seen but a few of the years ordinarily allotted to man. So if there is any hazard in it, I think I have the better of it.

One is struck over here by the absence of motor traffic as compared with American cities. While the London bus is more in evidence than ever, the ordinary motor is conspicuous by its absence. There are said to be only six hundred thousand in Great Britain, against about seven million in America. This is owing to the car costing twice, and gas three times, as much as at home.

by Airplane Covers Six Countries in Flight of Two Thousand Five Hundred Miles

Crossing the English Channel in Flight from London to Paris

Friday, July 28.—In my cross-channel flight from London to Paris today, I am taking the Grands Express Air Liner, as this line is the only one of the five London-Paris lines that runs direct to Geneva in Switzerland, to which I shall proceed tomorrow. (See front cover illustrations).

The time required for the London-Paris trip is two and one-half hours, and from Paris to Lausanne on Lake Geneva is three hours.

The machines used by the different companies exhibit a general similarity of design. The bodies are of the limousine type fitted up with all the conveniences of a Pullman car and carry from ten to twelve passengers each. My plane can carry with the mechanic the lucky number of 13.

They are hung on finely adjusted compressed air and oil springs, like the Westinghouse spring of an automobile, so when they taxi across the field in starting or landing there is hardly any vibration felt.

Fourteen O'clock

I am starting at 2 o'clock, which by the French railway methods is reckoned as 14 o'clock. Everything is done for one's comfort and ease on these trips. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds of baggage free, and steamer trunks are accepted at a rate not in excess of the charge one would pay by express, and as the trunk goes along with you, there is no worry of waiting for a week or ten days for the baggage to turn up at the end of the journey.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BRISTOL AS SEEN FROM AIRPLANE.

What strikes me most as I get into the machine is its enormous size as compared with the small plane in which I took my trip about England just a week ago. Here we have arm-chairs with cushions, electric lights and electric heater, mirrors, clock, periodicals to read and an uninterrupted view obtained through windows made to be open or closed as desired so that good ventilation is assured. Drinking water is provided. Speed and height indicators answer many questions that would naturally arise in our minds. Luggage racks take care of our hand bags. A rear compartment contains a lavatory. All these large air liners are fitted with Marconi wireless telephones and, I believe, on some lines even refreshments are served.

One can move about the passenger compartments and by using a little cotton wool in one's ears the noise of the twin engines is not disagreeable.

Today has given us the brightest skies and best weather for flying for the past eight days.

I can't help thinking of the marvel of this method of travel and its advantages over all others. By train and steamer I would not only have the disagreeable Channel crossing, but I would be, at the least, seven hours on the jour-

ney, we are passing over the aerodrome at Biggin Hill, which will be one of three base aerodromes of the British Air Force in the defenses of London, about twenty miles away.

I was not more than half a mile above the ground on my recent aeroplane trip, and in my balloon experience a mile high is the greatest I have ever soared, but now we are going up two miles high, so the sensation is a little different from any I have heretofore felt in the brief space taken to rise from one altitude to another, going from cloud to cloud, and the effect is very beautiful when we emerge after going through dense mist for a few moments into clear blue sky, with the sun shining warm and brightly.

It seems very nice to be able to stand up and change one's overcoat from a lighter to a heavier one while we are thus in air transit, for while it was very warm below it is a bit cooler higher up.

Ashford is passed. Maidstone is discernable and in the distance we see the ribbon of water which is the English Channel, twenty-five miles wide at the point where we are to cross. Now we can see from Ramsgate to Dungeness, the day is so clear. The promontory of Cape Grisnez on the French coast comes into view as we are leaving the British shore.

At less than a mile high I am having the finest channel crossing I ever experienced—after thirty-five minutes flying from Croydon—and can look down through the openings in the clouds on the steamers plying through the water in the Channel below.

There is absolutely no perceptible motion to our airship; she is going along as steady as one could wish. There is a circling range of snow-

white clouds far ahead that looks for all the world like high snow-covered mountains, some tall, individual peaks standing far above the others in very irregular order.

The French air pilot, who cannot speak English, is a very jolly fellow and is laughing at me while I write. He wants to know what it's all about.

In Sight of Land

We again come in sight of land, so will soon be sailing over French soil, and it seems nice at last to be able to say that I have crossed the English Channel without being seasick. I have certainly been fortunate in having such a calm, clear day to try the experiment. (Perhaps it is because it is Friday—and the machine carries thirteen people.)

The country we pass over as we cross into France is not unlike that of the British Isles in appearance, one very large wooded area showing up on my left.

It is much easier to write in these large closed-in machines than it was in the small one I toured in last week, and it is quite easy to carry on conversation here, where it was impossible then, on account of noise from the engine.

More of these indescribably beautiful, misty, frothy-effect, iceberg-looking mountains of whiter-than-snow clouds are beneath us. I feel as though I wanted to jump out into them, they look so much like fleecy, fluffy down. With the bright sun shining down on the mass of cotton batting it seems as though one would just naturally and comfortably be absorbed in it. While at a distance they may look like ice and snow, when you are nearly in them they seem soft and dainty.

Clean, Quick and Restful

This surely does seem like an awful cosy and very quick and restful way to get from London to Paris, as compared with the dirty train, slow, uncomfortable boat, and then more miserable train travel with many changes and rotten service all along the way. I have a nice seat out in the nose of the machine, so get a fine, first-hand view of all scenery, and can take in all that goes on ahead, above, below and on all sides, so am thoroughly air-wise to everything passing.

Now we are making a quick descent, for we are nearing Paris and are coming down from nearly 9,000 feet to a much lower level before our landing—so my nose-seat is a good place to watch out from as we dive smartly for the ground.

Yes, here is the Eiffel Tower coming into view, although very petite looking. The Seine is beneath us and the great aerodrome with its many sheds just ahead at Le Bourget which has these large letters worked in the sod.

We touched ground at just 4.40 P. M., having been exactly two and a half hours making the trip of 215 miles. It surely has been a most enjoyable one.

I start in the same plane and with the same pilot for Switzerland at 9.30 in the morning. Our pilot on this trip is Favreou, and I was told before leaving Croydon that he had made over five hundred air trips of this sort. He has been flying for 12 years and bore a brave part in the late war.

Paris to Geneva—Winging Our Way Over the Alps

Saturday, July 29.—This morning dawns clear and warm, just enough soft breeze stirring, and in the right direction, to make our flight into Switzerland very favorable.

This aerodrome at Le Bourget is unusually large, covering two square miles or more of level ground—they are to build a large hotel here—and has hundreds of hangars circled around the outside. There are many machines in the air here at all times of the day—small, large and medium sized. Our air liner is one of the largest.

While our trip from London covered over two hundred miles, we have more than three hundred to go today.

I am fortunate in having a man and his wife for nearest neighbors in the car who can speak good English as well as French. They are making an air trip from London to their old home in Switzerland for a holiday, he now being a big wine merchant in London. They are much pleased with this form of travel and look many snags of cloud and other effects as we journeyed over to Paris.

We are leaving the ground at 9.49 just like a bird, and thus begin our long flight in very calm air and just a bit of soft haze. There are twelve persons aboard—only three of us speaking English.

Over the Battlefields

At 10 o'clock we are now passing over La Chapette, about thirty-five miles from Paris, planning at quite low altitude but slowly rising. We can easily look down on where the Germans passed on their first drive toward Paris in 1914.

What is it? Are we getting into trouble on account of our motors not going quite properly? Paris has just radioed for us to return, so we are now turning around.

No. The last report is that there are two passengers who got left, and we are to go back for them. Now they say it is one. Well, we are on our return, anyway, and will have a longer ride, but take a late lunch in Geneva, evidently.

Our pilot—Pilot Favreou—of yesterday is a passenger today and sitting directly behind me, so my interpreter friend is keeping me informed, and I thus do not feel at all worried. And as long as it is the thirteenth one we are after, guess it must be our mascot.

We made a very quick return and are now landing at 10.40, for they say the lost passenger showed up just after we made our hop-off. Don't think a railroad train or a steamboat would trouble to do this, but it shows what close communication we are in with the home office.

We have been flying at 4,200 feet.

Well, our man has been found to be a woman. "Just like a woman to make us come back," but giving us eighty miles more air voyaging. The woman can speak English and says the London office told her to be on hand at 10 o'clock instead of 9 o'clock as we were told—so the woman is "right as usual." They are changing one of the propellers; guess we might have returned anyway. My, but it is hot in the sun waiting on the ground in this closed car when one is dressed for high altitudes. But it doesn't matter as long as we find our engines are all right and have had this wonderful demonstration of what use the wireless telephone can be put to.

The Mascot "Thirteen" Works

At 11.10 we are starting the engines and at 11.13 we are leaving the ground once more, and guess we are off for a fine trip, for the thirteens are all working right.

We have journeyed along safely until we have just passed Chantillon-sur-Seine. At thirteen o'clock—French time—we have come 150 miles the last hour and three-quarters. We are keeping up a good average of the ordinary speed of this machine—about 85 miles an hour.

Mt. Blanc has just come into view—over 150 miles away—and there is a large circle of what look like mountains running away to the left, but they are the clouds that have such a snow-capped mountain effect. We are now about half way to our journey's end at one o'clock—London time.

Dijon is now being passed, 1.16 P. M. There is an aerodrome here and Mt. Blanc looms up much more distinctly. We are headed directly for it—plenty of woods, but not much water beneath us.

One misses the big lakes of Maine. Dole is passed at 1.40. There seem to be a lot of medium-sized towns at what looks to be five to ten miles apart, all through this country.

We are still flying at about 8,000 feet, which is higher than Mt. Washington—the highest peak of the White Mountain range—and as we approach near to Mt. Blanc, which is about twice as high as we fly, it does not appear so high

as it did in the distance. But this is because we are now in good view of all the Alpine range that runs to and from this great mountain of the Alps, with the Jungfrau (14,800 feet high), or just a little less height, in the distance. We get near Mt. Jura about 100 miles east of Mt. Blanc, so have these lesser mountains to form an idea by comparison with the size of the greater ones in a real close-up fashion. Dent du Midi seems to stand up pretty high between us and Mt. Blanc for we go quite near this seemingly high peak, but there are hundreds of lesser size that look very grand.

The entire effect, taken together with the neighboring floating white clouds, makes a grand and inspiring sight in this clear, bright sunlight, for this great glacial group of peaks and snow-covered heights, stretching for miles and miles, is strongly accentuated and brought out more clearly by the dark green foothills, or small tree-covered mountains we are now passing over.

Lake Geneva Comes Into View

We also look down on a fort—a large fortification cut into the lower line of hills—as we ap-

proach closer to the snow-capped higher Alps. A long, narrow lake is also in view on our right, and on our left is a large lake—Lake Neuchâtel. And now we can see Lake Geneva, where we are going to land, first at Lausanne, right on its shore. It is about fifty miles long and several miles wide, with Geneva at its head and Lausanne near the foot.

This is a very thickly-settled plateau having



THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET BY AIRPLANE EXPRESS.

many large towns surrounding, and Lausanne itself has over 40,000 inhabitants, while Geneva has over 100,000.

We circle all around it as we dip down from our great height so can get a fine view of all the country, and even looked down to the bottom of the lake, at the shores, for we are out over the water part of the time in our process of landing. The machine behaves beautifully and we make a very steady spiraling as we gently wind around and around in large circles during the five minutes we take in dropping.

Now here we are at 2.35 P. M. safely on the ground, and quite a lot of people here to greet us to Switzerland. (See front cover illustration.)

Off to Geneva

While my ticket was only bought for a passage to Lausanne, they have lately arranged to have the machines go on to Geneva, so after waiting here for about an hour for some of our passengers to disembark and to fill up our tanks with petrol, we make another hop-off for Geneva, where I am going to stay for a week to attend the International Balloon and other races, and take short trips by train and boat to the nearby winter sports towns, to find out all I can about skiing and other winter pastimes.

There is a view of a long mountain range from the aerodrome here but only a few bits of snow can be seen on any of the mountain sides and none on the tops.

In looking the aeroplane over as she rests quietly and innocently here on the ground I cannot make it seem possible that this simple looking bit of canvas-covered frame-work has brought us so safely, quickly and easily over land and over sea from such a far-away country, passing over all sorts of territory at such high altitude and at such a rapid rate, landing us at whatever station we wished to stop so quietly and without seeming effort, and all the time we have been in constant talking communication with our home office. I am proud of the fact that this was an American invention.

There is only one plane a week coming to Switzerland now as the traffic has not been developed yet.

We make our getaway for Geneva at 3.45 and have a good view of Swiss chalets dotted along the hillsides as we fly away from this clean and beautiful looking city, which we circle over several times to get our proper altitude.



STREET IN RHEIMS TYPICAL OF RUINED FRENCH CITIES IN THE WAR ZONE.

There are many small boating places along the shores of the big lake, and we soar out over its smooth water like a kingfisher looking for a meal from its depths.

A World Flight in Prospect

I am rather glad I took my personally conducted flight last week, for it has sort of put me more air-wise and makes me feel more at home and at ease while taking this longer trip. It will fit me for a trip around the world which I hope to live long enough to enjoy.

We are at present flying out over the middle of the lake and I don't suppose it would be any worse to get drowned than to be dashed to pieces on land should we happen to come suddenly down.

The water looks like a beautiful green carpet, anyway—it's so smooth.

We pass near enough to Mt. Blanc now to get a more direct view of its length as well as height. Geneva itself is now before us and we are soon to bid adieu to this grand old air boat, having had a most delightful and restful journey in her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



AIRPLANE ROUTE LONDON TO GENEVA.

ney to Paris. Here we are making this trip in two hours and a half. And whereas the cost of first-class railway and boat travel works out at about seven cents a mile, this more modern way costs only twelve cents.

A Favorable Start

We have made a quick and easy get-away, banking against the wind and swinging in a circle to get pointed to the proper route, a little south of east until we get across the channel when the route will veer a little to the south.

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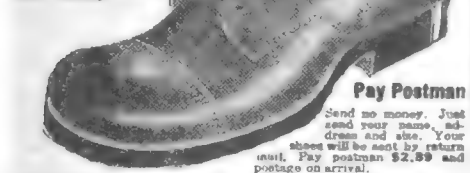
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Radio Construction of a Short Wave Regenerative Receiving Set

PART I.

IN answer to the great number of inquiries as to the construction of a receiving set capable of receiving music from long distances, we are publishing a complete set of instructions which, if carefully followed, will enable any of our readers to build for themselves a set that will receive signals from stations up to 800 or 1,000 miles distant under favorable atmospheric conditions.

A complete list of material needed for this set is here given and the reader will be able to purchase these parts from any radio supply house.

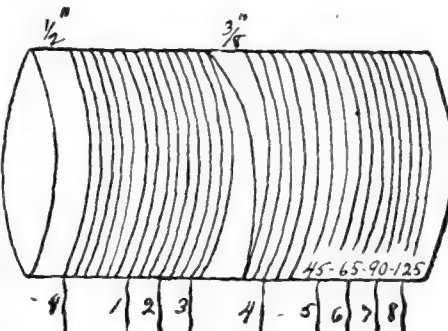
Material Necessary for Construction of Tuner and Audion

One 43 plate variable condenser.
One wood baseboard, 16 inches by 7 inches by 5-8 inch; quartered oak is preferable.
One panel of Bakelite, wood or hard rubber, 16 inches by 6 inches by 3-16 inch; wood is not desirable.
One cardboard or Bakelite tube 6 inches long and 3 1/4 inches diameter.
One cardboard tube 2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches diameter.
Eight binding posts.
One 6-inch length of 1/4-inch round brass rod.
Four 6-32 round-head machine screws 1 inch long.
Four 8-32 beveled-head machine screws 2 inches long.
Twelve 8-32 brass nuts.
Twelve 3-16 brass washers.
One switch arm, 1 inch radius.
Eight switch points.
Two switch stops.
One piece copper or tin-foil 16 inches by 6 inches.
Four 6-32 nuts.
Five 1 inch wood screws.
One filament rheostat, 6 ohm.
One tube socket.
One grid leak and condenser.
One foot brass stock 1/2 inch by 1/4 inch.
One Jack (radio).
One-half pint shellac.
Twelve fiber washers.

The above material includes everything necessary to build the set. It does not, however, include the audion tube, A and B battery and phones which are necessary for the operation of the set.

The Antenna Coil

The antenna coil consists of the cardboard tube 6 inches long and 3 1/4 inches diameter wound with No. 22 single cotton covered copper wire in the following manner:
Starting at left-hand side of the coil, leave one-half inch space and start the winding and wind 10 turns. At the 10th turn take a tap off the wire, making a neat connection as possible. After the tap has been taken, wind 5 more turns and take off second tap. Wind 5 more turns and take tap No. 3. Wind 5 more turns and then instead of making the 6th turn close to the rest of the turns, carry it across a



WINDING THE ANTENNA COIL.

1/2 inch space, which will leave this space clear, and wind on 5 more turns and take off 4th tap. After 4th tap has been taken, continue winding until the 45th turn is reached and then take off tap No. 5. Continue and take off tap No. 6 at the 65th turn, tap No. 7 at the 90th turn, and stop at the 125th turn and use end of coil for 8th tap.

This gives a coil about 3 1/4 inches long of 125 turns and 9 taps (counting starting end of wire). Give the coil a good coat of shellac. The tap should be soldered close to the coil and care must be taken not to get flux on the windings. The taps must all be taken off the same side of the coil.

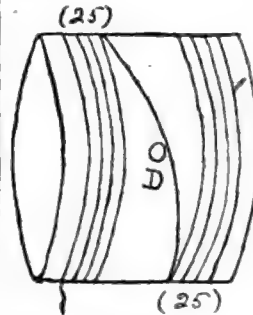
Along the length of the coil, and in exact line with each other, make three holes as follows:

A is a 3-16 inch hole, 1/4 inch from left end of tube. B is a 1/4 inch hole, 1 1/4 inch from A which should locate it in center of 3/4 inch space left in coil.
C is a 3-16 inch hole 2 7/8 inches from B, which should bring it 1/4 inch from right end of tube. Diametrically opposite these holes, a smaller set of holes should be made and two 3-16 inch holes should be made to take the mounting screws which fasten the coil to the baseboard. This completes the antenna core and care must be taken to properly care for this coil until the remainder of the set is ready for assembly.

The Tickler Coil

The next step is the construction of the tickler coil. This coil consists of a small movable tube which rotates inside the antenna coil.
The tickler coil is wound on a cardboard tube 2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches diameter. Wind 25 turns on the left side of the tickler coil, leave a space similar to the space left on the antenna coil and wind 25 more turns.
A 1/4 inch hole should be made in each side of the tube in the exact center and diametrically opposite, to take the shaft. The shaft consists of two pieces of brass rod (round) 1/4 inch

diameter, one piece 3 1/2 inches long, the other 2 inches long.



TICKLER COIL WINDING.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Is it possible to use the electric light wires for a receiving aerial?
A.—Yes. Several plugs for this purpose are on the market and some are exceptionally good.
Q.—Who is station K.S.D.?
A.—Station K.S.D. is located at St. Louis, Mo.
Q.—What does 2,000 ohms mean in regard to telephone receivers?
A.—Telephone receivers are rated according to resistance because this is a means of telling an approximate size of wire and number of turns used, and this of course determines the sensitiveness of the phones.
Q.—How far is it possible to hear on an Aeriola Senior Set?
A.—We have received Louisville, Ky., here in Maine on the Aeriola Senior and some of the nearer stations, viz., Newark, Pittsburg, Detroit and Schenectady.
Q.—How many turns should a variocoupler have on the antenna coil winding?
A.—Your question is answered in the text of our Radio Flashes.
Q.—Is it possible to receive from arc stations with a crystal?
A.—No. The crystal is not suitable as it is necessary to heterodyne the incoming signals from an arc transmitter.
Q.—Do any stations send on 600 meters?
A.—If you mean telephone stations, no, but of course there are many telegraphic stations on that wave length.
Q.—Who is station W.O.O.?
A.—W.O.O. is the John Wanamaker stores in Philadelphia.
Q.—What is meant by a Vernier on a radio receiver?
A.—A Vernier is a fine adjustment of some of the variable parts of the receiver such as the condenser, rheostat or variometer.
Q.—What wave does Anacostia, D. C., send on?
A.—Anacostia sends on a 412 meter wavelength.
Q.—Who pays for the upkeep of the various broadcasting stations?
A.—The manufacturers of radio sets, department stores, newspapers and the Government are controlling the broadcasting stations at the present time.
Q.—Are storage batteries necessary for all audion receiving sets?
A.—No. The Aeriola Senior requires only one dry cell to light the filament.
Q.—Is there any radiophone broadcasting in England?
A.—Yes, one station. However, we have no data on this station.
Q.—Is it possible to amplify a crystal detector?
A.—Yes, if the signal is strong enough to be heard on a crystal it may be amplified in the same manner the detector tube is.

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

from London to Geneva, thus linking the Thames in a triple alliance with the meeting of the rivers Arve and Rhone, which blend their clear and muddy waters together, and which can be seen in magnificent grandeur as we spiral quickly down to their shores.

Landscape in a Grand Jazz

But the pilot is sure giving us a dandy spiral spin in coming down this time, for we are getting an awful turning upside down in the quick descent, so I don't know whether I am dizzy or not, but have kept right on writing my story which thus ends in one grand whirl of delightful twirls, and we are again on the ground at 4.25. I suppose these corkscrew turnings and twistings could have been demonstrated to us in most any locality, but I don't know of a place where the setting is more adapted to, or the landscape more harmonious for, a topsy-turvy and grand jazzing together of earth, sky and water—steamboats, sailboats, rowing and motorboats, animals, automobiles and carriages, trees and swans—than lies right at this mountain-surrounded spot of Geneva. For all of these things seem to be put into one big melting pot and stirred around into one great mass of rapid moving kaleidoscopic changeable mixture, representing the grand upheaval of this old Mother Earth of ours; most everything excepting the fishes, moon and stars seems to have been included in the grand mixup of twisting and turnings and heavings, for the sun—yes, Old Sol himself—was conspicuously represented in this quick pin-wheel turning dive when everything seemed to be coming up from the ground and hitting you in the face. It was the grandest thrill I have yet had—this razzle-dazzle air jazzing.

The pilot took us right into the big shed safe and sound at an easy gait as he carefully taxied across the field.

As I reach my hotel, which is the Les Bergues, I find it is located right on the lakeside, and directly in front of Rousseau Island and the beautiful twin bridges, so as I sit on the balcony and sip my tea, after my long and pleasurable air trip from London to Geneva, I can watch the many swans sporting about me in their wired enclosure, and quietly think over the events of the last twenty-four hours, for we were hardly six hours in the air, flying over five hundred miles. I hope many of my friends will be able to make the same trip in as comfortable a manner as I have, before many years pass.

To be continued in December number, in which Mr. Gannett will describe the great International Balloon Race, at Geneva, for the Gordon Bennett prize, and tell about his visits to the battlefields and devastated regions in France and Belgium, and of the quaint beauty of busy little Holland.

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER III.

THE first of November found the two young wilderness trappers, Lon Baker and "Tubs" Johnson, extremely busy getting the last of their traps set in the high mountain altitudes of the Northern states, furs are usually prime by this date, and the boys had been taking some fur bearers not protected by game laws for several days, and the furs had proved of excellent quality.

A week had been spent in settling the hundred traps the boys now had out in a long circle of about two or three miles to the mile. Thus the trap-line was fully forty miles long. While it took six days to establish the line, the trappers expected to cover it in three days, tending the traps, except they expected to have their schedule occasionally interrupted by storms. After the traps had been set, many of them in newly made cubbies, the trappers had to construct two overnight camps. The nights had not been cold while setting the traps and the boys had slept in a canvas lean-to in front of a fire which had been permitted to die out during the night. But the rigid winter weather would require a warm camp, to say the least, so the boys built small cabins, completing both in a week's time.

For heating in one of the camps, a small folding sheet-iron stove was set up; in the other was built a fireplace. It happened to be located near a clay bank and was convenient to flat rocks and a day had sufficed to see the finish of the rough but serviceable fireplace. There were only three cooking utensils necessary at this camp: a skillet, a light-weight Dutch oven and a quart size pot which served the all-purpose of a receptacle for boiling meat, hot water, tea or coffee. Tubs declared the Dutch oven cooked bread so deliciously, he wanted to stay at the camp all the time; and often during the winter days that followed he went out of his way to stop and cook his meal in the oven. Sometimes he made a pone of corn-cake in one side of the oven and cooked venison in the other side, and such a meal was never surpassed for deliciousness by any food served at old Delmonico's, the once famous New York restaurant.

Tubs began to become impatient for the actual trapping, and when the cabins were finished he whooped and shouted with elation, under the impression that all the hard, monotonous work was now over with and that there would be nothing to do but harvest the trap-lines of their rare, fine furs. But the more practical Lon cooled his enthusiastic partner down considerably by asking how he expected to cook and keep warm during the forty-below-zero weather without two or three cords of wood at each one of the camps. This statement sure did put a damper on Tubs' enthusiasm, but his spirits revived when Lon informed him there would be a lull in their work, as the traps set out would need attention.

It was a cool, frosty morning when the two trappers left the line cabin farthest from their headquarters camp en route over the long trap-line. Some of the traps along streams, where the catches would be safely drowned, had been set eight days, a sufficient time for any skilled trapper to expect results. Lon was in the lead, carrying his rifle in readiness for any chance game, and Tubs followed behind, less alert, for it was requiring most of his energy to keep up the pace with some degree of silence.

The wisdom of Lon's habit of always gliding silently and watchfully through the woods was soon demonstrated. The boys had crossed a ravine and reached the crest of a knoll, when Lon's keen eyes caught a movement on the next ridge. At once the animal went out of sight. Lon's first impulse was to examine the ground and he soon located a fox trail, plainly visible in the heavy frost. Their own trail was nearly parallel with that of the rhymer. Rushing to the top of the next ridge, where the fox disappeared, Lon saw the animal's body clearly outlined against the white ice of a nearby lake, but too far away to shoot at.

"Tubs, that fox isn't out parading after daylight for nothing. I'll bet my interest in today's catch it is headed out for a feed off that deer paunch on the lake shore a quarter of a mile from here—the one we set traps around," remarked Lon.

"You're about right, Lon. But how about the traps? Won't we find it in them?"

"Not by a jugful, Tubs. If there isn't something in the traps by this time, you may be sure they're not in working order, and this fox wouldn't be visiting the place. These animals are so wary they will not even approach a place where there is a trap, if they know it, however tempting the bait," was Lon's reply, continuing: "Now, Tubs, you've got to walk like an Indian from here on. We'll take to the crest of this hill and follow it until we come within sight of the trap set. We will then be within easy rifle range of the fox, if it stopped there."

The boys, with rifles loaded in readiness for quick action, proceeded silently through the forest, something the frost on the leaves enabled them to do. As they came within sight of the set, Lon first glimpsed the fox, and motioned for Tubs to freeze in his tracks. Just at this moment it looked up from the foetid bait and glanced unobtrusively around, acting much like a dog that had been in at a sheep killing. Slowly Lon raised his rifle and taking quick aim fired, scoring a dead shot at seventy-five yards.

As the trapper had surmised, the traps had disappeared, and now the boys were in for some expert trailing. Each of the two traps had been clogged to short poles so they would drag cross-wise, and of sufficient size to insure the safe capture of an animal as large as the fox or fisher. Starting from the set, the traps were not extremely hard to trail where they had turned over leaves and caught on logs and snags, and both traps were located within five hundred yards of the set; one containing a fox, the other a coon. "You can see here the advantage of clogging traps," remarked Lon. "That fox we shot wouldn't have come to the set had there been any sign of a trap around. An animal caught in a clogged trap always gets away from the set quickly, thus little disturbing the surroundings."

Already the boys had a fair day's catch and it was sunup before the three pelts were removed. The next half-dozen traps failed to produce any furs, although some of the sets needed attention. A blue jay was in one of the traps, and another trap was sprung with nothing in it. Such is the luck of the trap-line. But soon the boys were to experience some excitement. In a belt of hardwood timber were two or three cubby pen sets for fisher. The first set was undisturbed; the second needed fixing, and while Lon was putting it in shape, Tubs raced off to look at the next trap. Lon had just finished the set when he heard a yell that could have done justice to a scalped Indian, and he hurried in the direction Tubs was last seen. He was in time to intercept this young trapper in a mad race for his life, apparently, while Lon saw the cause of the commotion in the form of a large fisher, now securely hung up by the dangling trap chain to a snag. Tubs had incautiously approached the cubby pen from the back side, and had not seen the crouching fisher until within a few feet of it. The animal had jumped toward the trapper, and if it had not been for the clog catching on a projection, the trapper may have been disabled if not badly injured, for the fisher is a vicious animal when in a trap. As it was, Tubs was merely badly scared and a little out of wind from his record-breaking run.

Lon procured a solid club about three feet long, and stepping forward with his eyes focused on the animal, was enabled to get close enough to

end its career with one blow across the head. This was the largest fisher Lon had ever seen and its fur was unusually dark.

"That's a hundred-dollar pelt, Tubs, according to the price-lists being sent out this year by the big fur houses," stated Lon, admiringly stroking the glossy fur. After the trap was reset and the pen straightened up, the boys proceeded to skin the animal, exercising great care neither to cut holes in the hide nor remove superfluous fat and flesh.

The trappers again started over the trap-line, now making calculations on their time so as to reach camp before dark. Very few trappers care to be out traveling in a wilderness after dark, and when caught out unavoidably, it is always advisable to camp over night. But the boys were not equipped for spending a night in the open and did not relish sleeping in the cool air without blankets. While they intended to visit all their sets, yet the line was so arranged that a few loops or out-of-the-way traps could be skipped at any time, if necessary to enable the trappers to reach camp by dark.

The boys walked fast between sets, taking long, loping strides down the mountainsides, only halting occasionally to shoot a red squirrel for mink and marten bait. The trap-line next paralleled the bank of a stream for a few miles, and the catches consisted mostly of raccoon and mink. Their sets had been made intentionally to keep out muskrats, as these little water animals were not prime in November, although they would grade as "Fall" and fetch a fair price if set on a quantity basis. However, the boys were taking too many fine, wilderness furs to care to bother with farm-land animals like the muskrat and skunks; both animals were scarce, anyway, especially the latter. The mink is a very small animal, seldom weighing over four pounds, and when one was taken the boys chuckled it in the pack-sack to skin at camp. Invariably the larger animals were skinned on the trap-line.

By keeping close tabs on passing time, the trappers were able to reach their overnight camp without missing any traps. Then a quick supper followed and a couple of hours put in skinning a mink, a marten and stretching and boarding all the furs, a total of seven pieces for one day's catch. This catch represented over a hundred dollars and Tubs was calling himself all kinds of fools for not having taken up the profession of trapping sooner in life. Lon took matters more calmly, for his long experience had convinced him that invariably the first few days of trapping prove the most profitable, and that many fruitless days will be put in running the trap-line during midwinter weather, when the work is hardest and catches smallest.

The next day passed in a similar manner to the first, except they did not catch another fisher or marten, but had taken more coons and two beaver instead of one. Unfortunately a weasel had blundered into a marten set and had to be thrown away for its fur was still streaked with yellow.

"One less enemy for the partridges and other game birds," Lon said, as he gave the weasel a toss fifty feet from the set. "In another two weeks its pelt would have been white and worth a couple of dollars."

Later in the season when the snows got deep and many fur-bearers went into hibernation, the boys set out several weasel lines and made some large catches. This little fur animal has a valuable pelt, considering its small size, and inasmuch as it travels all winter, is a great boon to the trappers. Any fresh meat bait will entice them into traps.

The next two weeks went by fast, as time always does to anyone busily employed. The boys set in supplying their camps with wood, running the lines between times, and stretching the pelts at night. Each camp now contained a large bunch of furs, and the boys never gave a thought to thieves—such is the security of the deep woods. Later they did move all their furs as fast as they were cured to the headquarters camp, because of the better facilities for storing out of reach of mice and other pests.

The snow was now piling up almost two feet deep on the level and the trappers were using their snowshoes and working like beavers every day breaking new trails and moving up traps that had been set in the open. The fur catch began to fall off noticeably during the stormy weather; in fact they were only making catches at the protected sets in snug cubbies. Coons had hibernated, mink were living under the ice and only weasel, fisher, marten and fox were traveling to any great extent.

One morning late in November the boys got up and were surprised to find a clear sky. The storm had subsided. They stood in front of the camp watching the sun creep over Yellow Cat Mountain, a steep peak about four miles away, but seemingly, on a clear day, not more than a mile distant.

"Tubs," exclaimed Lon, "d'ye see that first bench on the mountain? Looks low but it'd take a mile climb to reach it. Anyway, I'll wager there are good marten grounds on that mountain. Suppose we run a line over that bench today?"

"Bright idea of yours, Lon. Couldn't have thought of anything better myself," the partner agreed.

Immediately the boys loaded a toboggan with traps and bait and taking their guns, started for the mountain, which they reached a couple of hours after sunup. The first bench was covered with green timber, mixed with hardwood toward the upper side. The trap setters struck in at the lower edge of the evergreens and worked upwards toward the hardwood. Frequently they scared up deer, which were bedded down comfortably sheltered from the late snowstorms.

The boys had traveled slowly, setting traps at frequent intervals until noon, then they stopped to "boil the kettle" in woodmen's parlance, in other words, make tea and eat a lunch. They talked over the prospects of the new trap-line. Marten signs, freshly made, had been abundant in the thickets and around old windfalls, especially. The toboggan had been cached at the foot of the mountain and the traps carried in pack-sacks; now more than half of the traps had been set out. The boys were preparing to eat in a deep ravine, where they had gone in the expectation of finding a stream unfrozen in the rapids.

Suddenly Lon sat up rigid and stopped gnawing at a snowshoe rabbit's leg to listen.

"Just the wind whipping around old Yellow Cat peak," assured Tubs, pouring himself a steaming cup of tea.

"Wind, nothing," exclaimed Lon, "that's too much noise for a wind."

By now the noise had increased considerably, so that both boys were convinced no wind could produce such a roar. As the seconds passed the roar increased and seemed to be coming down out of the clear sky. Both boys began to feel concerned. Suddenly Lon turned pale, when the impending danger dawned upon him.

"Quick, Tubs, grab the stuff and let's run. That's a landslide coming, or a snowslide. It's been snowing around that peak for days before it ever snowed down near our camps. Come on."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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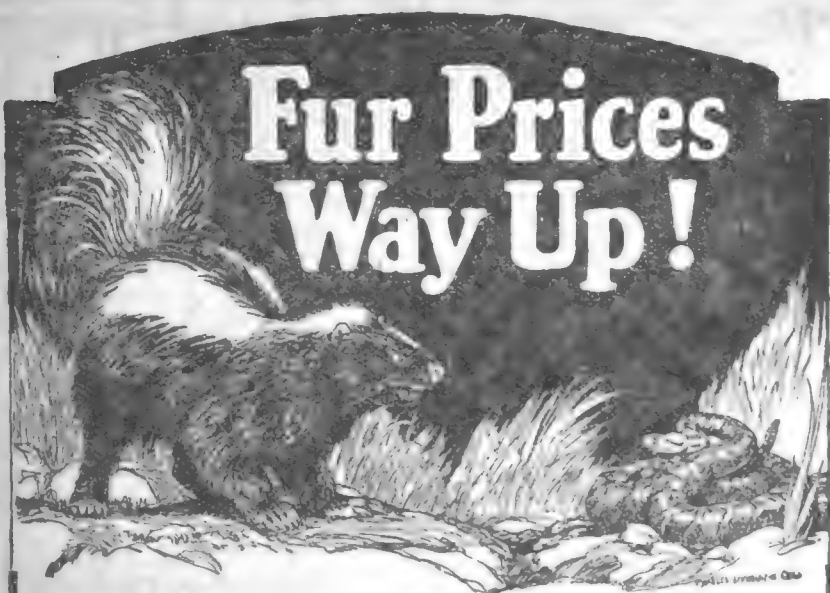
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Dept. 205 44 West 28th St. New York

Forty-Mile Trap-Line

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

We'll run for that rock ledge, and if we don't make it, we're goners."

Tubs gathered his rifle and other belongings into his arms and looked up in time to see Lon already racing for the rock ledge about three hundred yards away, directly toward the oncoming slide. Then he looked up and saw a cloud of dry snow in the air, so high the entire top of Yellow Cat peak was hidden. The roar had now become deafening. He dropped the traps and ran as he had never run before. He saw Lon reach the first ledge safely, then he looked up and saw a mass of trees and snow seemingly shoot out over the bluff, directly over him. In another second he would be buried.

Even as the tons of debris descended, Tubs' instinct for life never left him. He glanced around frantically, like a scared rabbit, and glimpsing a crevice between two large rocks, dived into it. He heard his partner yell and the next moment everything went dark, as the huge mass of rocks, snow and timber came down and filled the ravine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

More Money in Trapping

How to Prepare Fur for Market

W RONG methods of skinning, stretching and drying pelts cause the loss of thousands of dollars to trappers every year. The right methods to follow are just as easy as if you know them. Here they are:

Skinning methods are of two kinds, "casing" and "open." Casing means peeling the skin off whole. Open means ripping the skin down the belly.

Animals which should be cased are the following: Mink, marten, weasel, opossum, fox, fisher, skunk, civet, muskrat, wildcat, otter, lynx, wolf and wolverine. Open skinning should be used with coon, badger, beaver, bear and cougar.

The following skins, before they become too dry, should be turned fur side out: Fox, lynx, fisher, wolf, marten, wolverine and wild cat. Leave the others, which are cased, pelt side out.

To case a skin, cut from the root of the tail down the inside of each hind leg to the foot. Then pull the skin carefully over the body and head. The tail should be skinned and the bone removed except for muskrat and opossum. These two can be cut off as they are worthless. Skinning is made easier by suspending the carcass from something, doing this by means of a strong cord tied around the hind legs. Draw the skin from the front legs. Cut off the ears—downward toward the head. Carefully cut the skin loose about the nose and eyes.

In using the open method, cut from the point of the jaw right down the belly to the vent, also down the back of the hind legs and the inside of the front legs. Lynx, mountain lion, bears—which are valuable for rugs or mounting—should be skinned on the legs clear to the toes, leaving the claws attached. Smaller animals, valuable only as furs, may have the legs cut off.

Be sure to clean every bit of flesh and fat from the skins, using extreme care to avoid cutting.

Steel stretchers, which can be had in just the right shape for different skins, give the best results. If you cannot obtain these and do not know from experience the shape and size to make board stretchers, by all means write to one of the big fur houses for information. Improper stretching greatly reduces the value of a skin.

When the skins are on the stretchers, put them in a cool, dry place—never in the sun or near a fire—and keep flies away from them. Dry them

just enough to prevent shrinking and wrinkling. If you find that a skin has become too dry to turn, soften a little with a damp cloth. Be sure to let the dampened spots dry out before shipping.

Do not use patented preparations for curing—just the natural drying.

This matter of preparing skins is extremely important and it will mean many more dollars in your pocket to secure some trapping book which goes into full detail about it. Many fur houses issue free books on the subject. They are interested in getting furs in perfect condition and will be glad to tell you how.

A good supply of stretchers should be obtained in advance of trapping season. These stretchers should be of various sizes according to the kind of animals you are trapping for.

Home-made stretchers may be made in a number of ways. No matter what type is used, the boards should be first planed smooth so that the furs may be removed easily when they are dry.

The most common type of board is the straight, blunt-end board, tapering somewhat at one end. One of the types is the three-piece stretcher. The pieces are arranged so that the insertion of the center piece spreads the sides and stretches the pelt.

In lieu of any better material, a good stretcher may be made from a lumber pole with struts between. When the straight board stretcher is used, long, slender wedges may be used to stretch the pelt.

Coon skins should be stretched as square as possible. This is accomplished by tacking the skin to a wooden frame. Beaver skins may be stretched on a hoop by sewing with a needle and heavy thread, such skins being round when properly stretched.

When Shipping Furs Make Bundles Secure

Don't put your furs into a sack that is full of holes; neither tie up the end of a good sack and think you have made a secure bundle, for you have really done just the reverse—you have simply invited some dishonest fellow to help himself to your furs and if he accepts the invitation there is no one to blame but yourself. Remember that a great many different people handle your shipments before they reach the market and if you want people to keep their fingers out of your furs, you should make your bundles secure. All bundles of furs (except those sent by parcel post) should be sewed up tight. Parcel post shipments should be properly tied but do not sew up as that prevents inspection of contents by P. O. Dept.

Trapping Methods

A few special tree traps are valuable additions to every trapper's equipment. They are good for catching marten, coon and other tree-climbing animals. They are set on the side of a tree, well above the ground, and are ideal in the north country as they do not snow under. The animal is generally caught by the neck and instantly killed so there is little chance of its escaping.

Mr. Skunk Has Entered Society

For many hundred years the skunk has been one of the most despised and feared animals that roamed the woods, but no more. You will see him in all of the cities of this country and Europe proudly exhibited by his mistress in the street cars, automobiles, theaters, operas, picture shows; in fact, everywhere you see fashionably dressed women.

There is no more beautiful fur than the lovely, silky black skunk. The name is not beautiful and has long been connected with things unpleasant, but this is also changed. In Europe the fur has been sold for years under its rightful name, but in America our skunk wives, sweethearts and daughters would promptly elevate their noses at the mere mention of its name so it was necessary to re-christen Mr. Skunk after he had been skinned. This was when the skins sold at from 25 cents to \$1.00 and were considered a cheap fur.

But in the last few seasons, since the skins have sold readily at from \$3.00 to \$6.00 and even as high as \$10.00, nobody is glad to show her set of skunk furs to her probably less fortunate neighbor.

The trapper is the one that reaps the real benefit from this change and real big money is coming to him for his skunk skins and this year there is a great demand for these skins and it is up to the men that can follow the trap line to get busy.

The skunk is a very easy animal to trap and there are numerous methods of catching him. They are entirely too lazy to build dens of their own, so usually take possession of already built dens, hollow logs, etc. When you can find their dens, it is only necessary to set your trap at the entrance, baited with tainted meat of any kind, cover your trap very lightly and you will get him. The smoke torpedo can be successfully used in driving skunk out of their dens during severe cold weather. Where dens cannot be found, make some by digging a hole under a stump, rock or something of that kind and place your trap right in front of the entrance.

Mr. Skunk is easy to get and his fur easy to sell, which makes him well worth while to the trapper.

The Trapper's Progress

Of late years the trapping industry has evolved from the makeshift, haphazard game of former times into the great business industry of today. Where trappers were formerly numbered by thousands, they are now counted by the hundreds of thousands.

Where formerly the annual catch of pelts was in the hundreds of thousands, it is now in the tens of millions. All furs have increased tremendously in value.

The trapper, too, has undergone a decided change. He takes his work more seriously because he knows his own returns depend on how efficiently he conducts his trapping. His rewards are greater, and his efforts must be properly directed to bring him greater returns.

Hence he has reduced the business of trapping to an efficient, practical basis. Just as it takes time for the skilled workman to acquire mastery of his trade, the professional trapper is not made overnight.

Trapping is not difficult but it requires earnest study and application to become expert at it. Thus the modern trapper knows when to trap, how to prepare for trapping and the habits of the different fur-bearing animals.

The men who bring in the biggest catches explain their success by just such painstaking methods. Every month of the year they are thinking of trapping and looking out for their profits.

This is the time for preparation for the coming trapping season, and preparation is one of the most important parts of trapping. How many furs a trapper will take in the course of the season depends on proper preparation. Trapping is distinct from preparation—there is the proper time for each. If the work of preparation takes up part of the time that should be devoted to trapping, the trapper loses.

The expert trappers, the men who know, are getting ready now. They are going over their outfits, inspecting their territory, looking for tracks and signs, getting new supplies and attending to all the other operations that are necessary. When the season opens they will be equipped to go into the field with greatest advantage.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3169-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Adv.

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Battery Discharges—Cut-Out at Fault

A NEIGHBOR of mine attempted to start his car in the morning only to find that the storage battery had absolutely discharged. He took his battery to a service station and rented a service battery while his was being charged. Much to his surprise the service battery soon became fully discharged, after which he started to inspect the electrical system. All wires appeared to be well insulated and the connections tight. Finally he removed the cover from the automatic cut-out and then found that the automatic feature had failed to perform as intended. Instead he found that the contact points were stuck together, thereby allowing the battery to discharge back through the generator when the engine was stopped. Of course this condition was evident on the ammeter which would show a heavy discharge when the motor was stopped and all lights switched off. However, he never gave a thought to noticing the ammeter when switching off the ignition and consequently the battery was allowed to discharge. Although the cut-out is a portion of the electrical system which gives but little trouble, it is always well to notice the ammeter before leaving the car. Sometimes a sticking cut-out can be remedied by pulling the points apart and cleaning and smoothing the surfaces. On the other hand, a new cut-out may be needed. The purpose of the cut-out is to break the points apart when the generator stops, thereby opening the circuit so that the battery will not charge back and become exhausted.

The Underpan

At this season the motor is liable to backfire frequently when first started and it is therefore well to take precautions against the starting of a fire. Under the majority of motors will be found an underpan commonly termed the drip-

pan. This pan catches oil, gasoline, water, dirt and in fact quite a large assortment of things. Should the oily matter in this pan catch fire a large blaze is assured. It is good policy to occasionally remove this pan and clean it carefully. When fire catches in the drip-pan, it might be said that the motor is in the frying-pan, and unless a suitable extinguisher is at hand a considerable damage will be done.

Safe Driving

Some dangerous driving is done at slow speeds while some safe driving is done at fairly fast rates of speed. I recently made a 200-mile trip on a bus running between two large Middle Western cities. The driver of this car at times reached speeds around the 50-miles-an-hour point, yet I felt perfectly safe at all times. The driver gave undivided attention to the road. He was always alert and attended strictly to the business of driving. Another type of driver will never exceed the 25-mile limit, yet he is a menace to the highways because he does not give his full attention to driving. He will gaze off into fields, store windows, etc., for 30 seconds to a minute at a stretch, fully unconscious as to where he is guiding the car. I recently witnessed a slight accident where a driver of a car ran into the rear of another car due to the fact that he was much more interested in the conversation with a passenger than he was in his driving.

Helpful Pointers

Firing Order

A four-cylinder motor has two possible firing orders, viz., 1-2-4-3 and 1-3-4-2. In case the owner does not know the firing order of his four-cylinder motor and should desire to determine it he should proceed as follows:

Using the hand crank, turn over the motor slowly until the intake valve for No. 1 cylinder opens. Continue to turn the motor until the valve closes and then take notice whether the intake valve for the No. 2 or No. 3 cylinder is the next to open. If the No. 2 intake valve opens after No. 1 then the firing order is 1-2-4-3, but if No. 3 intake valve opens after No. 1 then the motor will fire 1-3-4-2. The principle is that the No. 2 piston must draw in gas while No. 1 compresses and No. 2 must compress while No. 1 fires in order to fire 1-2-4-3. On the other hand, if the firing order was 1-3-4-2, the No. 3 intake valve would open after No. 1 as this cylinder must suction while No. 1 compresses, and No. 3 would compress while No. 1 fired.

Cylinder Head Types

A motor is said to be of the T head type when the intake valves are on one side of the cylinders and the exhaust valves on the other side.

The L head type has all valves (intake and exhaust) on the same side of the cylinders.

A motor is classified as the I head type when the exhaust and intake valves are placed in the head.

Some motors have the intake valve in the head and the exhaust valve on the side of the cylinder. There seems to be a difference in opinion as to how this motor should be classed. Some engineers refer to it as a modified L arrangement, others as the L and I head, while there are still others who call it the F head type.

Kerosene for Cooling Radiator

As cold weather approaches, the owner's thought naturally runs towards using a fluid in the cooling system which will not freeze. Frequently I hear of people using kerosene for this purpose. While kerosene will not freeze, there are several objections against its adoption for this purpose. First, it gives off a disagreeable odor and causes a greasy film to be deposited on the car. Next, it has a low vaporization point and will readily cause overheating on mild days. Kerosene also attacks the rubber hose connections, causing leaks, etc.

Motor Knocks

Several conditions are possible with a motor which would produce knocks of different sounds. The experienced mechanic soon recognizes the different sounds so that he becomes almost certain which part or assembly needs adjustment.

A carbon knock is very pronounced and is comparable to the sound produced by striking a piece of steel with a small hammer. This knock usually becomes noticeable when operating on up-grades or upon sudden opening of the throttle.

When the lower bearing of a connecting rod becomes loose it will produce a knock that is distinct when running the motor at an idling speed or upon sudden closing of the throttle when the motor is operating at a fairly fast rate of speed. The sound is dull yet very distinct.

Carrying the spark too far advanced causes combustion to take place in the cylinders too early and the sound is comparable to heavy pounding.

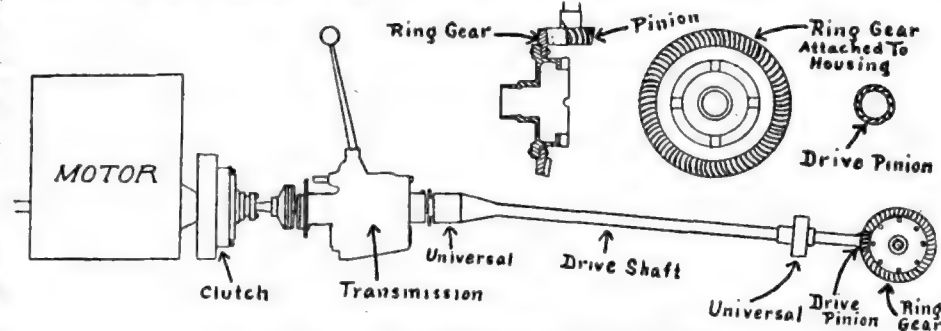
A loose-fitting piston slaps against the sides of the cylinder walls and causes a rattle. Quick acceleration will cause a piston to slap if it is loose.

Warning Signs

During my trip East I was much interested in signs painted in large block letters on the pavement of some cities. Two of which I remember well, which reminded the driver to drive slowly, are "Drive slowly and see our city, drive fast and see our judge." "Do your darndest, we only charge \$1 per mile."

Final Drive Ratio

In all stock cars when operating on high gear, the engine turns over three, four or sometimes five times to the rear wheels once. The expression "direct drive" on high is frequently heard but this does not mean that the rear wheels revolve once for each turn over of the engine. It does mean that the gear ratios in the transmission are not used and that the engine is directly coupled to the rear axle. The difference in revolutions between the engine and rear wheels is obtained by using rear axle gears (drive pinion and ring gear) having different number of teeth. For example, the drive pinion is driven at engine



THIS DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATES FINAL DRIVE RATIO.

speed or, in other words, makes the same number of revolutions as the engine. If the drive pinion has 18 teeth and the ring gear 54 teeth it is but a simple matter of mathematics to understand that the pinion must revolve three times in order to turn the ring gear one complete revolution. This ratio would be three to one on high. If the pinion had 12 teeth and the ring gear 60 teeth then the pinion would make five complete turns to each revolution of the ring gear and the ratio would be five to one. In like manner, when the number of teeth in the pinion and ring gear are known, it is a simple matter to figure out how many times the engine turns over to each revolution of the rear wheels when operating on direct drive which is usually "high gear."

Backing Out

Don't be in too big a hurry when backing the car out of the garage, especially if there are youngsters around. It is only natural for a little tot to run behind or near the car when the garage doors are open and inasmuch as the driver cannot see directly behind the car, there is danger of knocking the tot down or running over him. It is always time well spent to look around and under the car before backing it out.

Misfiring

When the motor suddenly misfires, the driver should first determine whether the miss is regular or intermittent. If regular, it is probable that a spark-plug has sooted or broken. There is also a chance that a valve has stuck open or a high-tension wire becoming disconnected at the plug or distributor. However, the most common cause is a defective spark-plug.

If the misfiring is intermittent the trouble might be due to a spark-plug that does not fire at all times or to a valve that has a tendency to occasionally stick open. A loose wiring connection will also cause an intermittent miss.

If a valve sticks in its guide kerosene squirted down the stem will usually loosen the gummed substance that is causing the trouble.

Essentials

When the car stops dead on the road, remember that there are two essentials to its operation: First, the motor must have gasoline; second, there must be a spark in each cylinder to fire the charges.

Speed Duty

From time to time inquiries have been received relative to obtaining speed from cars that have been converted into racy types. The Ford car seems to be very popular with owners who desire to bring about this end. The standard rear axle ratio for this make of car is three and seven-eighths to one. For use on the roads in a section of the country that is not hilly a three to one ratio will usually give the desired result. This ratio should place the owner in the 50-mile-an-hour class with throttle wide open. Again, there are owners who desire to place their made-over mounts on the dirt tracks, for which there is the two and three-fourths to one ratio. This ratio should produce all the thrills sought.

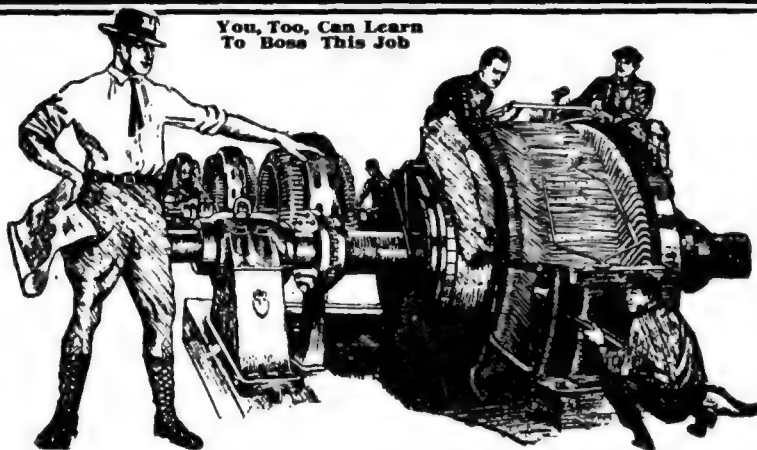
Owners who contemplate racing should not be disillusioned by believing that a change in gear ratio will make their mounts ready for racing action. In order to obtain endurance the pistons should be given increased clearance, the oiling system altered and it has become common practice to install a cylinder head with 16 valves. There are several matters which would need attention before the car could be expected to stand up in racing service; but for those who desire the occasional burst of speed on the road the change in gear ratio will work wonders. There are several accessory houses advertising different gear ratios for this make of car.

We Are Right

In this country and Canada all traffic keeps to the right-hand side of the road. In England all traffic keeps to the left.

Answers to Correspondents

FORD PISTON RINGS.—Please answer the following questions: (1) What is the proper clearance of Ford piston rings? (2) Does it make any difference which



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side up a ring is put in, and if so will it pump oil if wrong side up? (3) What could cause one rear wheel of my 1914 model Ford to stop turning for a couple of seconds and then go again? I was running in high gear when this happened, and a few days later the hub twisted off. Was that the cause? (4) Are the Ford cylinders the same size top and bottom?

W. V. Jr., Judson, N. Dak.
A.—I am informed by a person who specializes on repair work for cars of your make that the top ring should have a gap clearance of .004 to .008 inch, the center ring approximately .012 inch and the bottom oil ring about .016 inch. This is measured by first placing the piston without rings in the cylinder. A ring is then pushed into the cylinder and the piston pulled back so that it forces the ring into a true position in the cylinder. A thickness gauge is then used to measure the gap. Yes, it is possible to install a standard Ford ring so that it will not give the proper results. For example, the Ford ring is produced with a taper of approximately .002 so that the ring bears on its lower edge and scrapes back any excess oil. You will realize that were the rings installed in the wrong direction there would be a tendency for them to pump oil up into the cylinders rather than away from them. If you will examine the ring closely, believe you will notice a punch mark on the top edge on the inside. This mark indicates which is the proper side of the ring to have up. If I remember correctly, the earlier type rings had a mark resembling one made by a file. The Ford cylinder has a three and three-fourths inch bore. It is beyond me to explain the cause for the locking of one rear wheel without having the opportunity to inspect your car. If I understand the condition properly, your car was running along smoothly when suddenly one of your rear wheels locked tightly. If I have the proper understanding, then I would suggest removal of the rear axle and examination of the differential to determine if there was any derangement at that point.

ENGINE KNOCKS IN HIGH GEAR.—My 1920 model Ford, which has been run about 2,500 miles, has developed an engine knock when going up grade in high. Kindly tell me the cause of the trouble.

R. M. D., Evansville, Ark.
A.—I would suggest removal of the cylinder head and cleaning the carbon from head and pistons. Carbon knocks are pronounced when operating on grades or upon sudden opening of throttle. Usually retarding the spark will eliminate the knock.

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30 x 3	6.95	10.95	32 x 4 1/2	12.95
30 x 3 1/2	7.95	12.95	33 x 4 1/2	13.45
32 x 3 1/2	9.25	14.95	34 x 4 1/2	13.95
31 x 4	10.45	16.75	35 x 4 1/2	14.45
32 x 4	11.85	17.95	35 x 5	16.45
33 x 4	12.85	18.75	37 x 5	16.95
			38 x 5	20.50

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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Egg Organs

I AM asked so frequently why hens lay soft-shelled eggs with blood specks in them, eggs that are odd shaped, etc., that I am going to give our readers an explanation of the formation and process of producing eggs, and some of the causes of the abnormal results which surprise amateur poultry keepers from time to time.

Anyone, upon opening after death the body of a hen, will find a cluster of eggs in formation much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovary. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pinhead to the full-sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and thus keeping up the supply of eggs which she lays.

These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading to a passage called the oviduct, this organ in the hen being from 22 to 26 inches long.

During the passage of the egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick, glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords, of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chalazas, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation.

It is during the passage of the egg through the lower portion of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. This, in newly-laid eggs, is a mere speck, and is that portion which shows the results of the evaporation previously referred to. This speck of air space becomes daily larger as the egg becomes older, and is frequently equal to one-quarter of the entire egg. This egg chamber, if perforated with the finest needle, will prevent the egg from hatching.

When the egg is advanced more than half way down the oviduct, it is still destitute of a shell, which begins to be formed by a process of secretion, and, when about completed, the various shades of brown and tinted coloring matter are imparted in those breeds in which colored eggs are peculiar. When the shell and coloring are complete, the egg continues to advance along the oviduct, till the hen goes to the nest and lays it.

Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and if such is too stimulating, or given in excess quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. The ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosity.

A further result of stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess in one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop in separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell-forming material but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering.

Crooked eggs are no uncommon thing in the poultry yard, and are attributable as follows: Twenty-four hours are usually sufficient for the formation of a perfect shell, but when by stimulation a second ovum falls close on its predecessor, reaching it before laid, the second egg, which up to this time is soft and lying against the hard one, becomes covered with a shell, and when laid presents a flat or crooked side, the result of its position against the hard one.

To overfeeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which, contracting in front of the perfectly-formed egg, instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. Other abnormalities are occasionally seen, and particularly in the smaller poultry yards. Sometimes when the ova are nearly exhausted by continuous laying, the secreting organs may be the most active, which results in small marble-sized but perfect-looking eggs, which are merely a portion of albumen. Such "eggs," when laid, have the peculiarity of never having been at any stage attached to the ovary, but are a product only of the oviduct.

To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned. In rotten new-laid eggs, this doing a not unfrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an added condition. To other causes, but principally in the way of color. A hen which lays one almost black, and on rare occasions produces are rough, waxy, corrugated or otherwise irregular. There are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing un-

usual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and again, possibly the result of overfeeding.

Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs, should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

But to return to the ever-in-demand fresh egg. It must be of good size, uniform in color and have a strong shell. To get these qualities, the birds must be all of one variety, for a mixed flock will produce eggs of all shades between white and brown. To be sure of having a good supply during early winter, the hens must have been hatched the preceding spring. Size and weight depend first on the breed; secondly, on the feed and care the birds receive.

In the wholesale market of New York, the white-shelled egg brings the highest price; in Boston the dark-shelled egg is favored, but for the first-class private trade there seems very little distinction, except in the case of people who have traveled much in Europe, and they always prefer the brown shells. So you see locality and the class of customer to which you are likely to cater should decide what breed will be the most profitable. Leghorns and Anconas are the best layers in the white-shelled class; Wyandottes and Orpingtons for the brown shells. They must have good houses and plenty of room, especially in the scratching shed, for hens that are expected to produce eggs during the winter must have a big open-air shed which communicates with the roosting house, so that they can get into the fresh air and exercise without getting their feet wet and cold. The shed should face south, be boarded up at the back and ends, and have a good roof, and the front covered with wire netting, with muslin curtains to be let down during periods of driving rain or snow.

The floor should be covered to a depth of ten or twelve inches with chopped straw or dry leaves. Many people think that anything will do for litter, as it is only for the birds to scratch in, but experienced poultrymen know that dusty or moldy scratching material on the floor of the house is a terrible menace, for it harbors germs which are most dangerous to the life of the birds, so always be extremely careful that the litter and hay, or whatever is used in the nest boxes, is dry and sweet and clean, for the shell is porous, and if laid on dusty material the flavor is spoiled.

To produce eggs during the winter, when shut into close quarters, hens must have animal and green vegetable food, or they won't produce eggs, no matter how much grain is given them.

Really hard and sharp grit, oystershell and water are just as essential. And remember that oystershell, lime and plaster do not take the place of grit, which is necessary for the digestion and assimilation of grain.

Male birds are not to be allowed with the flock of hens being kept specially for market eggs. The hens produce better without them, and sterile eggs keep much longer, and are much to be preferred for table use.

How many eggs can one expect from a hen? This is a perfectly fair question, and one upon which almost everyone starts his figuring, when thinking about getting a flock of chickens. The average good hen should produce in a year around one hundred eggs. The average production for hens on farms in general is not that much, and on the other hand on good poultry farms it exceeds that figure considerably. But under average conditions one hundred eggs is a fair number to expect from a hen. Put your expectations between ten and twelve dozen, but do not criticize her too severely if she does not go far over a hundred, for the chances will be that she was not to blame. Taking the price of eggs quoted above, for August first or thereabouts, and the value of one egg is over four cents. The retail price at the store for that same egg is nearer five cents or more. One hen ought to give you, if you do your share, nearly from three and a half to five dollars' worth of eggs. Supposing that you figure on ten hens or even twenty? Then for safety's sake figure that three or four of those hens do not prove more than half as good as the others. You still have a lot of eggs to count on.

How much will it cost to keep a hen? Again, a fair question, and one upon the answer to which much depends. Under normal grain prices it usually costs a poultry raiser something in the neighborhood of one dollar and seventy-five cents a year to feed one hen. But it must be remembered that he feeds her with a grain ration and table scraps form but a small portion of the feed item, if they figure in it at all. He must buy the greater part of that grain. For the small flock concerning which this article relates, the use of waste table scraps will cost nothing, and in fact

be a saving. Some grain and some mash may be fed with benefit and profit, but the majority of food for such flocks will come from the kitchen. Under such conditions, with even the prevailing high grain prices, the cost of feeding a hen would not come up to the average on a poultry farm. The cost of keeping her, even though it did equal the market value of her eggs, would and should not prohibit her from appearing for the advancement of having fresh eggs at all times would counterbalance.



AN OLD SUBSCRIBER OF COMFORT WHOSE FLOCK OF MINORCAS KEEP HER BUSY SHIPPING EGGS THROUGH THE WINTER.

First, the egg should be infertile and quite fresh. Don't use eggs from "stolen" nests, or any without testing them. Candling is the safest way of testing them. Do this in a darkened room, lamp, lantern, electric bulb or any other light into a box. Have a hole in the box smaller than an egg and directly opposite the light. The

Keeping Eggs for Winter Use

box should also have a hole at the top to let the heat and smoke. Hold the egg with the large end up, the lighted hole. If the egg is perfectly fresh, good, it will look clear, its yolk but faintly lined. The air space will be hardly visible, one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. If this air space is larger, with a more watery, it means the egg is stale or becoming watery. Any small, dark spots that are usually blood clots. If heat or any other cause has been doing its work, large dark spots, rings or shadows will appear. A very black egg with a fixed air space is a sign of a well-developed chick. When dark and a large air space showing a movable lower part has become that old-time famous political egg—a rotten egg.

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Hold the egg with the large end up, the lighted hole. If the egg is perfectly fresh, good, it will look clear, its yolk but faintly lined. The air space will be hardly visible, one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. If this air space is larger, with a more watery, it means the egg is stale or becoming watery. Any small, dark spots that are usually blood clots. If heat or any other cause has been doing its work, large dark spots, rings or shadows will appear. A very black egg with a fixed air space is a sign of a well-developed chick. When dark and a large air space showing a movable lower part has become that old-time famous political egg—a rotten egg.



Photo by Harry F. Blanchard
THE MINORCA LAYS LARGE WHITE EGGS—PLENTY OF THEM.

Keep the nests clean, and gather eggs every day to prevent the shell being soiled. Washing in soapy water is injurious, for it removes substance which fills the pores of the shell, protects the egg from germs. Should you have slightly soiled, cloth dampened with water, remove the stains without injury. But if very dirty, don't try to preserve it. It is unnecessary to say that a cracked egg is not for packing.

The question of a container comes next. It must be an earthenware or stone crock or jar, won't leak or rust or taste—it keeps the eggs in fine condition.

A five-gallon crock will hold fifteen dozen. Clean it thoroughly, scald and dry. Put a quart of water that has been boiled and cooled. Add one quart of sodium bicarbonate, stir well together. Set the eggs carefully in the crock. If you have not enough to fill it, put them in from time to time. The solution always covers them by two inches. The crock with a tight lid of waxed paper, down, and set in a cool dry place.

Carefully selected eggs laid down in this way will keep from six to twelve months. The authorities admit that they are likely to deteriorate a little after the sixth month. We are sure that for that length of time they are good enough to serve in any form. But if you want them, they will crack because of the expansion of the air within them. To avoid this, push the large end with a pin before putting them into the water.

Waterglass solution should not be used, and time unless it has kept quite clear and free from odor and thick sediment.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, through the columns of this department. Write Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Send him your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

H. L. L.—Even though you say, "very few have bowel trouble," I am sure the deaths were caused by white diarrhea, and as accounts of heavy losses this disease have been coming to me from all parts of the country, I am going to answer your letter with feeling sure that a full discussion of the disease will help many of our readers.

The earliest deaths may occur within a very short time after hatching, without any prominent symptoms excepting, perhaps, weakness and lack of vitality. A characteristic whitish discharge from the vent makes its appearance in the flock, the time depending, without doubt, upon the virulence of the organism of the mode of infection. The discharge may be sticky, profuse, in color white or creamy, sometimes tinged with brown. The voided matter has a more or less sticky or glairy character. It may simply stick to the bottom below the vent or may cling to the downy feathers, in quantity to seal up the vent. This condition that poultrymen designate as "pasting the hind." This latter condition, however, is not necessarily indicative of white diarrhea.

The chicks soon become listless and sleep, and to huddle together and remain under the downy cover of the time. They seem to lose appetite and do not move much. Frequently when they attempt to rise, their action is more or less mechanical. The wings begin to droop or project slightly from the body, feathers become matted. In acute cases the eyes are closed, and the chicks become indifferent to everything that goes about them. Many of the chicks peep at first, but the sound being shrill or weak, and the strength of the individual. Frequently the chicks are endeavoring to void the excreta the chicks utter a twitter, apparently a cry of pain. The breathing is labored, the abdomen heaving with each breath. Occasionally one may note a certain amount of kicking or gaping.

During the progress of the disease the chicks are suddenly while still fairly strong. When the disease is prolonged the chicks gradually waste away, becoming weaker and weaker until they are unable to support their own weight. In this stage the chicks are seen to rest against foreign objects for support, standing with legs braced apart, squatting or utterly helpless.

Frequently the chicks take on the appearance which poultrymen call "short backed." The backs are shortened and the abdomen to protrude out of proportion, causing the chicks to look "stuffy," as compared with one of normal development. This condition would accurately describe as follows:

"The weakling is almost always badly belted, the abdomen protruding to the rear so that it huddles behind, well out of line with the vent, with the legs that the chick looks as if the tail-pieces and legs had been pushed forward and in just above the vent. With few exceptions, the deaths from white diarrhea occur while the chicks are about a month of age. After this a few stragglers may be expected, and if complications set in, a high mortality may be observed. The chicks which have bacterial white diarrhea seem to be greatly weakened in constitution, and fall on a easy prey to disease, which would be resisted easily by normal chicks. Those which survive remain more or less stunted in their development. Frequently they are covered with long beaks and "crow heads" and are weak and lacking in vitality. This condition may persist indefinitely, or the bird may slowly regain strength and vitality and finally make satisfactory development."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



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Wool Embroidered Set (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

wool. The attractive little hat will be becoming to the average woman on account of its simplicity and the possibility of being able to wear it different ways.

The embroidery on both the band of this and the scarf ends is of the simplest stitches, the brown wool being used to darn it, the background, the copper for the long running stitches on the edge and the blue chenille for the scrolls. The tassels which finish the ends are a combination of the three colors.

The scarf, which is 12x60 inches, is lined throughout with blue silk matching the chenille.

The hat is a three-inch embroidered band stretched over a buckram foundation, with a tam-o'-shanter crown measuring 14-16 inches.

Effective Scarf Set

Old blue and grey form a partnership which works up charmingly as shown in Fig. 7. For this one may use any soft wool material, one and one-half by one-half yards being needed for the scarf. One ball each of blue brush wool and grey silk mixture.

Turn narrow hems and buttonhole edges of scarf with blue, run three shirrings in each end, an inch apart, and draw up to about six inches.

With blue wool work 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1 across end, turn with ch 4, 1 d c on each d c with ch 1 between. Repeat, making 10 rows.

Flowers of Grey Wool

Ch 4, join 1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c, repeat four times in ring, ch 10. Two more flowers, finishing with chs 15 and 20. Arrange as shown. Fringe is of blue and grey wool, five and one-half inches deep.

The hat is of blue brush wool, made the same as Fig. 2, only with deeper unwired roll brim. Side trim is of three grey flowers same as on scarf.

Knitted Set

Materials, three balls camel-hair yarn, two brown silk mixture, one pair No. 5 needles, one amber crochet hook.

With tan yarn cast 50 stitches on needles. K six inches, one rib (2 rows) brown, one rib tan, repeat until 11 or more brown ribs are completed.

Join in tan, K until scarf measures 32 inches before repeating border. Finish with five-inch fringe.

Round Hat

Divide one ball brown and wind into two balls. The crown is crocheted by working singles over two strands of brown wool.

With undivided ball of brown, begin by ch 3, join in ring. Hold two strands close to ring and work 8 s c in ring.

2nd row—Over the two strands work 2 s c, working under two loops of each stitch.

3rd row—2 s c in 1st st, 1 s c in each next 2 sts, 2 s c in 4th st, repeat.

4th row—Increase in every 4th st.

Now increase only six times in each round and never in the same place, gradually bowing the crown in, or making it bowl shaped.

When it measures eight inches in diameter, work without increasing. In last few rows draw strands in to make head size measure about 23 inches or the right size. This should be small, however, as these woolen hats all stretch with wear.

The brim is knitted of the tan yarn, the upper edge finished with a few ribs of brown to match the scarf. This is made in one piece and neatly joined. To find number of stitches required, count stitches in scarf to an inch; if five or six, multiply size of crown by this number. For example: a 23-inch crown, five stitches to inch gives 115 stitches to be cast on for brim.

Card Table Cover

An attractive cover is sure to prove a suitable gift for any friend who enjoys a social game of bridge.

A yard of black sateen or a square of unbleached cloth may be used as one prefers. The black, bound with a narrow gold braid, with black tassels at the corners, makes a very handsome cloth.

The spots, a heart, diamond, spade and club, are of red sateen applied neatly one in each corner as shown.

If unbleached is used, these decorations may be solidly cross-stitched, and an initial or monogram in cross-stitching added to the center of the cloth. Roll the edge and overcast all around, then reverse, working in the opposite direction.

Cloths are both square or have cut corners measuring 12 inches, but in either case tapes are at each side of the corners as shown in the illustration, to tie around the table legs to keep the cloth smooth and prevent slipping.

Card cases neatly made are also simple little gifts which cost but a trifle. They may be made up to match a cover, or of chamois which is especially suitable for the purpose and will stand wear. The double case measures 6½x14½ inches. Outline the symbols first, then form the pockets by either binding or cross-stitching the edges together.

The single case is made the right size for one packet of cards, in similar fashion to the one described, with the exception of the flap which extends half way over the front and buttons down.

For either case, black, dark blue or red is desirable on a chamois or unbleached background and red on a black satin case.

Sofa Pillows That Are Different (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

simplest stitches, or an applique cut from cretonne or silk, supply just the needed amount of decoration.

A restful pillow, effective in its simplicity, is shown in the square model, No. 3. Soft tan poplin or any plain material, banded off with dull gold braid, is exceedingly rich in appearance and not expensive.

This idea is a very good one for easily securing a decorative effect without much work. In carrying it out, however, one should remember that it can only be successfully applied to a large pillow (24 or 28 inches) or the whole up too much to be attractive.

The wreath surrounding initials or a monogram make the design pleasingly personal.

Fascinating little round gingham pillows, trimmed up with a touch of applique, are also very popular.

A rather small check is pretty, using the prevailing color in plain goods for the back, ruffle and floral decorations.

For a 16-inch pillow one will need a half yard of checked gingham and one and one-half yard of plain. Cut a 16-inch circle of each material, and plan for a five-inch ruffle. Turn edge, baste and buttonhole-stitch this with black mercerized floss.

The edges of the flowers are worked in the same way, the green leaves being invisibly felled down.

Seam the two circles and the ruffle together, leaving a small opening for inserting the pillow which can afterwards be finished by hand.

No. 5 gives but a hint of the beauty of a long roll pillow.

Anyone fortunate enough to possess an old black tuffeta skirt may make a really stunning one, with very little expense.

As the covering is felled, it may be in three pieces, each about 12x50 inches.

If one has bands of anything suitable to cover the seaming, sew the three pieces together and run in a shirring string each side of the seam. Otherwise, join the end pieces over the center piece with inch ruffles. Seam up lengthwise and slip on the pillow. Cover four-inch circles of cardboard with silk, shirr in the ends and sew to the circles. Finish the center of each with a full tassel.

For a filling a square pillow may be simply rolled up and the ends fastened securely.

Wool embroidered butterflies give character to the oblong pillow of tan linene, No. 6. These are filled with shots of brilliant color, which stand out vividly against the wood-brown band of coarse burlap which encircles the center of the pillow. The edges of this band are laid flat and closely covered with buttonholing of soft green wool, while the sides of the pillow are finished with wool buttonholing in brown.

The size is 16x22 inches, the center band being nine inches wide.

No. 7 is an especially dainty white linen boudoir pillow, embroidered with rambler roses and loops of blue ribbon.

The roses are of two shades of pink, the deeper being worked in the center and lighter around it.

These are built up and stand out as is shown in the illustration. The work is simply round and round the stitches, commence overlapping in sort of a continuous outline stitch as illustrated in the detail drawing.

The ribbon may be outlined or worked solidly in over and over (satin) stitch as one prefers.

The silk pillow, No. 8, has a most dignified decoration which is the result of combining bits of silk and velvet into bands of conventional apples and leaves, the whole making a most harmonious effect against the plain silk background.

This idea might be used on a pillow of any size quite as effectively.

For the little leaves one will need a number of two and one-half inch squares. Fold into triangles and run a gathering thread along the two square sides. Draw up and sew in place with the leaves well overlapping each other and running from the center of each side towards the edges of the pillow.

Finish the centers with three bright apples, using three-inch circles of silk, gathered up and filled with cotton batting.

A large French knot placed a bit to the center of each apple is a great addition.

No. 9 illustrates a new and decidedly novel idea for the top of a round pillow. Either silk or cotton goods may be used for the pillow, and fine silk cord or cotton perle No. 3 for the web.

After planning the size of the pillow, cut off 15 or more pieces of cord long enough to more than cross the top. Tie them all together in the center. Next knot each cord to the one before it as close to the center as possible.

An inch from these knots make a round of knots with an extra piece of cord, join the ends of this and cut. Arrange the web now, having some threads nearer to each other than others, as shown. About two inches from the last round make another round of knots. Knot in the balance of the web more or less unevenly to make it more realistic. This can easily be accomplished by twisting a cord around a strand of the web several times after making a knot, so that the next line across will not be directly opposite the last one.

The spider is in outline, the top and bottom of the pillow are faced together with the cord and finished with small tassels.

Many other ideas will suggest themselves in looking over materials which could be utilized, as the fad for applique designs gives one a wonderful opportunity to use even the tiniest bits of materials of all kinds.

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: Address of J. H. Allen, formerly of 1008 Belmont Ave., Portland, Ore., or his book, "Judith's Ellyjay, Georgia."

Anyone knowing of, or the whereabouts of, Mrs. Josephine Frazier (or Mrs. Dan Frazier), last known of in northern Oregon or southern Washington; mother of Mrs. Hattie Hill, Gresham, R. E. A. Ore.

Information wanted of Harry Sanford Napier, last heard of at Spokane, Wash. Address, Mrs. Julia Penrod, Oak Hill, Box 116, W. Va.

Mary Flavin, or Flavian, age 31, daughter of Peter and Margaret Flavin, wishes to locate half-sister and two brothers who went West years ago. Mrs. H. J. Tolbert or family, kindly write to Mrs. Susie Snell, Paris, R. E. A. Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. K. D. Sutton, last heard of in New York, please write Miss L. G. Sublette, Taxton, Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the father of Molly Vance or any of her kin, last heard of in Green County, Ky., in 1869 or 1870, please notify her daughter, Jennie B. Kelling, Sedgewick, Star Route, Box 24, Arkansas.

Mrs. Harry Ley, Arcadia, R. E. A. Box 100 A, heard of in El Paso, Ark.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Wee Baby Girl

BY CLARA MIERLM.

Wee baby girl, we love you so,
You're sweeter than all the flowers that grow,
You gurgle and kick and laugh and coo,
What do you mean, when you say 'good-bye'?
Where did you get those sparkling eyes?
They're brighter than any sunshiny skies.
What do you dream, when you smile in your sleep?
When dear little fairies their vigils keep?
Are they weaving for you a wonderful spell?
A happy future where all is well—
Where life is just one perfect song,
And you're happy, dear, as the day is long?

Wee baby girl, very soon you will walk,
Then by and by you'll begin to talk;
And life, which should be one perfect song,
With its worries and cares will pure and long,
May God keep your heart ever true and bright,
To always do what you know is right,
For there's many a dreary and weary load
As you wander along life's varied road,
You'd grow no older day by day,
But stay, the sweetest thing that trod,
A baby, fresh from the hands of God.

—Detroit News.

In a Friendly Sort o' Way

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethern, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It make a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good word, after all,
An' a good word must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Sent in by Portland, Ore., Subscriber.

Break, Break, Break

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Sent in by A. F. T.

\$ Sale on CHINESE Good Luck Rings

FROM THE DEPTHS OF CHINA comes the emblem of Good Luck. Hundreds will find of its almost uncanny power to bring business, health and good fortune to the wearer.

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1 Gold (Allied) \$1.00	1c	1c
2 Gold (Allied) \$2.00	1c	1c
3 Gold (Allied) \$3.00	1c	1c
4 Gold (Allied) \$4.00	1c	1c
5 Gold (Allied) \$5.00	1c	1c
6 Gold (Allied) \$6.00	1c	1c
7 Gold (Allied) \$7.00	1c	1c
8 Gold (Allied) \$8.00	1c	1c
9 Gold (Allied) \$9.00	1c	1c
10 Gold (Allied) \$10.00	1c	1c

Order today for yourself and a friend for only 1c more than the regular price of one ring. Make the gift. Order Lady's Luck's Good Luck Ring to fit any finger. Satisfaction guaranteed 10 days. Mail your order today before it is too late.

Laura Lee Co., 902 Henn. Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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ROYAL SALES CO., Box 703, South Norwalk, Conn.

MAKE MONEY'S AT HOME

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AGENTS WANTED
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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

handed in the cellar, keeping them cool and dark until they are needed then bringing them out where they will get some sunlight.

Hog Killing Tips

Hog killing day on the farm usually means hustle, hustle, with a lot of things done in a rush that should have been done in advance in preparation for the big fall event. For instance, all the necessary tools can be laid out the day before. These include an eight-inch sticking knife—that, no doubt, will need sharpening; a cleaver, a cutting knife that also may need a good edge, gambrels of a couple of sizes, meat saw, scrapers, sharpening steel, hooks, rope, perhaps a block and tackle, and a meat chopper for the "missus."

A hoisting device will do away with the back-breaking job of handling heavy carcasses as they are lifted and plunged into the scalding vat. A block and tackle attached to an overhead beam, a scraping table made of strong planks set waist high, and a barrel tilted at about a 45-degree angle—these three combine to lift a lot of the burdens of hog killing day. And by all means have a thermometer at hand. It will save a lot of guesswork and labor, too. Keep the water in the scalding barrel as near to 155 degrees as possible, for at this temperature it will do the best work. Cooler water will not loosen the bristles quickly and evenly; water at 160 degrees or over "sets" the bristles and may even cook the skin of young shoats. The result of water that is too hot is a lot more scraping, patchy work, and even skinned or peeled carcasses that are unwelcome at home or on the dressed meat market.

To make the skin of hams and bacon clean and white, throw a handful of wood ashes into the scalding water. This practice also aids in removing the scurf. Keep the carcass agitated throughout the time it is in the scalding barrel. When the hair will come off the legs and flanks easily, it is ready to pull onto the scraping table. In very cold weather it is sometimes best to cover the carcass with wet burlap sacks, uncovering only as scraping proceeds.

Use Care in Opening Silo

Care is always important in opening the silo. First see that all moldy silage—and there always is some on the top, no matter how careful we are—is removed. By this we do not mean that it should be thrown out into the barnyard or upon the manure pile. Put it where it will not serve as a temptation for horses or cattle that will be sure to find it if it is thrown out within their reach. Some farmers save it to scatter in the chicken house, which is perhaps the safest and best plan.

Silage poisoning is particularly common among horses, and is not uncommon among cattle that have not been fed silage to the knowledge of their owner. Most of these cases can be traced to old, moldy silage that has been carelessly thrown out of the silo. Good silage has a peculiar acid

smell, and the leaves are never decomposed. Beware of silage that has a musty odor, or that contains leaves that are brownish, slimy and easily crushed up into a greasy mass. The chances are that this silage will give trouble. Better waste a little and be on the safe side.

Remember that silage is more loosely packed at the top of the silo than it is as you go further down. For this reason it will spoil more quickly, as the air gets into it with ease. Many farmers keep a few short lengths of heavy plank in the silo until some 10 feet or so have been fed off, the weight of these planks serving to pack the silage between feedings. And while the silage level is still high in the silo is the right time to see that the roof is secure and tight all around. If this is neglected until midwinter, a leak or crack is difficult to reach from the inside, and is quite likely to go unattended throughout the year. Of course the condition of the silage suffers as a consequence.

Liquid Spray Beats Dust Spray

In extensive experiments just recently completed in Ohio, spraying was found to give good results as a means of controlling tipburn and hopperburn of potatoes. Work was carried out in nine counties. Out of 53 spraying demonstrations, in which home-made Bordeaux mixture was used, in only two instances did the sprayed plants fail to outyield those untreated. Many of the increases were from 30 to 35 bushels better than those of the unsprayed fields, and in one case the sprayed field yielded at a rate of 82 bushels, or 76 per cent. more than adjoining unsprayed fields. Surprisingly good results were secured with only two or three sprayings, provided the applications were thorough. Dusting results were by no means so satisfactory as those secured with liquid spray.

Of the early varieties, Early Triumph proved to be the most susceptible to hopperburn, even the sprayed rows suffering extensively. For this reason it appears that this variety cannot profitably be raised in seasons when the leaf hoppers are numerous. Early Ohio was quite susceptible, but it gave good results in favor of the spraying. Irish Cobbler was the least susceptible of the early varieties. Of the late varieties, Rural New Yorker showed marked susceptibility, while the Russet Rural was much more resistant. Varieties of the Green Mountain type seemed to endure the trouble much better, remaining green when other sorts were brown and dead. Fourteen varieties in all were tested, the spraying proving well in all cases except the Early Triumphs.

Common Salt Improves Sugar Beets

Several sets of field and laboratory studies of the influence of common salt on the growth, quality and water utilization of sugar beets as compared with pure sodium chloride, Glauber salt, sodium nitrate and calcium chloride have recently been reported by experiment stations.

Common salt, and generally most sodium salts, increased the quantity and quality of the sugar beet crop on both light and heavy soils where only light potash applications had been made and heavy sodium fertilization was practiced. Glauber salt and sodium nitrate gave better results than calcium chloride. This is taken to indicate that it is the sodium of the common salt and not the chlorine which favorably influence the growth of crops.

It was found that the sodium reduced evaporation and increased the water-holding power of the soil. It is also thought that through an exchange of bases it is capable of rendering certain relatively insoluble salts more available to plants. When sodium salts were used, the sodium was found almost exclusively in the leaves of the plants, where it apparently displaced a certain amount of potash. An increase in the sugar content of the beets also accompanied fertilization with sodium salts of the kinds tested.

Fall Fresheners Best

There are varying opinions as to the best time to have dairy cows freshen, but a careful study of the records of 10,870 cows in 64 testing associations scattered all over this country, recently published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, proves conclusively that cows dropping their calves in the fall produce more milk and butterfat.

On an average the cows that freshened in the fall months of September, October and November produced 6,689 pounds of milk; winter fresheners produced 6,439; summer, 5,941, and spring, 5,842. In spite of higher feeding cost, the fall fresheners made more income over and above feed cost, with winter fresheners second, spring third and summer fourth.

On a basis of individual months, however, the largest income over cost of feed was made by cows that freshened in December. October came a close second, November next, and January fourth. Cows that calved in October ranked first in both milk and butterfat production. Although the evidence gathered shows conclusively that fall or early winter freshening is desirable in most parts of the country, there are exceptions to the rule. For example, the dairyman who has a steady market for milk at a fair price during all seasons of the year will usually find it to his advantage to keep the supply fairly uniform from month to month. The percentage of cows that should freshen each month in the year will vary to some extent in different localities, and with the different farms in the same locality. At present in market milk districts there is usually a surplus of milk in the late spring and early summer, and more cows should be allowed to freshen in the fall. Therefore it will easily be seen that this matter can well be given close study by dairymen.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

CLOVER MILDEW.—I have read somewhere that clover mildew has never been known to be a pest on any farm I have some of it on my farm this year, as the leaves looked silvery or gray. Can this be fed to horses? Is there any way of getting rid of the trouble?

J. McG., Minn.
A.—According to plant pathologists, clover mildew cannot be eradicated. They advise careful curing to make the hay fit for feeding but discourage its use for horses as the hay is likely to be "mousy." It is not poisonous, however, and can safely be used for cattle. In the Mississippi valley, where the disease has been known for some time, it has been much more common during the past season, due, no doubt to the extremely wet spring. In dry seasons it is not likely to do serious damage, nor is it likely to become a dangerous menace to the valuable clover crop.

ABOUT BLUE-GRASS.—I should like to know more about blue-grass. You see, I had always thought that there was only one kind, the Kentucky blue-grass, but I have been told that there are two kinds. Is this the truth? For that reason, is it necessary to state what kind is wanted when I order from a seed house?

Mrs. J. T., Tenn.
A.—Yes, it is true that there is more than one kind of blue-grass. There are three kinds, for that matter, but only two are important. The commonest is the familiar Kentucky blue-grass; the second is called Canada blue-grass; the third is termed Texas blue-grass. Kentucky blue-grass is native to only three large regions in the United States, namely Kentucky, the Virginia, and the southwestern portion of Wisconsin, where limestone underlies a rich clay soil. It has, however, been widely distributed until now it is generally grown not only in all parts of this country but in other parts of the world as well. Canada blue-grass is more hardy than the Kentucky variety; therefore it does better in Northern climates, and particularly in New York State and Ontario. The Texas variety is little known outside of the state from which it derives its name and the adjoining state of Oklahoma. Yes, it would be best for you to state which variety you desire to purchase from the seed houses. Generally Kentucky blue-grass is supplied, but sometimes this and the Canada are mixed. Living in Tennessee, you want the Kentucky, for it is well suited to your locality.



My Paper

Every Trapper should read 'The Shubert Shipper' the trapper's friend and guide to satisfactory returns

Trapper Bill

FREE! TRAPPERS

HERE'S something for YOU, Mr. Trapper and Fur Shipper—something very important to YOU. Prices of raw furs are high this season, so get all the furs you can, BUT to get the most money for your furs, you must be accurately posted on market conditions and market prices. Make this your biggest season by reading "The Shubert Shipper" regularly. It costs you nothing—it's FREE—and it will make you many dollars. What is "The Shubert Shipper"? It's the greatest publication of its kind in the world. It not only quotes highest authentic market prices on all articles of American Raw Furs, but also contains market information that you cannot afford to be without.

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Without obligation send me "The Shubert Shipper" and keep me posted on Raw Fur Market conditions during the Fur Season of 1922-1923.

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SUGAR FROM DAHLIAS.—Recently I came across a statement which said that sugar was now being made from the roots of dahlias. Is there any truth to this, and if so are the common garden dahlias used? Where has this been tried out? Is the sugar the same as we get from beets or sugar cane? I am interested in new things always, and like to keep up with the times.

Mrs. M. V. S., Mo.
A.—It is true that sugar has been made from dahlia roots, but the work along this line is still in the experimental stage, though experiments conducted in Wisconsin indicate that it has real commercial possibilities. According to the experimenters, the biggest factor in its favor is the ease of growing the crop and the small expense attached; those who have had experience with sugar beets, and know intimately of the work and expense of thinning, weeding and harvesting, no doubt will be interested. All dahlia tubers are high in sugar content, but special sweet-rooted varieties are being developed in which the percentage of sugar is increased. When it is recalled that at present, after years of careful selection, sugar beets contain only about 10 per cent. of sugar, and that dahlias without special selection contain at least this amount, it is not to be wondered at if in time they will greatly surpass the beets. Another point in favor of dahlias is that they contain sugar in the tubers in storage; beets, on the other hand, soon rot in storage because their sugar is in the form of sucrose. This makes the handling season, and the period of storage for beets, very short, whereas dahlia tubers could be stored either on the farm or at the refinery for months with safety. Dahlia sugar can be used for all ordinary household uses. It is somewhat finer than Cuban sugar, and better crystallized than pulverized sugar. Its greatest use, however, will be for soda fountain preparations, a large hold in itself. Syrup made from dahlia sugar causes foaming, a very necessary factor in fountain use. This property is lacking in corn syrup, for instance, and therefore the latter has never been used with any degree of success. As to where the crop has been grown: Reports are few, but the best results seem to have come from the light sandy loam of the Lake States.

More Money in Trapping

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Insurance of success. Young trappers will do well to follow their examples—no ounce of foresight is worth a pound of hindsight.

There Will Be a Big Fur Crop This Winter

If your grain crop or stock raising has been poor during the past season, don't be discouraged because with the big improvement in the fur situation, trapping will again prove very profitable this winter. By going about the work systematically you can gather in your fur crop and make it pay you big returns.

Last year on account of the demoralized condition of the fur market and the low prices that prevailed for furs, very little trapping was done. This had the effect of causing the fur-bearing animals to greatly increase.

This season there will be a big crop of furs in almost every section. Prices on all kinds are going to be high enough to make trapping worth while.

The fur crop is an important crop—one that causes you neither effort nor expense to raise and yet a crop that produces for the farmers of the United States between twenty and twenty-five millions of dollars each year.

Do not overlook this important crop, especially if your finances are in such shape as to make this extra income needed or helpful.

Woman Trappers

Trapping is not so hard to learn as some may think. It may require a little time for the woman to become an expert in trapping; but an adequate proficiency can be acquired within a very short time and after that new knowledge rapidly and continuously comes to the trapperette with a corresponding increase in her skill. Many women have already shown the skill and ability of veteran trappers.

Perhaps the most appealing side of trapping to the woman is the real profit that lies therein. Men trappers consistently engaged at this activity have made a great deal of money. Women can do the same. Whether working in spare time or full time, the trapperette will find this easy work very remunerative—bringing unexpected returns both in money and in health. Here is a woman's chance to be genuinely useful in supplying this demand and be paid for her work.

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30x3 1/2	5.65	1.40	34x4 1/2	9.00	2.50
32x3 1/2	6.20	1.50	36x4 1/2	9.15	2.60
32x4	7.00	1.60	36x4 1/2	9.35	2.70
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32x4 1/2	7.70	2.15	36x5 1/2	9.85	2.90

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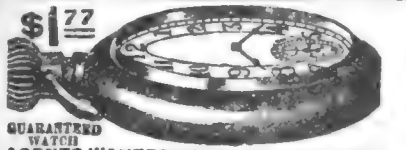
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Bloat in Sheep

A SUCCESSFUL treatment for bloat in sheep is suggested by shepherds in New Zealand and Australia. The formula is as follows: Coleman's mustard, 16 ounces; bicarbonate of soda, seven ounces; ground ginger root, two ounces. Mix thoroughly and keep in a tightly closed can or fruit jar. The dose for an adult sheep is one tablespoonful placed far back in the mouth and at once washed down with about half a pint of cold water; or the powder may be mixed with the water. Great care has to be taken in drenching a sheep that choking or suffocation be not caused.

Shepherds in those countries have found that bloating on alfalfa will not be likely to occur if the sheep are taken off the alfalfa pasture after half an hour's grazing and allowed to rest for an hour. They may then be returned without further risk of bloating. Sheep should also be pastured on ordinary grass for a few hours before being turned on alfalfa in the morning.

American practice is to give a bloated sheep one dram each of pure turpentine, oil of eucalyptus and aromatic spirits of ammonia in two ounces of raw linseed oil and to repeat the treatment in half an hour if found necessary. In emergency cases, where such drugs are not at hand, immediately give the bloated sheep a pint of new, warm milk from a cow and repeat the dose in half to one hour, if needed. A dram of turpentine, or half a dram of formaldehyde added to the dose of milk is an improvement.

In some instances suffocation threatens and is indicated by gasping for air. In such a condition the gas should at once be liberated by inserting a trocar and cannula high up in the most distended part of the paunch in the left flank. When the special instrument is not available, the large, clean blade of a knife should be thrust into the distended paunch and turned crosswise in the wound. In acute cases semi-fluid feed and gas gush out and life is saved. The resultant wound should then be cleaned, disinfected and, if large, will have to be sutured with silk or fine cord. Then pine tar may be applied.

DEATH OF PIG.—I had a pig I raised by hand and when two months old, one day it refused to eat and drank but little. The next morning her eyes seemed swollen and she refused to eat. She died soon after. She had been eating corn, and milk from a separator.

A.—A post-mortem examination should have been made at once as it might have disclosed the cause of death. If care is not taken to remove the froth from separator milk it may kill pigs in just the way described. The breathing would indicate that pneumonia may have been present but it would be impossible for one at a distance to assign the exact cause of death.

PUPPED HOCK JOINTS.—I have a horse with hocks, which were caused by hard pulling. Is there any remedy for it and can it be cured?

A.—From your description we take it that the hock joints of the hind legs show soft distensions which are filled with synovia (joint oil). That condition probably constitutes bog spavin and thoroughpins for which there is no certain remedy. Some good may be done by patient use of a proprietary reducing preparation which you can buy at a drug store, or by rubbing in some 10 per cent iodine vasogen or petrogen once or twice daily. Treatment, however, usually proves rather unsatisfactory.

GARGET.—Will you tell me what ails my cow? There are times when milking her I can feel a hard place in her teat and it will swell. The milk will be stringy and lumpy. She gives about four gallons of milk and I cannot make her go dry. She has been like this for several years but worse since freshening last April; eats heartily, but is thin. I cannot get her to gain in flesh.

A.—The condition you describe is usually called garget (mammitis) and it has been present so long it will be likely to prove incurable. As tuberculosis of the udder is a possibility, it would be wise to have a qualified veterinarian apply the tuberculin test. If that is not done the milk should not be used. The milk from a tuberculous cow is dangerous for use by people and other evening rub into the caked parts of the udder a little iodine ointment.

MILKLESS QUARTER.—I have a heifer 18 months old that has just freshened. Her left front teat has no milk in it. There is no garget for I know what that is.

A.—When young cows are allowed to suck one another's teats after being fed milk garget may be induced and result in another attack at calving time or in milklessness of a quarter such as you describe. There is little prospect that the affected quarter will regain its lost function, but we should advise you to go through all the motions of milking that quarter three times daily. Massage it well each time. If you dice secretion of the milk, as that may in time cause secretion of the milk, if you think that the duct of the teat is closed, insert a milking tube, boiled for 15 minutes, and it may clear the passage so that milk can be stripped away.

INDIGESTION.—I have a six-year-old horse that I have been trying to fatten since he was three years old. I feed him good clover hay and corn three times a day and he runs on good pasture. He stays filled out until I drive him and ride him, then his bowels become loose and he becomes thin.

A.—Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then change the feed gradually, substituting a mixture of oats and one-fourth part of wheat bran, by in cold weather. Carrots would be good for him. Bettimously hay in preference to grass or new hay, and also feed old oats. Allow free access to rock salt, and Write again if this change of feed does not mend matters satisfactorily.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.—My dog cannot get his mouth for breath through his nose, then opens his all of the time. He is worse on hot days. What is the matter and is there a cure?

A.—We suspect that this dog has goiter or that other glands are interfering with breathing. A per-sonal examination would, however, be necessary to determine the exact condition present. Expose the dog two or three times daily to steam from water contained in a vessel of hot water underneath the chair seat and then there for about 10 minutes each time. Hold the dog of the throat, or goiter, is noticeable, clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine twice a week. Write again when necessary.

CHOKED MARE.—I have a mare five years old that stands with her head down as though she were listening. Her throat is swollen and sometimes for a minute thick slobbers run from her mouth. Will you tell me what is wrong?

A.—The symptoms described are those of choking, and unless the administration of oil relieved the condition the horse would soon succumb. A veterinarian injection of such alkaloidal drugs as pilocarpin, eserine, etc., and may even pass a probang down the throat to remove the obstruction, but home treatment rarely succeeds. Distension of the stomach with gas may cause similar symptoms, and that also usually proves fatal



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unless a veterinarian successfully passes a tube into the stomach to syphon off the excessive liquid and allow escape of gas.

SELF-STUCKING COW.—I have a three-year old cow that is forming the habit of sucking her own milk. Will you give me a remedy to break the habit? J. V. A.—Here are some plans for prevention of self sucking: Put a straight bar bit in the cow's mouth or put a bull ring in her nose and from that hang another ring. It may be necessary to hang a third ring from the second one. Put an old horse collar upside down on the cow's neck, or a cradle made of pointed slats woven with smooth wire and put on with the slats running lengthwise of the neck. Another good plan is to fit a light pole with a snap-hook at each end, place it between the forelegs and hang it there by a light chain from a halter and another from a surcingle around the body.

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A short two weeks' treatment of the newer form of iron has given me a marvelous increase in health, strength and energy. I can do my whole house without being tired. I do not have to have to sit at home in the evening "all-in" sick and nervous."

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When your blood lacks iron do not waste time taking stimulating medicines or drugs, but directly enrich your blood with the newer form of iron sold by all druggists under the name of Nuxated Iron, which is like iron in spinach, lentils, and apples, and is easily assimilated into your blood.

Get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today. For two weeks and if you have not, like thousands of others, obtained most surprising strength and energy, the manufacturer will promptly refund your money. Your local druggist will sell you Nuxated Iron with this "satisfaction or money back" guarantee.

Winter Charades and Puzzles

Winter Charades

My first is soft and fluffy white.
My second is a dance at night.
My whole might hurt you if it hit.
The naughty boys won't care a bit.

Answer.—Snowball.

2. My first is bright and hot.
My second is a spot.
My whole's the second where
My first is made with care.

Answer.—Fireplace.

The Make Winter Puzzle

When you want winter to come with all its joys, just make it for yourself out of whatever may be at hand. For instance: You can make blizzard out of lizard.

1. Make a white frozen substance from the present time.
2. Make a steel runner for ice traveling from a girl's nickname.
3. Make a favorite winter toy from being guided.
4. Make a popular place in winter from being sick.
5. Make a winter necessity from anger.
6. Make some winter outdoor clothing from horses' food.

Answers: 1. S—now.
2. S—Kate.
3. S—led.
4. H—(H)
5. F—ice.
6. C—oats.

The Something Word Square

1. Something boys and girls welcome in winter.
 2. Something boys and girls often do when they are unhappy.
 3. Something to see with.
- Diagonal downward:—Something like anger.
Diagonal upward:—Something like before.

Answer: I C E
C R Y
E Y E

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We trust any honest man or woman to take orders for 100 absolute necessities, deliver the goods, collect the money, and remit our share to us. A special proposition makes prices lower than "cut rate" stores. Our representatives clearing from \$25.00 to \$60.00 weekly everywhere. This is the most extraordinary direct selling proposition ever offered. Write today for particulars.

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A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Beautiful Fur Choker

Yours Free For A Club Of Only Seven

It is not always the high-priced furs that have the style and appearance desired by every woman. Some very common furs are dyed and finished to resemble the finest product, with wearing qualities equal to the best.

Such is the case with the handsome fur choker illustrated above. It is made of cony (a first-class rabbit fur dyed a rich black), 33 inches in length, 5 inches wide, lined with brown satin and fastens with either chain or head snap.

You'll be surprised with the beauty and style of this neckpiece—and you'll be proud to wear it anywhere. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine fur choker free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7567. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She is Looking For A Mother

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll



Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

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Mrs. J. C. D., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving two or more children, and a widow who is the parent of all his children, such widow, in addition to certain small allowance, would be entitled to receive one-third of the estate after payment of debts and expenses. (2) We think that if the administrator of the estate you mention refuses to pay you the share coming to you it will be necessary for you to proceed against him in the court from which he received his appointment to compel him to do so.

N. B. M., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive all the personal estate and to one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to his father or mother; if neither survive him the whole estate would go to his widow.

Mrs. F. W. U., Connecticut.—We do not think you will be able to trace your husband's line of descent without more information to work upon than your communication discloses. We think that in tracing genealogy the usual method is through family bibles, tombstones, baptismal records, marriage records, deed and mortgage records, record of wills or letters of administration in the settlement of estates, records of enlistments for war, genealogical histories in large public libraries, directories and lists of inhabitants, tax records and other sources of a similar nature, but for any such search it is necessary to have a beginning point.

Mrs. E. J. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband's children by a former marriage would have no interest in your separate estate unless some provision is made for them by will, except that in case you die without a will or in case you leave your husband a portion of your separate property by will, his children by both marriages will in turn receive their shares in his estate unless cut off by will. We think insurance money upon the death of the insured is payable to the beneficiary named in the policy of insurance.

E. C. W., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, the surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all the personal estate and one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left; if none such, the whole estate goes to the surviving widow. (2) Money in bank or upon the person of the decedent would form a part of the personal estate.

M. E. T., Kentucky.—We do not think your sister's husband has any interest in his son's real estate during the son's lifetime; we think that in case he survives his son and is not cut off by will, upon the death of the son he would inherit from him unless the son at the time of his death leaves nearer relatives.

L. J., Pennsylvania.—If no records were kept at the time of your birth and if there is no person alive who can give information as to the date of your birth, we think it will be impossible for you to fix the date. (2) Under the laws of your state, we do not think your brothers and sisters will inherit any portion of your estate unless some provision is made for them by will as your wife and children would inherit your property under your intestacy laws in preference to relatives of a more remote degree.

Mrs. D. J., Alabama.—If your brother refused to purchase your interest in the land left by your father in Georgia, we think you can proceed with an action for the partition of the same, or for the sale of the property and the division of the money proceeds of the sale.

H. L. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that real and personal property descended, first, to children or their descendants, in equal parts; second, if there be no children, then to the father, then to the mother, if both are dead, then to the brothers or sisters of their descendants in equal shares.

Mrs. T. C. W., Texas.—We think it would have been necessary for your husband to have survived his parents to have acquired a vested interest in their estates, and we do not think that you, as his widow, would be entitled to share in his parent's estates, but we think his children would receive his share from their grandparents, unless cut off by will, and we think that in case of their minority you would be entitled to be appointed guardian of your children's estates upon making the proper application for such appointment.

We think in case of the intestacy of the grandfather, if their case should be administered by an administrator appointed by the court, who must account to all interested parties in interest in the estate. (2) We think the holder of the mortgage you mention would have a right to foreclose same as soon as there is any default in the payment thereof.

M. L. W., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it would have been necessary for you or your mother to have commenced an action for the recovery of the land formerly belonging to your grandfather within the time limited by law for the bringing of such actions; we think this time has now expired.

J. D. S., Alabama.—In the absence of any contract to the contrary we do not think the man you mention can compel his former employer to provide employment for him.

Mrs. O. M. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parties are separated or the wife of the minor children is a question for the court before which the case is brought to decide, taking into consideration the welfare of the children, the award may be to either parent if the court decides can best provide for and bring up such children.

Mrs. O. P., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the surgeon who operated upon you is entitled to pay for his services and can compel you to pay him from any property you may own not exempt by law from levy under execution; if you have no property or income, we do not think he can collect his fee.

Mrs. M. E. F., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every marriage superintended by a right of partnership or community of property, subject to the community debts, goes to the survivor, and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the decedent, subject also to the community debts; in case there is no will, we think it descends to his or her legitimate issue, and if there be no issue it descends to the survivor.

Mrs. A. Z. H., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife one-half of the community property, subject to the community debts, goes to the survivor, and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the decedent, subject also to the community debts; in case there is no will, we think it descends to his or her legitimate issue, and if there be no issue it descends to the survivor.

R. W., Virginia.—We think your father had a legal right to transfer the piece of real estate you mention to your mother, provided he possessed mental capacity, and no undue influence was exercised upon him in procuring the deed.

B. A. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your

\$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

I will give away this amount of money in my own medicine —There is a free trial bottle waiting for every family that has a sufferer from constipation —Send today for your bottle

TO commemorate my 84th birthday I have set aside \$10,000 in cash to be expended entirely on free trial bottles of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which as people know has been successfully used for over 30 years and is today the largest selling family laxative in the world. In spite of that fact there must be literally thousands of families who have never tried it, and these are the ones I hope to reach with my \$10,000 offer.

I want to prove to them that my Syrup Pepsin is a better-acting, safer, finer laxative than any other they can obtain. But I don't want them to be at any expense in trying it, and hence I offer a test bottle free. Later on, when thoroughly convinced of its unusual merits they can buy a bottle of their druggist. Over 10 million bottles of Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year in drug stores, yet my company will not profit one cent when you buy your first bottle. It costs us more to sell the first one than we get for it. Our profit comes only when a family keeps it regularly in the house, as I expect yours will when you are once convinced.

Many unthinking parents are giving children strong cathartics; old people are taking salt waters and powders that make them dry and thirsty and which have to be repeated every day; women are using artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form that cause skin eruptions. Don't do it! See that only a plain vegetable laxative is used, not a druggery physic. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. Just that! The formula is on the package.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin in your home. I want you to share in my \$10,000 offer. Yet



Dr. W. B. Caldwell, today Born Shelbyville, Mo., March 27, 1839

I know if you delay answering you will be disappointed. Ask me now for the free trial bottle if anyone in your family has constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas on the stomach, sour colicky stomach, headache, loss of appetite and sleep, indigestion, intestinal poisoning, dyspepsia. Syrup Pepsin is intended for just such conditions. Watch it break up a fever or a cold!

Let me send you a trial bottle to prove these facts. My saying so won't prove it half as well as your trying it. Be one of the thousands who will use Syrup Pepsin free because of my 84th birthday. Send the coupon, or your address in any way most convenient to you. But do it quickly.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

In commemoration of your 84th birthday, and as my family has never used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, send me a free trial bottle to the address below:

Name

St. or R. F. D.

Town & State

ONLY ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

state, we are of the opinion that a court proceeding will be necessary for the transfer of your insane wife's interest in your real estate; we think, however, that if she has but a dower interest in the property such interest will terminate upon her death.

T. M., Ohio.—If the title of the property you mention stands in the names of both husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, we think that upon the death of one, the whole property becomes the sole property of the survivor.

O. D., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, such property as came to him in any method other than by descent, devise or deed of gift would, after payment of debts and expenses, all go to his surviving widow, but if his property came to him by devise, descent or deed of gift from an ancestor, the surviving widow would be limited to a life estate in the real property in case any descendant of the ancestor from whom the property came was living, and in case the property came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift from a former wife, the relatives of such former wife would share in the property, provided any were living within the degrees of relationship to make them entitled to share.

B. H. P., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if a testator dies, leaving a child or children, or, in case of their death, descendants of such child or children, not named or provided for in his will, such testator shall, as regards such child or children, or their descendants not provided for, be deemed to have died intestate; which applies whether such descendants be living or posthumous.

A. I. A., South Dakota.—We do not think your father would be relieved from payment of the goods purchased by him by reason of the assumption of the payment by the person to whom he sold the same, unless your father's creditors agreed to accept the agreement of your father's debtor and to release your father from his obligation to pay for same; we think your father can be compelled to pay for the goods from any property he may own not exempt by law from levy under execution; we think your father's money in bank and accounts payable can be applied toward his indebtedness in the proper creditors' action or proceeding brought for the purpose. (2) We think a chattel mortgage is a mortgage upon chattels as distinguished from a mortgage upon real estate.

Mrs. G. W. A., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband's creditors can enforce the payment of the note you mention when the same becomes due from any property your husband may own, except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution.

Mrs. D. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, such surviving husband would be entitled to receive one-half of the estate, and that his share cannot be diminished by will.

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THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL FREE SLEEPING DOLL

This big doll is jointed at the Elbows, Shoulders, Knees and Hips. Has Turning Head, Moving Eyes, Beautiful Hair, Pearly Teeth. She is elaborately dressed, wears a well little bonnet, and a complete outfit of lace trimmed underwear, also shoes and socks that you can take off and put on. We send this big doll to you, also Doll's Carriage, both free for selling only 25 packs Standard Bluing at 10 cents.

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Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Feb. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save \$295

FREE TRIAL FEB. 1 \$150 to \$300. 40 year guarantee. 38 styles of Wing Pianos and Players to choose from. Thousands in use throughout U. S. We will refer to owner near you. Write at once for our offer of free trial in your home till Feb. 1st, 1923, and get

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ALL SIX FREE

This "Lucky Tire" CHARM with 36-inch Silk Cord, this **IM. WRIST WATCH** with adjustable leather strap and buckle, 3 Gold plated **RINGS** and this handsome 36-inch Oriental Rice Bead **NECKLACE** with Tassel Beaded Drop. We give **ALL** these 6 articles **FREE** for selling only 12 Cards of Rosedale Dress Fasteners (a dozen on a card) at 10 cents per card. Send today.

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Dyspeptics! Take Notice!!

The Word Has Gone Forth That Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets Reinstates You
At the Banquets.

All you gassy, sour stomachs who fear to eat
because from acidity you suffer the pangs of in-
digestion, let it be known that you find relief



Ladies and Gentlemen: All Who Are Not
Supplied With Stuart's Dyspepsia
Tablets Are Out of
Luck.

from such distress by simply chewing one or
two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals. A
host of people have gone back to fried eggs and
bacon, sausage, doughnuts, baked beans, pie and
cheese, steak and onions, cucumbers, cream with
coffee and so on because they discovered that
after eating such things, a Stuart's Dyspepsia
Tablet gave the stomach a sweetened alkaline
effect and there was no sour, acid, gassy heart-
burn, belching, pressure and such distresses due
to indigestion after eating. It is well to take
notice of this and to get a 60 cent box of Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store. Be armed
and prepared for the big dinners and banquets.

All Rubber Arctics

Pure gum rubber—4-buckle Arctics, with full
sole excluding tongue and extra heavy soles and
heels. Quality through and through. Save \$2.00
by ordering now. If you're not pleased, we will
refund every penny at
once. Send no money
—just pay on arrival.

\$2.39

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Sizes 7 to 12
Order No. 445

Gordon Bates Co., Dept. 1118, Minneapolis, Minn.

10 Buys Engel "Art Corners"

Use them to mount all kodak
pictures, post cards, clippings in albums
No Paste Needed
Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart
of black, gray, brown, and red gummed paper.
Quick-Easy-Artistic. No mess, no fuss. At photo
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In order to advertise our line in your lo-
cality, we will send you Free-of-charge, 6
highest grade pencils engraved with your
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spare time. Send today for FREE particulars.
NORTH AMERICAN PENCIL WORKS,
32-40 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

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Gold-plated Leverette and
Chain, pair Earbuds, Gold-
plated Expansion Bracelet,
with link, Watch, gurneum
and 8 Gold-plated
Things, ALL FREE for
selling only 15 pieces
Jewelry at 10 cents each.
EAGLE WATCH CO.,
Dept. 58, East Boston, Mass.

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at 25c a box; a home necessity.
EASY TO SELL. WE
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We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem
Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guar-
anteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large
Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at
10c each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When
sold, return money collected, and this Watch and
handsome Stone Set Ring are yours. It's easy our way.
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Two gifts instead of one for
selling only 15 boxes wonderful OREOAL.
Return \$4.50 and both Genuine EASTMAN Camera and
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbid-
ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free
information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal
Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in
answer to questions by our subscribers, but not
more than two questions the same month by any
one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor,
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own
full name and address. Name will not be
published.

J. D. Hall, Ia.—No, indeed; a boy is lacking in
technique when he is so nastily unkind as to commence
"taking out" a second girl before he has properly or
for any reason left an earlier sweetheart. Ever the
ancient rule is: "It is well to be off with the old love
before you are on with the new." But boys are break-
ers of rules and other things and pay little heed to old
sayings when pink cheeks and curls begin to speak.
Let him go his way, we advise, and see if Fate will
not produce some less sickle-minded youngster. This
might happen, you know. (2) A teacher is quite with-
in her rights in giving as much "home work" as she
may think necessary for her pupils' good or the ac-
complishment of any course. Yet her own wisdom
should prevent her crowding too much her scholars' brains
or overloading them with eighth-grade pupils are
capable of doing a reasonable amount of home
work, and if a teacher advises against too many
evening amusements, her advice is good and worth tak-
ing. Of course boys and girls must have amusements,
but this does not necessarily mean too many late hours
to make sleepy eyes and brain. The real answer is
reason and moderation. For all work and no play will
make Jill a dull girl, perhaps, and Jack a stupider
chap than kind Nature may have meant.

I. S. Olney, Ill.—Certainly you must ask this girl
what kind of ice cream she wishes when you take her
to such a treat. You would not want her to have to
moodily devour maple-nut when her lips might be craving
chocolate-marshmallow. And it does no harm to
etiquette and shows a cheerful and liberal spirit if you
ask her to have a second dish. We have known some
girls to eat first and then give some girls who will not
be satisfied if you offer only the second saucerful.

M. S. Kissinnee, Fla.—In an ice cream parlor, a
restaurant, or in any like place for instance. It would
be the girl's place to signify when she was ready to
leave. (2) This is one of the things that matters
little, but it would usually happen, we think, that a
girl would be the first to say "good night," when an
escort had brought her to her home. Some boys re-
quire more than a "good night" as hint to start them
on their way, and there are some girls who will not
want to give the hint. Time and circumstances gov-
ern here and etiquette is silent on the matter.

O. B. Ashland, Okla.—Surely you don't want to be
a "leftover"—just useful when the other girl is not
around. Let this boy see that you will have to be
first choice or none. It will be good for him to have
to make the decision and best for you to know just how
much he cares. (2) We think you might take this
boy's promise about behaving properly at its face
value and give him another chance. However, you will
know better than we do just how much his promises
are worth and whether or not you can safely trust him.
We are not favorably impressed with what you tell
about him, and perhaps your instinct to drop him is a
wise and correct one.

BROKENHEARTED BOBBIE, Wheeler, Texas.—You must
love this boy very much when you are able to accept
so calmly the way he is treating you—going steadily
with this other girl, and then occasionally telling you
he loves you and speaking of "when we get married."
Tell him if he wants this other girl that he must stick
to her—and better than he has to you, and also let him
know that you do not mean to quietly wait for him to
get over this new infatuation—or perhaps not get over
it at all. Give him the choice and chance, and then
be contented to drop him if he still hangs on to his
new love. For if he does not appreciate your sincere
faithfulness and affection, he is not worth your loving
or capable of ever making you happy. And so you had
better be grieving for a while than unhappy for years.

IN DOUBT, Kusa, Okla.—In these days of indepen-
dence and feminine emancipation, a boy and girl walk
side by side without any linking of arms. Where the
going is unsafe or difficult for any reason, a boy may
offer his hand or arm to assist a girl, or he may take
her by the arm to lead or direct through a crowd or
dangerous crossing.

L. B. Davenport, Fla.—It is a mere matter of
friendly choice—the selection of a table in an ice
cream parlor. A girl may say, "Let us sit here," and
her escort should not object to her selection of seats.
However, if he picks out a table, and she does not like
it, she may tell him so and suggest another—for eti-
quette means that the lady is to be pleased. It would
be a pleasant and correct courtesy for the boy to "pull
out" the chair for the girl to seat herself—and a quite
necessary attention in the case of some of the hinged
and swiveling seats to which ice-cream parlors are ad-
dicted in an inventive age.

C. S. Hennessey, Okla.—By saying you are to "be
married away from home," you mean you mean a
simple ceremony at a church parsonage. If so, it
would be correct for you to wear a "going away"
gown. This might be a well-made, plainly-tailored
costume, with hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize. Serge
or broadcloth, in some medium or dark color becoming
to your type, would be suitable. A "going away" cos-
tume is one adaptable to train travel, and you should
remember this in selecting materials and style of
making.

O. R. Little York, Ind.—It is easy to "imagine"
yourself in love with this smiling youth, and certainly
imagination is as far as the love question should go,
when you are both of ages which mean entrance to
high school this winter. Smile at each other as much
as you like, but if you want your teachers to smile
also, don't forget to look just as pleasantly and often
at your books as you do at each other. (2) Of course
you must not let boys hug and kiss you when they
want to. Tell these liberty-seeking and fooling
boys to "keep off." They will respect you more and
end by liking you the better. For the girls easiest to
kiss are not the ones best to love—when the time for
real love comes. And this time is never during high
school terms, my dear.

R. V. Z., Stanley, Wis.—We have never seen it
done, nor has etiquette a specific ruling in the matter,
but we have heard it said that the best way to thank
a fiancé for an engagement ring is with a kiss. For
most certainly you must thank him in some way. Sure-
ly you must have known this when you asked.
(2) When you are asked to marry a man, why should
you think any answer is better than a plain and satis-
factory "yes"? Unless, of course, that you want to
say "no"—which can be made just as plain. A propos-
al is an important matter which needs a distinct an-
swer incapable of misunderstanding by either party.
So add whatever you like to your "yes" or "no"—but
let what you say be plain and straightforward.

Mrs. W. J. B. Sweet Water, Texas.—This wine-
colored broadcloth frock for your girl of six would,
of course, be made in one piece and to fasten in the back.
It could be attractively trimmed by an insertion in the
yoke of "kissed silk"—this silk to be of a slightly
lighter shade than the cloth, and bordered by fancy
hand at the top in coarse yellow silk or Roman floss.
Trim the cuffs of the little sleeves with like silk—ap-
plied either plain or shirred and having hand stitching
also. The skirt should be plainly plied in about
six pleats of two or three inches wide. We would pre-
fer no trimming on a skirt where broadcloth was the
material. Have a simple low collar, cut square both
front and back, and trim and stitch this with silk in
such a way as seems best to frame your little girl's
face and neck, according to her height and coloring.
There is a peculiar "fat" yellow, in a shade approach-
ing "corn" color, which would be the best harmoniz-
ing yellow shade to select for the hand stitching.

J. S., Kaufman, Texas.—A man at a dinner table
unfolds a napkin and places it across his knees. When

Win \$1000



How Many Objects in This Picture Begin With "B" Like "Boy", "Barrel", "Baby" Etc.

How's Your Eyesight?

HERE'S a puzzle game that can bring you plenty of
spare time fun and \$1,000 besides. Have the family
or friends play with you—see who can find the most
objects in the picture beginning with "B" like "Boy",
"Barrel", etc. Send in your list of B-words as soon as
possible.—YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THE FREE \$1,000 PRIZES.

Winning \$1,000 Easy!

50 Prizes in All—Try Your "Luck"
Three \$1,000 Prizes have been hung up with other cash
prizes.—50 IN ALL. If your list of B-words is awarded
first, second or even third and you have "Qualified" under
Class A, by sending in a \$5 Henber Pencil order during this
advertising campaign, you will win \$1,000; if you sent in
under Class B a \$3 Pencil order you would win \$300; if no
pencil is ordered you would win \$25.
You may be the very person who will win \$1,000. You
never know how "lucky" you are until you have tried.

Others Have Won—You Can Win

If others, even school children as young as 12 and 14
years have won \$1,000 you can win. The following persons
each won \$1,000 in previous advertising campaigns conducted
by this company: Thomas Damico, 1154 S. 12th St., Phila-
delphia, Pa.; Frank Vogel, 720 North I St., Tacoma, Wash.;
E. J. Kilkelly, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. B. Bulfinch, Milwaukee,
Wis.; Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Walter Rice, Ten-
nessee; Mrs. R. O. Steele, Kimball, Neb.; M. Gould,
Blackfoot, Idaho, and others.

You'll Never Win Unless You Try! ACT!

READ THESE RULES

1. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except em-
ployees or their relatives of the Henber Co.
2. Whoever sends in the largest number of
words which correctly name the objects
shown in the picture starting with "B" will
be awarded first prize, and so on down the
list of 50 free prizes. One point will be al-
lowed for each correct word, and one point
deducted for each incorrect word or omis-
sion of a correct word.
3. In case of ties for any prize offered, the
full amount of each prize tied for will be
awarded to each tying contestant. The list
winning the first prize will be published at
the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of
picture will be furnished on request.
4. Your solution must not include hyphen-
ated, obsolete, compound (words made up
of two complete English words) or foreign
words. Webster's International Dictionary
will be used as authority.
5. It is permissible to name either singular
or plural, but both cannot be used. Syno-
nyme and words of same spelling but differ-
ent meaning will count only one, but any
part of an object can be named.
6. All solutions mailed and postmarked
Dec. 2, 1922, will be accepted. Contestants
may "qualify" under Class A or B up to
midnight, Dec. 15, 1922.
7. Write words on one side of paper only,
numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
8. Three prominent people of Minneapolis
will act as judges. Their decision must be
accepted as final and conclusive.

Address Your Answer To THE HENBER CO., Desk A, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Three \$1,000 CASH PRIZES

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	\$1,000.00	\$300.00	\$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	300.00	100.00	10.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order \$5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order \$3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil
Prize at Republic Bank, Minneapolis

Advertising For Pencil

We want everyone to become ac-
quainted with the Henber Pencil, the
most useful of all writing appliances.
They make most suitable gifts for
every occasion.
Lady's and Gent's Style. The il-
lustration shows our Lady's Sterling
Silver Style (regular \$3.50 now \$3 or
two for \$5, Lady's or Gent's). The
\$5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in
Colonial Hexagon shape. The Henber
has many distinctive features: re-
pelling lead device; safety clasp; chain
engraved barrel; non-clogging mecha-
nism, etc.

It is necessary that the napkin be used in any way for
the hands or mouth during the meal, this should be
done as inconspicuously as possible and without spread-
ing the napkin more than possible to the sight of one's
fellow diners. After a meal where finger-bowls are
used, a napkin comes into play to dry the fingers, and
also to wipe lips which may have been previously
moistened by dampened fingers. At hotel and restau-
rant tables and at formal dinners, a napkin is not
folded at the close of a meal, but left at the side of
the place. At simple home dinners it is usually the
best courtesy to fold the napkin at the meal's finish.
(2) Any good book store can supply you with, or or-
der for you, a book such as you describe.



The Family Doctor

Here remedies and advice
here given are intended only
for simple cases; serious
cases should be taken to your local doctor.
Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give
your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. J. P. S. Belmont, N. C.—Have the boy take,
for his bronchial asthma, a teaspoonful of pertussin
after meals.

Mrs. O. O. S., Newkirk, Okla.—If there is a lump
in the breast, better consult some good surgeon at once
and follow his advice as to operation. If there is only
pain and discomfort it may be of neuralgic origin. In
the latter case, probably Warburg's tincture will help
you. Take a teaspoonful, well diluted, after meals.

Miss L. P., Pall Mall, Tenn.—You have gas in the
intestines, due to eating sweets and candies. Avoid
sweets of all kinds. Take, at night, two teaspoonfuls
of fluid extract of cascara sagrada as a laxative. The
enlarged abdomen is due to intestinal indigestion. Proper
diet and the use of cathartics will cure you.

Mrs. A. P., Oakley, Tenn.—Have the urine ex-
amined and find out what the condition of the kidneys
is. In the meantime you can take a five-grain tablet
of utrotopin after meals. You should also drink plenty
of water daily. You can douche the vagina with nor-
mal, hot saline solution for the discharge mentioned.

Mrs. L. J. Custer, Okla.—You are not approaching
the "change of life," as you think. Try a two-grain
capsule of ovarian substance morning and night and
see what this remedy will do toward remedying your
period irregularity. This remedy will help your ner-
vousness also.

Mrs. A. J. S., Cherryville, N. C.—Operation on the
hemorrhoids is the only way for you to get relief. Be
operated on at once.

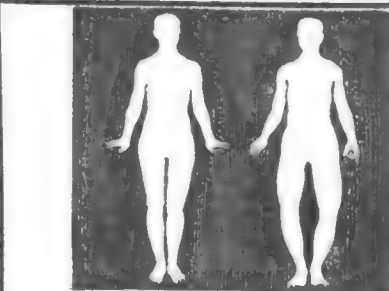
Miss R. T., Bardwell, Ky.—Just drink the sweet
skimmed milk on the alternate days and use nothing else
as food on the days you drink the milk. On the other
days eat only those foods that do not add to your weight.
Avoid starchy foods at all times—bread, sweets and
pastries of all kinds. Eat only green vegetables and
drink plenty of water.

Miss G. F., Puyallup, Wash.—Excessive and strenu-
ous exercise at the time of menstruation should be
avoided. The trouble with your ears is due to catarrh
of the nasal passages. Spray the nose and throat with
Dobell's solution three times a day.

Mrs. C. T. W. (No address).—The "Dogwood" can
be gotten by your local druggist, if he will write to
any wholesale house for the drug.

Mrs. S. P., Miles, Ohio.—Cancer sometimes starts
in the breast in the form of a "lump." Better be ex-
amined and if the lump mentioned seems to be adherent
to the skin, have the lump removed at once.

Miss B. McC., Madison, N. C.—Remove the pimples
with a comedo extractor, steam the face, and apply
lotio alba at night. You must also avoid all foods that
disagree with you, and keep your bowels free.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-
legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now
ready for market my new appliance, which will success-
fully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness
and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently,
without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere
with your daily work, being worn at night. My new
"Lim-Strainer," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust;
its result will save you soon from further humiliation,
and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.
Write today for my free, copyrighted, physiological and
anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and
knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part.
Enclose a dime for postage.

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Amosol—The New Scientific Dis-
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heals gums quickly. Guaranteed.
Sore or bleeding gums and loose
teeth, sure signs of dangerous Py-
orrhea, lead to loss of teeth, Rheu-
matism, Neuritis, etc. Send for
Free Trial Treatment

Write Today. Thousands are send-
ing. Stop Pyorrhea Now. Delays
are dangerous. Simply send name
and address and say: "I want to Try Amosol."

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Hawaiian Ring FREE!

Set with long oval stone about one inch
long and 1-4 inch wide. Stone mounted in
all manner of colors, giving a combination
beautiful in the extreme. Shank of rose gold
trimmings and settings. To make friends
with the subscription and Ring, yours will be sent FREE.
Mr. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 7-AD, New York.

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Dress and Costume Designing during their spare
moments IN TEN WEEKS

Dress and Costume Designers
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Many Start Partiers in Their
Own Homes

Every woman or girl over 15
should take up Designing.

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Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box!



50 Beautiful Christmas And New Year Post Cards.

THESE are the prettiest, daintiest cards you ever saw, all new designs this year, exquisitely done in bright, harmonious colors, and hand-somely embossed. Of course you cannot give Christmas presents to all of your friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to do that—but you can send them a loving remembrance when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find cards to send to baby, the older children, father, mother, grandma and grandpa, too. There is old Santa Claus, or "Kris Kringle" with his big, smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds, and many other beautiful designs all glowing with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.

Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of a pretty verse or touching sentiment expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the finest cardboard and finished with plain and tinted backgrounds.

Christmas will be here almost before you know it, so don't delay, but send for your Christmas Surprise Box today. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Christmas Surprise Box containing 50 beautiful Christmas and New Year Post Cards free by mail post-paid. Reward No. 8711.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled APRIL AUGUST JANUARY



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For A Club Of Only Two!

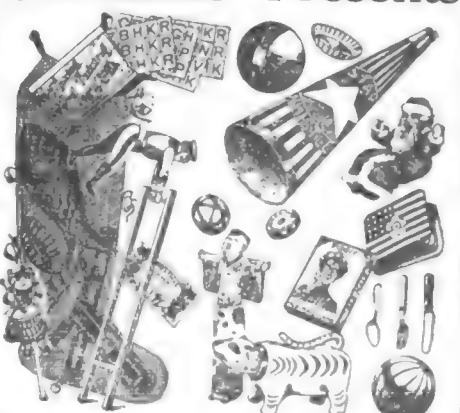
RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its actual colors because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT's women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1142.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



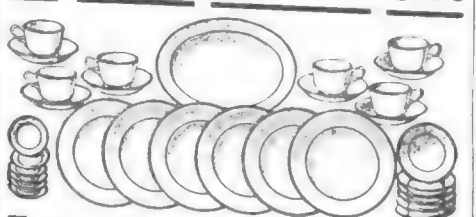
For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical flutes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 1012.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Gold Decorated 31-Piece Dinner Set



For A Club Of Only Twelve

O many women prefer the simple yet refined gold lined pattern in a Dinner Set, we have decided to offer this splendid 31-piece Set, consisting of six plates, six cups, six saucers, six fruit or cereal dishes, six individual butter and one platter. Each piece, which is full size for family use, is snowy white, without flaws or imperfections, decorated with a dainty gold edging and gold line. This is a design that is found in the most aristocratic homes—a design that you will never tire of. It is burned into the ware underneath the glaze so that it will never wear off.

This set is made by one of the best Potteries in the United States so we know it will please you—in fact, we are sure you will be delighted when you unpack it in your home and realize what a perfect set of dishes you have obtained without cost.

We are having these sets carefully packed so as to prevent breakage, and shipped by express direct from the Pottery in Ohio. The only expense to you will be the express charges, but these will amount to but a small fraction of what the dishes would cost in a retail store.

It will take you but a few hours of your spare time to earn this beautiful Dinner Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, this gold-decorated, 31-piece Dinner Set will be shipped to you by express, charges delivered. And this is not all. We guarantee safe or broken upon arrival we will replace them for you free of all charge. Reward No. 73512.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Gift For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Doll And Doll Carriage, Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

OF course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.



You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also giving to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly snugly and safely. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette. In fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls but how many of them have a real doll carriage? You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would! You should take advantage of this offer at once. You can surely find eight neighbors who are glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the same rate of 50¢ a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money (\$4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and carriage exactly as above described, sent packed in strong box, free by parcel post. Remember, it will be no expense to you whatever. Your carrier will deliver the doll and carriage to your door without charge. Start now, today and please mention Reward No. 8711.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly Hair And A Pretty Dress With Hat, Real Stockings And Slippers With Buckles

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something as good as a movie show for the children of the year round—the wonderful new Film-O-Scope. With a powerful magnifying lens—and with it we give you free a big collection of 125 Views from real moving picture films.

These views, when looked at through the Scope, are magnified many times and send out as real and lifelike as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading movie "stars" and scenes from their best pictures are included in the collection and there are no two alike. As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one picture may be repeated as often as desired, and as the young folks, keeping them amused, in the city are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT's boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them absolutely free by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8741.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS! Have Fun Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



For A Club Of Only Two!

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is all smiles because he has printed some name cards for a club for which he is to receive 50 cents. You, too, can do the same. With this practical Printing Outfit you can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, heads, bill heads, etc., and do the work which is always a demand for this kind of printing. You are a "live wire" you can doubtless find a job to do for your friends and neighbors. And thereby earn considerable pocket money. And you can learn something, too—typewriting, correct use of capital, punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best. It contains one complete foot of rubber type in other words, from eight to fourteen of each letter in the alphabet—both capitals and lowercase; all the numerals from 1 to 10—also a set of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, hyphens, question marks, and parentheses, and a set of question points, slugs, pointing hands and other phrases most commonly used in business letters. Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of galleys (to pick up the type with), and an erasing ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable instruction, and a chance to earn money of their own. And this outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

We will give you this complete Printing Outfit if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1222.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

KILL THEM ALL

Every Rat and Mouse easily destroyed by New Discovery Not a Poison

Absolute freedom from rats and mice is now assured everyone. No more trapping and poisoning just a few. Clean out the whole bunch, old, young, big and little.



Hick's Rat Killer kills every rat or mouse on your place. Most wonderful of all, it does not harm anything but rats, mice, gophers, and other rodents. It is harmless to children, pets, poultry and all kinds of stock. It can be spread anywhere and will kill only rats and mice. This death bringing disease rapidly spreads and quickly destroys all the rats and mice. There is no smell or odor for they run outside for water and die away from the building.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Mr. Hick is offering everyone troubled with these pests the chance to get rid of them at no cost to themselves. He will send two large double strength, one dollar bottles for the price of one. You keep one for yourself; the other you sell to your neighbor at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send \$1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 105, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman \$1.00 and postage on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

A Bushel of Reading Matter



REMEMBER We will not send you merely your choice of them, just as listed above. You all know Charlotte M. Braune. She is one of the world's most fascinating writers. Her name alone is enough to guarantee a good strong story, interesting and entertainingly told. Here is a chance for you to read five of her best books, aggregating 160 large double column pages.

OUR OFFER To introduce our publication, EVERYDAY LIFE, the great monthly story paper of interest to all members of the family. Send only 25c to pay for year's subscription, and 10c extra to pay for postage, etc. (35c in all) and we will send our paper for one year and the collection of books as above. This is a big introductory offer. If the above titles are out, will send other just as good. Send 50c for 3 year's subscription and 20c extra to pay postage, etc. (70c in all) and we will send you the five Braune novels and also five great novels by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth—or 10 books in all and our paper 3 years for 50c. If already a subscriber you can send a subscription of a neighbor or extend your own subscription another 3 years on this offer.

EVERYDAY LIFE, 337 West Madison St., R. M. S., Chicago

Rabbit Book FREE

Illustrated. Facts about the easy, profitable home industry—growing domestic furs for meat, fur, fancy, little space—cheap equipment. Big demand. We buy all you raise at \$7 to \$18 per pair. Turn your spare time into cash. Book free—write now.

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KEYSTONE MOVIEGRAPH FREE

Same kind of machine used in the big moving picture theatres all over the country, but on a smaller scale for home use. Steel construction, high grade black finish—special ground lens allows adjustment to any distance. Movies and pictures up to 36x48 inches. Wonderful for home entertainment or in churches, halls, etc. Use electricity—no danger from fire or explosion. Send your name and we will send 25c article picture to you as a special 25c offer. Send us the 70c you want, and for your trouble we will send you a movie. Movies and pictures free, also a 120 inch new safety film. Your choice from a great list, including Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Wm. S. Hart, Tom Mix, etc. Write us at once.

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., Dept. 11P5, Chicago

CHOICE \$1.49 WEDDING RINGS

14 K GOLD—SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want. A. or C. Send your name and address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with Orange Blossoms. (C)—Heavy in Narrow Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (B)—Handsome, Square, Engraved Oval Ring. Newest and most fashionable design. If you order rings A & B you can have your choice of Yellow Gold or the latest White Metal. Free trial—return 10 Year Guarantee. Pay postman \$1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. Ask Quick! Only limited number at this special price.

ROE & ELDER
332 Plymouth Court, Dept. 127, Chicago

SONGS

Clean, catchy, popular songs for the home. Big variety of ballads, comics, novelties, coon songs. Beautiful lithographed full sheet music. Latest Hits: "Mammy's Twilight Lullaby," "Old Fashioned Rose," "Swanee River Blues," "G. Varieties of Sweethearts," etc. each; many others. Also complete list of plays, recitations, drills, etc. Big entertainment catalogue free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 213 Chicago

Get New 923 Model Stamp Puler FREE

Clear your stump land WITHOUT COST. Your richest land lies under those tax-eating stumps. Pull them—make this valuable land WORK FOR YOU. Get a Stamp Puler FREE by being a Kirstin Demonstrator.

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Act Now! Get the Special Offer!

Pay for your Kirstin by showing it to others on your own land. We want one owner each locality who will let us send other people to his farm to see the KIRSTIN work. You don't sell or remove stumps along the KIRSTIN.

We Pay You Cash! The KIRSTIN Demonstrators earn cash commissions.

Write Today! Act quick! Only one demonstrator appointed in each locality.

A. J. KIRSTIN COMPANY 1806 Lud St. Escanaba, Mich.

Kirstin Stamp Puler

Weights less, costs less—yet has greater speed, power, strength. Guaranteed for three years. 90 days' trial.

SEND NO MONEY!

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

The usual method of autopsy has been followed, the bird being placed on its back on a board, the outstretched wings and the legs tucked in position, the skin covering the body removed, and the internal organs exposed to view by the removal of the entire breast-bone. In typical cases the following conditions are found:

Crop.—Empty, or partially filled with slimy fluid or with food.

Liver.—Apparently normal.

Intestines.—Pale, with streaks and patches of red. The congested areas are usually large in size. Occasionally epidemics will be met with in which the liver is more or less congested throughout. In such cases the portion of the stomach lying in contact with the liver is inflamed.

Kidney and Spleen.—Apparently normal.

Heart.—Pale, and for the greater part empty. A small amount of dark grayish or brownish matter frequently present.

Ceca.—With few exceptions but partly filled with a grayish soft material. Only occasional cheesy or firm contents.

Unabsorbed yolk.—Usually present, varying in size from a pelion to a full-sized yolk. The color may vary from yellow to brownish green or nearly black, in consistency there is also much variation. It may appear perfectly normal, distinctly gelatinous, or watery. Frequently it looks like custard and again it is more or less dry and firm. Unless the chick has been dead for some time the yolk is not putrid, but merely stale.

The chick appears as a whole more or less anemic and emaciated. The muscles of the wings, breast and legs may be almost completely wasted away.

Additional Points of Practical Interest

There are several other matters which I believe should be brought to the attention of practical poultrymen at this time, even though there is not sufficient evidence to warrant making positive statements regarding them. Throughout the work a number of things have come up which are strongly suggestive, and which are regarded as being of such importance as to deserve further and thorough investigation.

The trap-nest records of individual hens, when studied in connection with the results of egg examinations, seem to indicate that infected hens are comparatively poor layers. This is especially true of those hens which are in their second and subsequent laying years. Apparently such hens lay regularly only in the spring and summer, the natural breeding season.

In order to secure further practical information on this point, an extended trip was made among poultrymen who make it a practice to winter chickens. In a very few cases there seemed to be evidence of white diarrhea infection, but the large majority of the men interviewed agreed that the chicks which are hatched in the late fall, winter or early spring are comparatively free from this disease.

Should these early observations be fully confirmed, the selection of breeding stock which is comparatively free from infection would be greatly simplified.

The question has frequently been asked whether infection could spread from one hen to another, through food which has become contaminated with infected droppings. On this point there is no direct evidence, but that in view of the fact that infected and non-infected hens have been kept in the same pen for many months without any apparent spreading of infection, it seems highly improbable that the organism is conveyed from adult to adult in this manner. Experiments are being conducted to determine this point conclusively.

The question also naturally arises, may not the male bird carry the organism from one hen to another? The same course of reasoning may be followed here as in the previous instance, and the evidence is not regarded as being conclusive. It is quite probable that the organism in question is not carried in this way.

Whether or not adult male birds may be infected with bacterium pullorum is another matter which is still undecided. Should the possibilities of the transmission of bacterium pullorum from hen to hen, and through the agency of male birds, be actually eliminated, there is apparently but one explanation for the presence of the organism in question in the ovaries of adult females. It has already been demonstrated that chicks may have the disease when hatched, or acquire it very soon after hatching. The infected female chicks which survive the disease continue to carry the organism in their bodies, not in the various organs, as when they are young and visibly affected, but locally, as in the ovary. In other words, such chicks have become permanent bacillus carriers. The examination of the ovaries of half-grown pullets has given strong evidence in support of this theory.

Points to be remembered are:

- 1.—The original source of infection is the ovary of the mother hen.
- 2.—Eggs from infected hens contain the organism in the yolk.
- 3.—Chicks produced from infected eggs have the disease when hatched.
- 4.—The disease may be spread through the medium of infected food and water. Hence normal chicks may acquire it by picking up infected droppings or food contaminated thereby.
- 5.—Infection from chick to chick cannot, apparently, take place after the first three or four days of age.
- 6.—As a rule, infected chicks make less satisfactory growth than those that are apparently normal. For some time they appear stunted and weak, but may eventually undergo more or less complete development.
- 7.—The female chicks which survive often harbor the infection and may become bacillus carriers. Infection in the breeding pens is perpetuated in this manner.
- 8.—In all probability infection does not pass from adult to adult.
- 9.—Infected hens are apparently poor layers, especially in their second and subsequent laying seasons.

Practical Suggestions

It is of the greatest importance that the poultryman learn to recognize bacillary white diarrhea, both through external symptoms and post-mortem appearances of diseased chicks. The mere discharge of whitish material from the vent is not, it has been found, that the chicks are affected with this specific disease.

Infected hens should be eliminated from the breeding pens. Such elimination is made possible by pedigree records of the chicks. If the eggs from the different pens are hatched separately, and the chicks segregated for the first few days, it will soon be made apparent, through the condition of the chicks, which pens contain infected hens. This may prove effective in cases where infection has not become general. To determine which individual hens are infected, the trap nest should be used, and the same general procedure followed.

Another possible means of determining infection of breeding hens is the direct examination of the ovaries. It is entirely practicable to inspect these organs through an opening in the side of the bird similar to that made in eviscerating. Where this abnormal condition is marked it may be easily detected.

In case infection exists and it is not practicable to determine the breeders which are infected, the entire flock should be discarded for breeding purposes, and eggs for hatching secured from flocks which have been tested and found free from the disease. As for the means of preventing infection from chick to chick, keep the incubator dark from the time chicks commence to hatch, as that will prevent them from pecking at the droppings, and then keep the chicks in small flocks for the first few days.

Since infected chicks make unsatisfactory development for the first few weeks, and may later regain vigor and make fair growth, it is advisable to select at an early age those intended for breeding purposes. The selection may be made when the chicks are from eight to ten weeks of age, reserving only those which show greatest vigor and development.

Food and water should be supplied in such a manner as to prevent contamination with infected droppings. The use of fine absorbent litter in the brooder, especially for the first few days, is also advisable.

The feeding of sour milk may prove very effective as a preventive measure. The milk must be fed early, or during the infection stage. After the white diarrhea organism has once entered the general circulation, such treatment is of little or no value. Hence, sour milk should not be looked upon as a cure, but merely as a possible preventive.

C. F.—It is quite hopeless to try doctoring young chickens for blackhead after the disease is once established. The only practical help is along the lines of prevention. Refer to the October number of COMFORT. I devoted all our space in the poultry department to the subject of conditioning breeding stock to eliminate the disease in next year's hatches, so if you read that number carefully, you will have all the information I can give you on the subject.

L. C. F.—Please read answer to H. L. L. in this issue.

C. P.—You had better write to the secretary of the Silver Wyandotte Club of America, Mr. A. E. Retting, Indianapolis, Indiana, and ask him to send you the addresses of breeders in your vicinity.

J. J. K.—The chickens were suffering from chicken-pox. The continued wet weather that you had would account for the severity of the outbreak. The disease is usually introduced by a new bird—pigeons or wild birds that have visited the yards. Soften the crust which is formed over the spots by painting them with oil or vaseline, and after about an hour bathe the birds with warm, soapy water. Remove as much of the scabs as possible. Then anoint with carbolic ointment, or a saturated solution of boric acid. If the eyes are inflamed, bathe with the following solution: One and one-half ounces of boric acid, and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda and a quart of warm water. As the disease is contagious, the house, the feed and drinking vessels should be disinfected constantly during the outbreak and for some time afterward. Any of the good sprays sold for cows are practical. Use a regular hand garden sprayer.

R. M. T.—Without doubt the trouble was roup. Your plan to disinfect and pull down the house, remove it to fresh ground and make a new start is most certainly a wise one.

R. I. C.—Your breeding stock must be badly infected with blackhead. As you are a subscriber to COMFORT, you will have had the October number, and in that I gave my method of treating breeding stock during the winter.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

last year and have a fourteen-room house to care for. I raise ducks and chickens and do much fancy work. I am 24 years old, light hair and complexion and weigh 220 pounds.

Sissy.

CANADA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing to see if I can get help, turning to the only friend I know.

I am a homesteader's wife. We have four small children, aged ten, eleven, twelve, girls and a boy of fourteen. My husband was in France fourteen months with the American Army and he has never been strong since he came back. He works very hard but we can barely make a living. Our home is of logs. We have no flour, and it is a hard life but we are out of debt although for weeks we have lived on bread and tea and not had one other thing to eat. This is my problem. How can one earn a bit of money at home? We are all in need of clothes and shoes and for two years I've not had fifty cents to spend. Most of our clothes are made of four sacks. We are 24 miles from the railroad and one and one-half miles from postoffice. Please, Mrs. Wilkinson, print this. Perhaps someone can tell me how I can make a little money at home. I will leave my address with you.

A MOTHER IN NEED.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Hang This in the Laundry

Soak ink stains in sour milk. If a dark stain remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Soak blood stains in cold salt water, then wash in warm water with plenty of soap.

Saturate grass stains thoroughly with kerosene, then put in the washbasin.

Wash iodine stains with alcohol, then rinse with soapy water.

To remove hot tea and coffee stains, soak the stained fabric in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Soak iron rust stains thoroughly with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Hot water and soap generally remove grease spots.

Soften pitch, wheel grease or tar stains with lard and soak with turpentine. Scrape off all the loose surface dirt with a knife, sponge clean with turpentine and rub gently until dry.

Soak mildew in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

Rub sewing machine oil stains with lard, let stand for several hours and wash with cold water and soap.

To remove scorch stains, wet the scorched place, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

Wash chocolate and cocoa stains with soap in tepid water.

To remove fruit stains, stretch the fabric over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water over the stain. In cold weather fruit stains can be removed by hanging the stained fabric out of doors over night. If the stain has been fixed by time, soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid or hold the spot over sulphur fumes.

If varnish or paint stains are on a coarse fabric, dissolve by saturating with turpentine. Use alcohol on a fine fabric. Sponge with chloroform if a dark ring is left by the turpentine. Be very cautious not to use either chloroform or turpentine near a fire or artificial light.

Requests

How to remove ink from photographs and snapshots without spoiling either.

Poem: "District No. 9."—Miss CLARA SCHOCK, Dayton, R. B. 8, Ohio.

Poem: "John Jenkins' Sermon."—Mrs. E. L. MARSH, Tarkio, Missouri.

I wish to secure one copy of "Anne of Avonlea." Please write first.—Mrs. R. J. NELSON, Stockton, Box 128 G, Calif.

Song: "Falling Leaves."—Miss BEULAH REED, Chandler, R. R. 1, Box 111, Okla.

How to remove ink spots from light tan waist.

Anyone having the book entitled, "The Babe of the Confederacy," please write to P. H. Tolle, Glasgow, R. R. 4, Box 31, Ky.

How to remove mark of hot dish from fumed oak table.—Mrs. W. E. ZEHNDER, Atchison, R. R. 4, Kans.

I would like to get number of COMFORT containing Infant's Cap in Irish Crochet.—Mrs. O. E. NETHERLAND, Wesson, R. R. 6, Miss.

Will all who can send me a two-inch square piece of wood, from each state.—Mrs. JANICE HARRINGTON, Alliance, Nebraska.

I would like the story, "White Paper," by Della Thompson Lutes. Please write first.—ANNIE SMITH, Marathon, Tex. 105, N. Y.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Please write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. Nora Means, Osborne, Star Route, Kans., July, 1922.

Mary B. Street, Manhattan Beach, Calif., January and May, 1922.

Mrs. Hazel Baptist, Springfield, R. R. 3, Box 171, Ill., May and June, 1922.

Mrs. Clarence Frye, Seneca, R. R. 60, Ill., July and August, 1922.

Miss Mae Templeton, Latona Bopough, 153 Gordon Ave., New Jersey, May and June, 1922.

Mrs. Brum Schwartz, Peconica, Ill., May, 1922.

Mrs. O. E. Dillard, Piquin, Ark., August, October, November and December, 1921.

Miss Lola Noblitt, Cherryville, N. C., January, 1922.

Mrs. Harvey J. Taylor, Deimar, Box 106, N. Y., June, 1922.

Mrs. J. C. Beard, Spring, R. R. 1, Texas, May and July, 1922.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Fountains Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, make chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water, all lice and mites leave them. The



tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big \$1 packages for only \$1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do—to the Paratub Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two \$1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman \$1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.

RHODE ISLAND REDS

Send for Remarkable FREE Book on the Best All Purpose Breed

They'll make you more money than any other poultry breed. Beginning contests show Rhode Island Reds lay more winter eggs, larger eggs, than any other breed. They mature quick, begin laying early. Rhode Island Reds combine egg and meat qualities in highest possible degree. Make best market fowls. Have made excellent mothers. Best beauty of all most popular breed today. Ideal fowl for farm or city lot. We tell you where to buy.

Rhode Island Red Journal Only Journal in World devoted exclusively to Rhode Island Reds. Tells how to make big money with them—how to buy, sell, get greatest profit, best profit—everything you want to know about Rhode Island Reds. Published monthly, 50c year—3 years \$1.00. Judge, mate, coll. feed, prepare for show, insured, etc. Given free with year subscription to Rhode Island Red Journal at \$1.00. Send dollar bill today.

Rhode Island Red Journal, 2539 Democrat Bldg., Waverly, Ia.

Feather Beds Pillows and Bedders

Delivered FREE

Prepare now for cold weather. Write at once for our Free Big Bargain Book on new Feather Beds, Pillows and Bedders. Our factory prices cut 10 to 15% from 10 days free catalog. We pay express. Satisfied customers everywhere. Before you buy, send post card, get FREE book and sample feathers.

AMERICAN FEATHER & PILLOW CO.
Dept. 10 Nashville, Tenn.

26pc. Silveroid Set Given. We Give You This

Set, Beautiful Pattern, will never tarnish. Sell only 12 boxes White CLOVERINE at 25c each and return \$3 collect. Large Silveroid Picture Free with each box. We Trust You. Our plan easiest and surest. We are reliable. Our 28th Year. Write quickly. Do not delay.

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Dept. 53 10 Tyrone, Pa.

Turn Winter Evenings Into Money

Learn a pleasant, profitable vocation that is open to young men and women who will apply themselves during spare time. Become an expert. Hundreds of graduates earning good salaries. Facts free. Write now to

MISS WILLIAMS' SCHOOL,
301 Hodge Bldg., Lockport, N. Y.

Get This Free

Beautiful 10 Jewel 14 Kt. White Gold Filled Bracelet Watch, adjusted, excellent time keeper, guaranteed 25 years. COSTS YOU NOTHING by our plan. Send us your name and address quickly. Full details of our FREE WATCH PLAN will be sent to you immediately.

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Read interesting stories. Will thrill everyone. Send us Postage Stamp with name and address for our Booklet, "Leaves of Fiction." Popular stories by popular writers. Write today. F. B. WARNER CO., Inc., 86 Chambers Street, Dept. B, New York

Miller's Poultry Guide FREE

Tells how experts hatch, feed and raise poultry for profits. Also quotes low prices on baby chicks, pure bred poultry, eggs for hatching, incubators, hatcheries, poultry supplies, etc. Fully illustrated. Write today.

L. W. MILLER CO., Box 2, Rockford, Ill.

A REAL HAMILTON 22 RIFLE

This Fine 22-Cal. Rifle Shoots Sheet and Long Cartridges and is True, Given FREE, POSTPAID, for mailing only. The Special 22-Cal. Rifle. Send. We Trust You. You Can't Fail. Everybody Likes. CHICAGO SACKET WKS., 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 101, Chicago

LADIES EARN

\$6-\$18 doz. painting pillow tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TAPESTRY PAINT CO., 6184 LAUREL, IND.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look
At
Me!I Have
Curly
HairI'm All
Dressed Up!ME? I Am
The

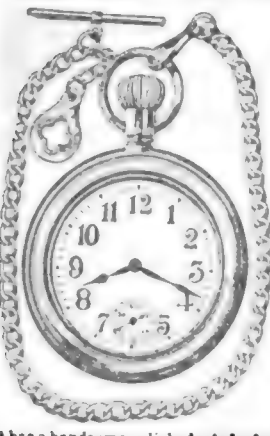
Cutest, Sweetest

Baby Doll In
Toyland andYou Can **FREE!**
Have Me

YES, this beautiful curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly a foot high. She has a strong, durable, stuffed body, and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair

and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free, packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9812.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gent's
Watch
and
Chain**Reward
No. 7696**For A Club
Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following.

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece
Toilet Set

THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet
Grass
Sewing
Set

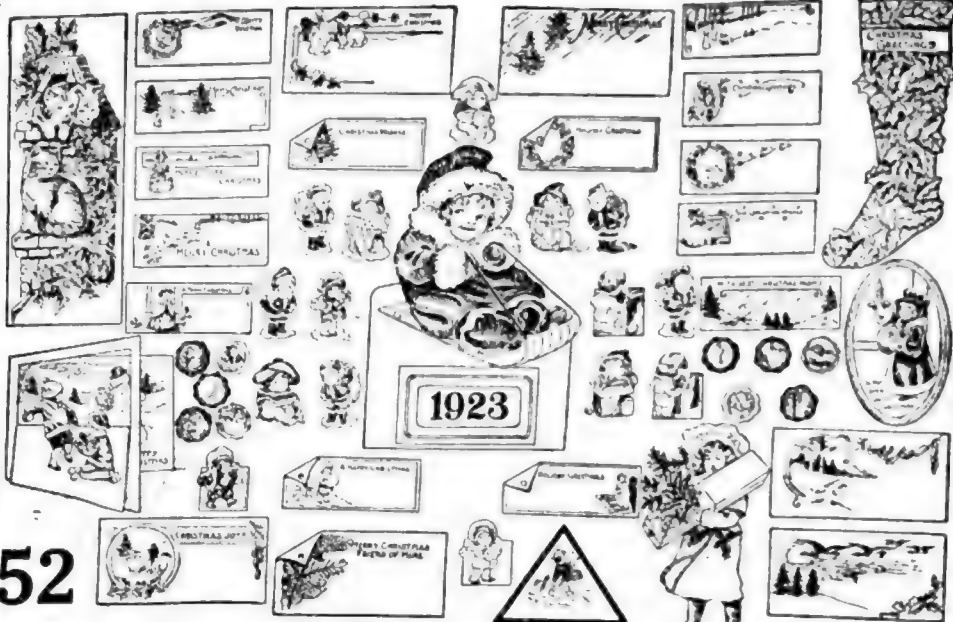
THIS attractive Sewing Set is the handwork of the St. Regis Indians. They gather the fragrant sweet grass that grows so luxuriantly in the St. Lawrence Valley and from it weave the most beautiful baskets, jardiniere, fern dishes, centerpieces, table mats, vases, sewing sets, etc., doing the work entirely by hand, the only tool used being an ordinary knife.

Not only are these baskets and other articles very useful and ornamental but there is an indescribable charm in the delightful fragrance of the sweet grass from which they are made—a fragrance that is practically everlasting.

In this handsome sweet grass Sewing Set are a Scissors case, Thimble case and needle and pin cushion. These are all tastefully arranged and fastened together with pink silk baby ribbon as shown in the illustration. The ends of the ribbons are tied in a dainty bow, into which is sewed a white ivory ring, so that the complete set can be hung on the wall or suspended from the sewing table, mantelpiece or chandelier.

We will make you a present of this useful and beautiful sweet grass Sewing Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this sweet grass Sewing Set, exactly as above described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1252.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



52

All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1923.

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., add to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1923 Christmas Calendar 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 1/2 inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poinsettia, and Christmas Bells Gunned Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gunned Seal with the words, Do Not Open Until Christmas.

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1923.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting, such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gunned Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1923, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders, which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 7931.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The
Latest
Vanity
Case**Reward No.
1152**For A Club
Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed all-ver vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3 1/2 inches long and 2 1/4 inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

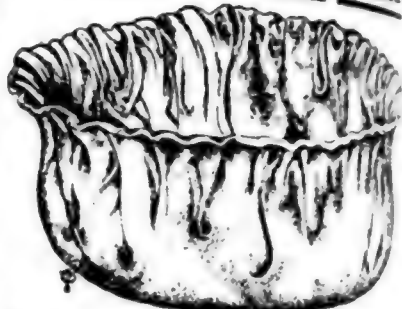
Opera
or
Field
Glasses

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance, farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1232.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches wide and two inches deep. It is heavily silver-plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

54
Inch
Rope
Of
Pearls**Reward No. 9882**Full Opera
Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of perfect pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every fancy.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long—the pearls are of uniform size—4 inches in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace at a high price. It can easily be worn around the neck, making the double rope shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful 54 inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy
Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every boy or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gives himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size
Soft And
Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also the fur baby's towel as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 33 inches long which is a good economical size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of one of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address. If not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

GOOD morning, Girls! (It is only 5 A. M. and I want you to know that I am an early riser—this morning, anyway.) I hope you are feeling as Thanksgiving as I am, even though there is a heap of work ahead of me. You girls are really "work" but it is impossible to feel that way toward you because your letters are saved until the last, so to have something good then, just as I used to save the raisins from my boiled rice when I was a child. In fact, you girls are the raisins in my boiled rice existence. That isn't very poetical but after breakfast I can think of something better. Just now I'm hungry, but not so hungry that I can't remember this poem of Will Carleton's:

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

"We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be;
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee.
Let all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above."

TROUBLED TOSBY, W. Va.—If you still love him after the way he has treated you and forgive and forget it, make up with him. It won't be so unfair to the other fellow to give him up as it would be to marry him when you love another. Don't worry about "ruining" his life, men don't ruin so easily unless they want to. It seems that you would be happier to forget the first one and let yourself love the second, or, better still, forget both and hope for better luck next time. In any case, think well before marrying No. 1. He

PERSONAL STATIONERY Attractively Printed
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doesn't appear particularly solicitous of your happiness and that doesn't promise much for the future. Usually they don't get that way until after marriage.

BLACK EYES, Wash.—Don't do anything. Read answer to Marie of Oklahoma regarding parental objection. It's up to him to overcome it if he can.

WAITING, N. C.—Be nice to him but no nicer than to any of your boy friends. Perhaps when he sees that you are more or less indifferent he will put a little more pep into his courting.

VELMA, Sunshine State.—So glad you like me and my advice. I may say in return that a sensible letter from a sensible girl doesn't offend me any, either.

Mrs. S. Other Cousins. I'm not calling Velma "sensible" because she likes me, but because of other things in her letter, such as appreciating her father's objection to her, doing the housework since her mother's death, not using paint but staying out of doors and letting Nature and good health do it for you, etc., etc. That's what I call sensible.

Mrs. SADIE, Oklahoma.—I've sent your letter to Katherine Booth. Read what she says about being beautiful. Being plain myself, I have to content myself with the old adage, "Handsome is as handsome does." It helps some.

BILLY OF GREENWOOD.—Should you let a boy kiss you, and how can you tell whether or not he loves you? I've advised against kissing, unless engaged, and then in moderation, so don't allow it at all and see how he takes it. If he continues to be as attentive it would seem that he cares for you. If he gets cross about it and doesn't come to see you any more, his love wasn't very sincere. This isn't an infallible rule but it works sometimes.

MARIE, Oklahoma.—My dear, don't meet this young man at your sister's home or any other place. You are too young to have a sweetheart, anyway, and when you are old enough to have one I hope you will have sense enough to choose a man and not a cowardly boy. A real man, knowing your father didn't approve of him, would have had it out with him and proved that he was all right and worthy of you. Yes, I do think that boys grow tired of the girls they can kiss whenever they want to. It's only human nature to want what we can't get and when we can get it, not to want it. And men are the human-naturest things I ever knew. You won't find that word in the dictionary, so don't look.

BROWN EYES FROM WIRTS.—The quickest way to get over being in love with a boy you've never met is to get acquainted with him. Just because he is handsome doesn't mean you would like him, unless you want to put him on the shelf and tie a pink ribbon on him. It often happens that good looks cover, but do not hide, a multitude of mean qualities. Chances are you've forgotten about him by this time.

FLORENCE, Alabama.—Never mind if you are "back in your grades." Study and then study some more until you are up with your class. You'll never be any younger and the longer you wait the more keenly will you feel the difference between your age and the ages of your classmates. The fact that you realize the need of an education is half the battle won. You'll work all the harder because of it. (2) You were right but I don't like the expression, "something to blow about." There are better ways of expressing yourself. I'm not so careful as I should be, I know, but you must be. Your writing is particularly good. Wish I could write as well.

HURT FEELINGS, New York.—If he took other girls to shows and otherwise spent money in them but took you for one street car ride only, in three years' time, it looks as if he wasn't so very keen about you, so why bother with him? I can't call him stingy and you shouldn't have done so. Why should he spend his good money on you when there are many other girls he, apparently, likes better? Of course, if he had been calling on you steadily and keeping other fellows away, it would be different. Anyway, if your friendship for him is as "deep" as you say it is, it would seem that you would enjoy a quiet conversation at home with him rather than going for a show—or did you mean deep in his pockets? If a girl is clever and really wants to impress a fellow, home is the best place in which to

do it. In spite of their propensity to wander afield, and afar, men, at heart, are home-loving animals, and a nicely served lunch, or something cooked in chafing dish, appeals to them. After the man's little tummy is filled, and the dishes are cleared away and the girl sits down to embroider, and listens to him talk to her, he begins to feel very domestic and before he knows it is in so deep that the next day he is buying the engagement ring. Then, too, there is less competition at home for the rather plain girl. If you really care for him, I'm afraid you've ruined your chances with him.

H. L. A. W., Va.—That's a poor alibi. Evidently he is the sort of person who tries to square his conscience by blaming someone else, when all the time he knows he is in the wrong. I'm glad you did meet him with "head thrown back," when he was with another girl after promising to wait for you. What did he expect you to do—reach along as if you had done something you were ashamed of? That was no excuse for his behavior. He should have excused himself and left the other girl when you came. He didn't, but don't let him make you think it was your fault. Forgive him, of course, for I judge it is more or less youthful stubbornness. Doubtless he will outgrow such childishness and develop into a worthwhile man. Then will be time enough for you to consider him seriously if you feel that way; in the meantime you have your studies, and studies are heaps more important than boys. Let this teach you to meet the real adversities of life with head up, literally and figuratively speaking. Misfortune does not seem so overwhelming if faced bravely.

L. L. B., New York, N. Y.—I'm not an authority of matters of etiquette but believe it would be better if you didn't send him a Christmas present. He may have no intention of sending you a gift and it would be embarrassing for both if he has to scurry around, at the eleventh hour, and get something for you, after receiving your present. Wait and see what he does and if he gives you something and you want to make him a present, let it be for his birthday. Men like to be remembered on their birthdays. They don't mind that your correspondence is merely a friendly one, as it should be. Nine years, particularly the years between childhood and manhood, bring many changes and because you played together as children is no sign you'd be congenial now. Don't get serious until you have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted as your present selves. (2) I'm a friendly sort of person and quite likely to wave at a friend when he has waved to me but if it would make me conspicuous in public I don't believe I'd do it. You have to use your judgment but it is always a safe rule to refrain from anything in public that calls attention to yourself.

MARY, Texas. My advice is: "Don't marry." If he cared for you he would be willing to wait until you were old enough to be married and if he cared very much do you think he would go around with other girls? I don't. You have a good home, stay there.

SNAPDRAGON, Arkansas.—My goodness, child, I can't keep you informed as to the latest slang. I don't really approve of it, anyway, and if I did, slang that might be the ladybug's petticoat at the time I wrote it would be out of use by the time I read it. It takes quite a while to print and mail COMFORT, you must remember.

Sorry not to have answered more letters but the poem took up a lot of space. It's worth it, though. Read it again.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

Remedies

TO REDUCE FEVER.—Bath patient with solution of water and soda, three or four tablespoons of soda to two quarts of warm water.

TO STOP FLOW OF BLOOD FROM WOUND.—bind on dry baking soda. This saved our little boy's life when he cut an artery in his foot.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Keep warts saturated with grease fried from salt pork.—MOTHER OF SIX, Wyo.

PILES.—Steep three tablespoons of Jimson (James-town) leaves in one cup of boiling water. Strain and put the liquid in pan with one tablespoon of lard; cook until liquid evaporates. Use salve frequently.

BOILS.—Make a paste of wheat flour and sorghum syrup and bind on boil. This will draw boil to a head but does not hurt the least bit.

ITCH.—Take equal parts sulphur and powdered alum and enough lard to make a salve. Apply for two nights then wash off with plenty of good soapy water and apply again. Three applications almost always cures. If not, take a bath and apply again.

CROUP.—Mix sorghum molasses, one teaspoonful and one-quarter teaspoon soda together, warm and give every hour until relieved. This is for common croup. This dose is for a child two or three years old. For younger children give proportionately smaller doses. Hope these remedies will help some mothers as I know they are sure cures, as I have seen them used successfully.—Mrs. F. B. ALTMAN, Dustin, Okla.

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Free! EVERY Comfort Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch. Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of Comfort Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT SISTERS" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration. If you are a Comfort Sister, send us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Conclusion
"How does it happen, my boy," asked the curate vaguely, "that your name is Allen, and your mother's name is Taylor?"
The boy thought for a moment. "You see, sir," he said, "my mother married again, and I didn't."
—London Mail.

Economic
"So you are studying economics," said father to son. "Well let me tell you, son, the first and best lesson in economics your old dad learned some forty years ago. It went like this: 'A dollar earned is labor. A dollar saved is capital. When you save a dollar you really 'can' a dollar's worth of labor—it will 'keep' and be ready at any time in the future to meet an urgent need.'"
—Lombard News Bureau.

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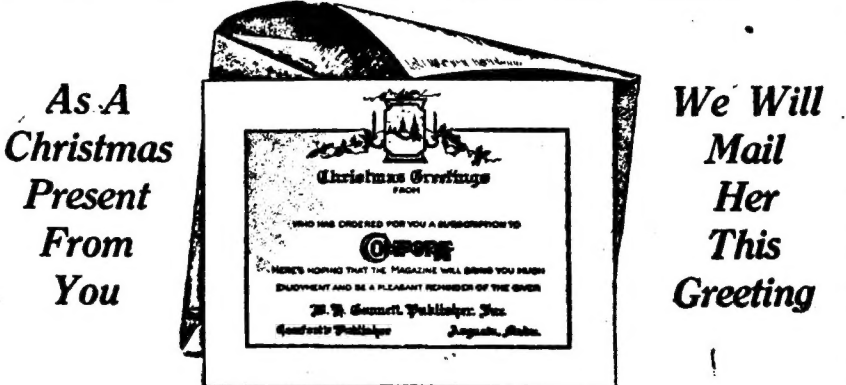
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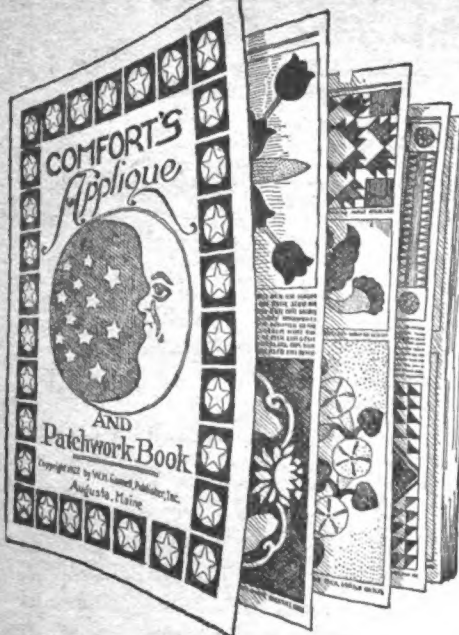
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

nature is never satisfied until one has a contented mind. And how may one have a contented mind? There are five things in life which will give one a contented mind. They are: the love of God, good health, honesty, morality and the willingness to do something toward bringing happiness into the lives of others. The question arises, "Are these things easily acquired?" If one believes in God, they are more easily acquired. If children are brought up to be strictly honest, honesty becomes a part of their lives. So it is with morality. In order to be really happy, one must possess every one of the above named characteristics, but so few people possess one of the most important of these traits of character—the willingness to do something to spread more sunshine into the lives of others, particularly little children.

Some seem to think that if they were rich they would be supremely happy. If money brought happiness, all the millionaires would be a lot of happy folks. It is not wealth which makes one happy. But it is the good we do with our money, and the kind words of cheer we give to others which brings lasting happiness.

Have you a few kind words and a few extra pennies for the newsboy who brings your paper—those of you who live in a city? Are you spreading words of cheer among your fellowmen, or are you a crank, handling out caustic words that sting? Kindness is the oil which oils the wheels of industry, business and our social life. It is an essential to our growth and development as pure food, air, water and sunshine.

What is life, anyway? Doesn't it consist of service to others? And one of the greatest services one can perform in doing good in any way one wishes to; another great service which one can perform is providing a good home for some poor orphan and giving the child an education.

Before closing this letter, I must say a few kind words in memory of our dear Uncle Charlie, whose life was spent in the service of making others happy; and he didn't have to wait to go to heaven before receiving his reward; didn't he reap the richest reward a person can reap right here on earth—the friendship and loyalty of millions of his readers? Hasn't he erected the greatest monument to his memory by the good deeds of kindness, and the millions of loyal friends he has made? Loyal friends! Can any one ask for a richer reward? A better monument? Of what lasting benefit to humanity is a marble monument? But his monument of good and noble deeds; and his loving kindness and sympathy for the sick and afflicted in his beautiful memory—a memory enshrined in the hearts of his friends, which will live forever.

May God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, bestow His richest blessings upon Uncle Lisha who is following in the footsteps of our dear Uncle Charlie, whose spirit still lives and whose spirit is an inspiration to all to strive to live for others; and may He direct our paths so that we may walk in the "straight and narrow path which leads to eternal life"—and happiness.

Sincerely, Roy R. Smith.

Thanks for both the words and the spirit of your good letter, Roy. It is so easy and happy a thing to be kind! Yet so many have never found this out. Locked more rigidly than any prison bars in a narrow cell of selfish personality, many unhappy and darkened lives are lived—if living it can be called. Lessons must be learned, now or later, if release is to come for those who are so self-bound. To know that we receive only as we give; to understand that we are each a part of a Great Whole and an "increasing purpose"; to live so that we serve and are not always served—these are the ways, as I believe you dantly.

Roy, the happiest thing in the world is to make others so; the saddest thing is to look upon unseeing eyes, unhearing ears and the hearts that are turned inward, not outward. "Love one another" is the old, the Great Command. Thanks for your words about Uncle Charlie, Roy. I always remember this stanza of Coleridge when I think of my friend and our League's founder:

"Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends! Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good, great man? Three treasures,—love and light."

And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath; And three firm friends, more sure than day and night— Himself, his Maker and the angel Death."

WILSON COMMON SENSE EAR DRUM CO., VA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: I just made up my mind to write. I am a girl of ten. I live on a farm. I am in the fifth grade. This letter I suppose will be grown in the waste-basket, for I know it is not good enough to be printed. I am always glad to get COMFORT. I wanted to hear from the other cousins. I am sorry I waited so long before writing. It has been awful hot where I live this summer.

Oh, I forgot to tell you how I look: I am a large girl with dark hair and dark eyes. My teacher last year was Miss Brown.

I am getting tired and sleepy now from writing. I guess I will close.

Your niece, Hilda Kent.

Hilda, I am so glad you made up your mind to write. This is an important thing the being able to make up one's mind. Some folks go about with their minds all untied and untidy, and with corners of careless thoughts and undone deeds sticking out all over. Always keep your mind properly made up, Hilda, and all your brain furniture well swept and dusted. Then you will be a good mental housekeeper and get all your work done much more easily—whether you are in the fifth grade or the fiftieth.

You were so tired and sleepy and cut your letter so short, Hilda, that you left us in strange doubt about your size. You say you are a "large girl," and I have been wondering just how large you may mean. You may weigh seventy pounds—or more than seven hundred. I think you had better make up your mind to write again, Hilda, and tell us the real facts—no matter how big and terrible they may be. Surely you cannot weigh more than half a ton, just ten years of age. But we will all love you just the same, even if you weigh more than this and have to make up your mind with a motor truck.

HENRYVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: I hope the cousins will forgive me for not answering all their letters. When I say that the Henryville mail got such a boost the oldest postmaster could not remember a parallel. There were about 1,500 letters, from all parts of the U. S., which came rolling into this prettiest spot in Tennessee after my letter was published in COMFORT.

I have been reading Cousin Gus Trick's letter, and I suppose I rank next to him in popularity—or notoriety—among the fair sex of COMFORT's cousins. Listen here, Cousin Gus: It's no wonder you got such a hailstorm of missives from fluttering butterflies, so to speak, when you came at them with a "death to the powder puff" sentence. Now let me tell the girls what the toilet tools: I say let girls have all the powder they want and don't say a word about it, but I hope the time will come when they will not use too much, and will not paint at all—unless, of course, they want to get a job painting signs, etc. Then it would be all right. I have never heard a fellow say that paint improved a girl's looks, but have heard many say they made them look ridiculous. Why, not very long ago I saw a girl with paint on her nose and chin—and it was not accidentally put there, either!

As for the boys, they are worse in their extremes than the girls, so far as I can tell; but most of them are so stubborn that talking about it does not do any good. Sure, we know it is as bad for a boy to smoke cigarettes as it is for a girl, but what girl wants to puff them just because so many boys do?

Over a thousand girls wrote for me to comply with the request. I will say that the 1,500 who guessed at my age all missed it but two or three; I am twenty-three years of age.

As I said that I had been a wanderer, I shall tell a bit of this, although my letter is already too long: In early June of 1919 I left home (because I thought "somewhere else" was better than home) to go into the book agency business. I went to Nashville, Tenn., then to Roanoke, Va., and then south of Roanoke thirty

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and probably wholly overcome your affliction—in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebrae is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days. Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-73 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

miles to Rockymount, Va., where I remained about four months. I did not clear very much cash there, so started East, sightseeing. I visited the capital of our glorious land, saw the White House, the Washington monument, National and Smithsonian museums, and various other places of interest. I went from Washington to Toledo, O., where I remained for about six months, working in a great car factory. I returned home in the spring of 1920 and have not gone forth since and do not desire to go again. I got enough. But I learned more of the ways of the world that I never knew. My experiences I value very highly, but I do not advise other boys to do as I did. "To stay at home" is best, after all.

With best wishes to Uncle and the cousins, FRANK CLARK.

Frank, we are all glad to have word of you and what you had been doing toward swamping the Henryville postoffice. I don't blame you a bit for not wanting to have over a hundred dozen photographs taken to distribute among your correspondents. You might settle this to a certain extent by sending on a Grand Cabinet Imperial, carefully packed, and showing you in your best light and broadest smile. I'll have Bill look the picture over and deliver his opinion before he puts it in his album. Of course you may not be as handsome as Cousin Wilmer D. Sweet, but that could not be expected, perhaps. But I'll wager you can stand a judicious inspection, such as Bill will give. I must warn you, however, that he is no flatterer, particularly on damp days and when the wind is in the east. So if you have pulchritudinous doubts and fears, you had better not send on any big daguerreotype.

I liked your letter, Frank; it gave me a more pleasant impression than cold type can give. I fancy. You were younger when you started your wanderings away from the "prettiest spot in Tennessee." Probably you did not list it as so beautiful when you headed for Nashville! The heart of a boy, Frank, is always rightly ready for loving, dreaming and roving—and the three go together. I think. But after fair wind and free road, it is good to be able to come back again and learn that "homekeeping hearts are happiest." Sight and scenes and friends we love, Frank, are the chief ends that life can give us, the ends to which all else are but diverse ways. When we have gathered these together around us, we have done all we can to make any and all of our years happy and worthwhile. Let youth wander as wander it must, but grant it always a home and a heart or two to be waiting when the roving is over. I think your letter tells me you have these.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Daniel O. Shaller, Orwigsburg, Pa. Badly handicapped in a struggle to live by an unguilted fracture of his left leg, this suffering man asks financial aid. A. McClinton, Trenton, Ga. An old COMFORT subscriber now a shut-in for the past thirteen years. Believing he has not much longer to live, this aged friend and cousin asks that other COMFORT friends give him a shower of letters. Miss Judy Joyce, Smith, N. C. With a crippled mother and blind father, this woman fights for the livelihood of the family. She asks for clothing and any other aid or cheer. Elmer Bird, Charles City, Ia. This is the appeal of a boy of fifteen. He is afflicted with lung trouble and rheumatism and his father died three years ago. He asks for cash to buy winter clothing. L. C. Pearce, Lawrence, Ala. A cripple with deformities of hands and feet, this unfortunate man has been getting about with a crutch and fighting bravely to support himself. Now weakness and older years come on and he asks for help in his struggle. Mrs. Mattie E. Leake, Spencer, Va. A widow who in constant ill health has still to work to support herself and child. Clothing or cash will be welcome help in her fight.

Make it as happy a Thanksgiving as you can, cousins, for these shut-ins and needy ones. Show them that unfortunate and suffering as they are, there is still a depth of kindness in the world which can give their sad hearts true cause for thanks and praise. Help is most needed now as winter draws near and the months approach most difficult for shut-ins to endure.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S LEAGUE of Cousins into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.", a handsome certificate of membership with your name and letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Sharp Retort

"Women certainly are crazy about cheap things."
"Is that why your wife came to marry you?"
—Baltimore American.

Make close cuts when pruning. Stubs are likely to decay back to the heart of the tree.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade Cards Made



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the very best there is to be had. As you may know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are steel engraved in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, fine finish cardstock, and the illustrations and text are all different and of the highest order.

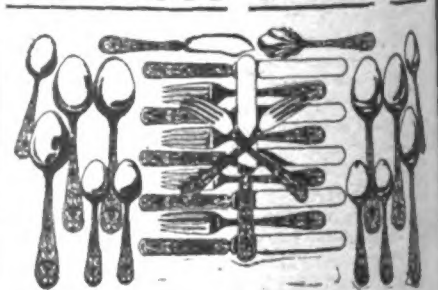
The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3x4 inches, with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Ribbon Binder, 2 3/4 x 4 inches, with envelope; Nine all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2 1/4 x 4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, therefore please send your order at once as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy better cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription to COMFORT (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8631.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for as small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Bowl and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7625.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

November
1934

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—200% Profit. Wonderful Little Article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Manager, 7835 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You in Business. furnishing everything; men and women. \$30 to \$100 weekly operating out of "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Bagdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller. Big Money Maker. Ho-Re-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Caranation Co., Dept. 151, St. Louis.

Agents—A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 618, Dayton, Ohio.

Clean up \$100.00 weekly from now till Christmas with "Nifty Nine". Weekly average 100 sales-dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made. Demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coasters. All ideal for Christmas gifts—several at each house. Big rush now starting. Get free Sample outfit offer. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 688, Chicago.

Agents—\$15 a day—Easy, quick sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—\$1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 22-E, Chicago.

\$5 to \$15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. Your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished all colors and grades including silks, wool and heathers. Mac-O-Cheer Mills Co., Desk 6411, Cincinnati, Ohio.

300% Profit. Quick seller. Klean-Rite Magic Wash. Compounded, Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells like hot cakes. Samples free. Hestever Prod. Co., 1941-E, Irving Park, Chicago.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive territory. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 635 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 34X, 573 Broadway, New York.

No Dull Times Selling Food—people must eat. Federal distributors make big money. \$3,000 yearly and up. No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free Samples to customers. Exclusive territory. Ask Now. Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 61, Chicago.

Make \$50 to \$75 weekly selling our complete line guaranteed hosiery and silk knitted neckties. Whole or spare time. Samples free. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So. 17th St., Phila., Pa.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents. Sell Wolverine Laundry Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big Profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. O, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sell the latest nationally approved cooking utensil, the Squire Sizzle. Sells on sight. Convenient to carry and show. \$90 profit weekly easy for live agents. Get full details from A. G. Squire Mfg. Corp., 260 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Agents—Old established company. New line. Big profits. Fast sellers. Quick repeat. Permanent. Easy. \$33.00 a week spare time. \$55.00 full time. Get free case offer. E. C. Harley Company, Dept. 10, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—6,000,000 Ford's need our 25c "Great-Grip" Guaranteed 5,000 mile fabric fan belt. Teuscher & Son, St. Louis, Mo.

Big Money and fast sales, selling White K. Laundry Tablets under our new premium plan. No money required. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Make \$7 to \$14 a day. Grand new Aluminum handle Cutlery Set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Full or spare time. No experience necessary. No capital. We need 1500 Sales Agents, men or women, to cover every county in the U. S. Demand enormous. Write quick. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1823, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—\$8 a day. Take orders for Blue Ribbon Cutlery Set. Stainless Steel. Guaranteed. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Big demand. Easy to take orders. No capital needed. Write for sample outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., Cutlery 1317, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make big money the year round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 8, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Agents—Sell a Household necessity. Shiny-brite Polish for Gold, Silver, Glass, etc. Works like magic. 100% profit. Sample 35c. Particulars free. Scientific Products Co., Dept. C, Mount Vernon, Indiana.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesmen. Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary. As we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., P. 22, Chatham, Va.

Wanted—Salesmen for Metal Polish. Silver Polish, cake soap, shaving soap, etc. Good commissions, exclusive territory, opportunity for advancement. The Skat Co., Hartford, Conn.

Agents Make \$10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extra Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for sampling offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Neb.

Agent—Male, Female; earn \$50 or \$75 weekly, selling hosiery direct from mill—Easy, pleasant work, full or part time. Experience unnecessary—we deliver and collect. Marvel Hosiery Mills, Dept. A2, 645 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 51, Attica, N. Y.

Wonderful Seller. We profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Miesler Seed Factory Co., 3221 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Risk a postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. \$60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 15, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Use Insect Tyres in your old casings and get from 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Used over and over again. Low priced. Big money saved. Agents wanted. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-720, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Here's your opportunity for a steady big income. We need more representatives in every state taking orders for newest style written guarantee hosiery. Complete line men, women, childrens including dust silks. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you in advance daily. Experience unnecessary. Spare time will do. Write for Samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 923, Dayton, Ohio.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition selling automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 635 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 61, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents Big profits, no competition. Make \$2.50 to \$15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendar. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 182, 514 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

We Want Men and Women Who Are Desirous of Making \$25.00 to \$300.00 Per Week. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free Samples make sales easy. Snormous repeat orders—200% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "right sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made \$600 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 66, 1302-1314 E. 51st, Chicago, Ill.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. Repeat washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Agents—\$7 a day. Take orders for Stove Transformer. Use common coal oil for cooking, heating, baking. Cheaper than coal. Fits any stove. No capital needed. Write for outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., Burner 1117, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents earn \$10 to \$15 daily. Very latest toilet articles, perfumes and novelties. Fastest sellers. Free sample case. Lee-Jackson Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Make \$50 to \$100 weekly selling Coffield Tire Protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Big commissions. Lansing made \$652, Ackerman \$519 last month. No capital required. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 260 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Pay \$36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., 1, Parsons, Kan.

Money-making Books, Plans, Formulas: Own a business! Make money. 14c catalog free. Ideal Book Shop, 5601-C, North Roby, Chicago.

Men and Women make big money selling Ladies' and children's gingham and serge dresses direct. New Models. Dept. C-10, Loretta Frock Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Get your money on the spot. \$15 daily demonstrating Serenofas. No waiting for commission or salary checks. No delivering. No collecting. Big season just starting. Write or wire. Perry Ladlow Co., 8-1919, Dayton, Ohio.

Make real money and make it easily by selling the high grade El-Nor line of toilet articles. Fine profits. Big repeat business. Write at once. M. S. Company, 435 Fourth Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Woman Representative Wanted. Earnest, refined woman can easily earn a good income introducing Ready-Sew clothes. There are children's garments already cut, beautifully embroidered, and semi-made that save the mother half the cost. Write for interesting offer today. Ready-Sew Package Co., Inc., 36-37 E. 20th St., New York City.

Immense Holiday Trade—Sell Beautiful Gift Boxes containing high grade "Velva" Toilet Tissues. Both men and women are delighted. Distinctive box for each. Pleases the most fastidious, yet very reasonable in price. Sure sellers. Profits Big. Now's the time. Get details today. Duoform Co., Dept. H 41, Attica, N. Y.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Live Salesmen to employ sub-agents selling the food product. Big profits. Permanent, exclusive, unlimited. Advertising provided. Washington Company, 965H East Building, Tacoma, Wash.

Agents—Beautiful Complete New Line Combination Toilet Article Sets—Magnificent Display Boxes—sell instantly, now until Xmas. Tremendous Profits—Exclusive Territory. Foster Reid Factories, B2001 Mango, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

No successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth \$2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—Six new fast selling necessities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk H, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$47; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, \$1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Jolly Molly dresses are quick sellers—good repeaters. Every woman wants one or more. Complete line now ready. No capital required—no experience necessary. Commissions advanced. Domestic Products Co., 824 Davies Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 461-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make \$15.00 daily. Undercoll stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free Samples. Chicago Shirt Co., 8 So. Clinton, Factory 303, Chicago.

Sell Noms Guaranteed Silk Hosiery— 4 pairs for \$5. Your customers will buy this on sight—they'll need no solicitation. Style No. 448, ladies silk stockings with a 21 inch silk boot, this is extraordinary. Also the newest shades in silk and wool stockings and socks, attractively boxed in holly boxes for your Christmas trade. Write for our free book "The Path to Success." It explains about Noms Guaranteed Hosiery and how to sell them. Noms Knitting Mills, Dept. C, 34 So. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—\$1.25 an hour spare time—\$7.50 a day full time doing special advertising and showing samples. Tea, coffee, extracts, spices, baking powder, soap, foods, things people eat. 240 fast sellers. Everything furnished you to start. Dept. 21, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted. Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

HONEY

Honey: 10 lbs. White \$2.00 in third zone. 60 lbs. not prepaid, \$7.50. Satisfaction. F. W. Lesser, Fayetteville, N. Y.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. P. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Millinery at home. Earn \$125 month. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K, 800, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting. Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

\$92 Month. Women—girls. Government Jobs. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 9, Rochester, N. Y.

At Once: 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$40 to \$75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Girls Wanted. Learn Dress Designing—Making; \$35 week; Learn while earning. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E, 601, Rochester, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyselst. 10c silver brings them. L. P. Miller, Box 1260, City Hall Station, New York.

POULTRY

Plans for Poultry Houses! All styles 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 76, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOOKS

Free Book. Prophecy Bible first come book said Jesus. Convinced Bible Evidence. Send at once. C. Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

Think is a book that teaches you to Think. Postpaid, \$1.00. Earn money selling Think. John James, Box 912, Nashville, Tenn.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 441 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-N, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling how to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 22, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$320, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Gurnett, 184, St. Louis, immediately.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! \$110 to \$250 monthly, expense paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-6. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$115 to \$125 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-30 Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, Haggagamen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 628 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Boys—Men. Become Automobile experts. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. K, 410, Rochester, N. Y.

DOGS

Dog Owner's Text Book Free; expert advice on proper care, training and feeding. Free with 3 months' trial subscription to America's popular dog and hunting magazine. Send 25c today (coin or stamp) Sportsman's Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

INVENTIONS

Inventions wanted on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 31 St. Louis, Missouri.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerical Positions Open to men, women, girls 18 over. Postoffice, Railway Mail, Departmental, Other Positions. Good salary. Experience unnecessary. Examination soon. Full particulars free. Write Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

U. S. Government wants help. Men—women over 17. Steady. \$100 to \$195 month. No strikes. Common education sufficient. Many examinations coming. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Silver Mirrors. Plating Outfits Furnished. Stop daily grind. Plans free. Established 1886. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$18 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. O. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

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